LITERATURE AND LIFE

BOOK THREE

GREENLAW-MILES

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LITERATURE AND LIFE

BOOK THREE

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12 YEAR *Reading-Literature* PROGRAM

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PREFACE

The four books of Literature and Life present a complete course in literature for secondary schools. They are the result of many years of experience and study, and the entire series was planned in advance of the publication of the first book. They are not merely anthologies of standard classics arranged according to gradation or types or any other casual method of organization. Not only is each book complete in itself, but it has a definite function to perform in relation to the other books in the series. The four volumes provide a course in English and American literature that is both complete and unified.

A convenient illustration of this method may be found in the treatment of literary history. The second book, for example, contains a Story of American Literature. This story differs from the conventional history in that while it presents biographies and criticism with illustrative literature, it also uses all this material to build up an understanding of American literature as an expression and interpretation of American life. It is placed in Book Two because students have already acquired, in the grammar school and the junior high school, considerable acquaintance with the major American authors, and are now mature enough to gather up the threads of the story so that their knowledge may become a permanent possession. This knowledge they use in Books Three and Four, where selections from American literature are also found, but placing the historical outline in the earlier years gives better opportunity for building up a knowledge, in the third and fourth years, of the longer and more complex study of English literary history.

Governing ideas of the series as a whole are: (1) that "in books lies the soul of the whole past time," and that the avenue of approach to this spiritual heritage lies in creative reading (as explained in the Introduction on page 1); (2) that the separate masterpieces are, for the purpose of the school, so many chapters or paragraphs or songs in the great Book of Literature itself, which is the true subject of our study; and (3) that literature is not something belonging to the past alone, or to our re-creation of the past, but results from a perennial and never-dying instinct of humanity, operative today as well as in the time of Shakespeare. Thus contemporary literature is brought into constant and vital relation to the literature produced in former ages.

Literary history is not like other history. Progress is not the keynote. We do not compare highly developed literary forms of today with primitive forms of the past as we compare the science of today with the alchemy and magic of the Middle Ages. Literature of whatever age is an expression of the life of that age, of course, but it is more. If it has endured, it is also the expression of fundamental instincts and emotions. Beneath external differences there is the eternal heart of man. To learn the facts of Shakespeare's life is worth while, but it is far more important to come into immediate and vital contact with that world of the imagination, transcending

time and place, in which Shakespeare's spirit lived, and still lives.

Therefore the method used in this series does not regard Shakespeare's contribution to literature as something to be appraised and memorized in the last year of the high-school course, merely a chapter in literary history. In each year some part of his achievement is studied. The study of *As You Like It*, for example, in Book Two was made the basis for the consideration of his work in comedy. In the present volume *King Henry the Fifth* is studied not only as one of that long list of dramas for which he put the generations in his debt, but as an expression of his pageant of history, a part of his interpretation of the past history of his nation for his own time, and also as a means for stimulating the historical imagination of pupils living in the present time who are shortly to go forth to make history for the future. In *Book Four* we shall come into contact with Shakespeare's profounder studies of life and its meaning, his conception of tragedy. Thus is built up, step by step, a knowledge of Shakespeare that will be an abiding possession, all of it suited to the growing maturity of the student.

The special emphasis in Book One was on literature as an expression of man's reactions to the worlds outside himself; the world of human action, including his relations to his fellows, and the world of nature. The selections were taken from concrete and objective experience, set forth in ballad, epic, historical drama, the literature of political and social relations, literature interpreting nature. Little space was given to subjective and reflective forms of literature. Studies in character and plot were simple, not complex. In Book Two literature was regarded primarily as story: Stories in Verse, Stories in Prose, A Story in Drama, and The Story of American Literature. The elementary study of types in the first book here was carried into the more complex forms of comedy, realistic novel, metrical romance. Character analysis was more complex, often subjective, as in the study of *Silas Marner*. In the present book the story interest is still uppermost, as is necessary throughout the high-school course, but it is relatively still more complex. Here we have the story of the past ages, their ideals and views of life, used as a means for the study of what may be called culture history. Epochs in this history—the age of chivalry, the age of discovery, the rise of nationalism, the development, later, of that more sophisticated view of life contributed by the personal essay and the comedy of manners—are presented in chronological order. Since much of this material is English, we have a preparation for the systematic survey of English literature that is to be the chief feature of Book Four. But besides its historical interest and its power, rightly used, to stimulate the historical imagination of the pupil, each of these epochs has contributed elements which live today. Romance, discovery, national idealism, and the instinct to comment lightly or seriously on the external trappings of life—these are elements in our living today, and in our literature today. Thus contemporary literature here, as throughout the series, is not an appendix, or a sop to counteract the deadening influence of "classics," but the contribution of Today to those attempts to solve the riddle of life or to voice its inspirations that have been the province of literature since Homer's time.

Certain principles introduced in the preceding books, parts of the fundamental method of the series, are to be

found also in this book. The General Introduction, dealing with Creative Reading, is another chapter in the systematic course in methods of reading that is a feature of the series. Pupils are led to think about the province of literature, about elementary literary criticism, and about improving their ability to read. The principles set forth in this Introduction, as in its predecessors, are not mere preachments; they are used, in a hundred different ways, in the editorial apparatus of the book itself. For example, the series builds up, step by step, so gradually as not to prove merely formal, a study of poetic elements, versification, poetic figures, the study of poetic diction, the characteristics of literary types. What is given in this book is linked, in many ways, with what has been given in the previous books.

Again, the study questions, the topics for discussion and composition, are carefully adapted to the selections and to the student's needs. He is not told to "study" a given "lesson." Guidance as to what to look for is supplied. The questions are not tests alone; they are suggestions looking toward systematic and progressive study. The pupil is not compelled to memorize; he is taught to find things for himself.

Finally, the series as a whole is based on the conviction that a prime need is for abundance of material. Studying the life out of a few classics does not stimulate reading ability. Not all classics are to be studied in the same way, or at the same rate of progress. Abundant provision is made for the teacher who desires to specialize on certain selections and to pass lightly over or to omit altogether certain others. Moreover, provision is made for a minimal course, to be used as the basis, and for a comprehensive course, to be used by the better pupils. To hold back the capable reader to suit the pace of his slower brothers is not good policy. Certain parts of this book, therefore, may be reserved for special reports by capable pupils. The teacher need not fear lest such pupils will not read the book from cover to cover. Many of them will read far in advance of the assignments.

With this in mind, the editors have gone even farther. They have provided a large amount of interesting reading within the cover of one book. They have also provided for abundant reading outside the book, reading that is closely related to the organization of the book. Special attention is directed to these reading-lists, scattered at strategic points throughout the book. These are not mere lists of titles. Discriminating notes are appended. The pupil may read over the bill of fare and pick the dishes that appeal to his appetite. Not all books on these lists will be available to all pupils, nor is it so intended. The reader may follow special interests. If a certain selection has whetted his appetite, guidance is supplied looking toward the satisfaction of that appetite.

The following masterpieces required for admission to college are presented in unabridged form in this book: Four of the *Idylls of the King; Travels with a Donkey; King Henry the Fifth; The De Coverley Papers; She Stoops to Conquer.* Besides these complete masterpieces, conference recommendations are further met by the inclusion of a generous selection from Malory, a group of essays, a group of prose selections reflecting modern thought, and a liberal selection from the best contemporary poetry. None of the complete classics has suffered from its inclusion in an anthology. The neces-

sary introductions and editorial helps have been provided, and it is believed that this apparatus will be found more serviceable because in this book, as in the series generally, each classic is edited not as a unit in itself, with the almost irresistible temptation to over-editing, but with reference to the needs of the pupil in relation to the course as a whole. In no other way could these results have been attained. The classics gain in effectiveness for teaching purposes by the setting that is given them. They are accompanied by an abundance of supplementary material that not only gives relief and variety but brings out their significance in ways impossible otherwise.

LITERATURE AND LIFE

A course in literature for the Senior High School

The complete series includes:

Book One, for the first year.
Book Two, for the second year.
Book Three, for the third year.
Book Four, for the fourth year.

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CREATIVE READING

AN INTRODUCTION

I

In Books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and the material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. . . All that Mankind has done, thought, gained, or been; it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books.

—CARLYLE

Greater than any individual business, or any corporation or industry, is the co-operative business of human life. It is not a matter for one nation or race alone; it affects all races and every nation. It is not a matter of tariffs or international commerce or great navies or territorial possessions. Congresses and Parliaments cannot determine it by the laws they pass or the constitutions they adopt. The business cannot be closed up or sold; it must continue as long as there is any civilization on the earth. The partners in the business are the men and women of every portion of the civilized world. From generation to generation the responsibility for conducting it is transmitted. One day you must do your part in carrying it on or must prove unworthy of a share in the greatest of human enterprises.

In the two sentences from Carlyle printed at the head of this Introduction you find a statement of what literature may contribute to your understanding of what past generations have contributed to make the present what it is. Through books, the past speaks to us.

Thirty centuries ago a highly civilized people lived in Egypt. We knew some things about them: the names of their monarchs, the extent of their territories, their wealth, the terror they inspired among subject peoples. But with the discovery, not long ago, of the tomb of one of their kings, the life of that far away time became a new thing to us. The clothes they wore, their surpassing skill in certain forms of art, the marvels of their household furniture, details about their life and ideals—these things had been hidden or only partly guessed. The discoveries of the Earl of Carnarvon and Howard Carter, however, brought that old life back into human consciousness. It became the subject of conversation in every household. Preserved during ages of oblivion, it was suddenly brought to light.

Such a re-creation of the past is available also through books. "A good book," said John Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Let us read a little farther: "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." The essence, that is, of a civilization, the contribution it has made to the business of human living, is preserved in books, like a precious elixir in a vial. In order for us to understand this business in which we shall all be partners, we shall need to know these vials and their use.

II

In Books we find the dead as it were living; in Books we foresee things to come. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

—RICHARD DE BURY

This volume of *Literature and Life* is so planned as to show the service of books as a means for re-creating the past. We are to be concerned chiefly with what

literature reveals of the life and ideals of certain great periods that still influence the modern world. There is, first, the Age of Chivalry, with which we associate certain virtues: loyalty, regard for women, attention to grave, sweet, formal courtesy, and the search for fame through exploits involving great personal danger. A later period was marked by eagerness for exploration and discovery. Daring navigators encircled the earth, bringing back strange stories of lands previously unknown. In Parts I and II of this book you will find many selections that illustrate those stirring old times, so that you will be able to live, in imagination, amid scenes unfamiliar today.

Part III is devoted to a series of selections that illustrate the growth of the spirit of nationalism from Shakespeare's time to the present. Love of country is one of the sincerest of human emotions, and great writers in all times have given expression to this emotion or have defined it in various ways. Part IV represents the service of literature in describing and interpreting social customs and manners in an advanced civilization. Pioneering and the hardships of establishing a government have given place to settled conditions. Wealth and leisure are more generally enjoyed than ever before. Men study their fellows and their own minds, sometimes seriously, at other times humorously or satirically. In Part IV, essays, letters, and dramas are chosen to reflect some of these uses of literature.

You see, then, how literature helps to re-create the past. "In Books we find the dead as it were living." The romance of chivalry and of the age of discovery, the love of country that intensifies the great scenes of Shakespeare, the absurdities as well as the virtues of Sir Roger de Coverley and his time—these become alive again through the magic that is in books. Books also make the present live for us; that is, they piece out our fragmentary individual experiences, show us what is interesting and what is perplexing in our own day, and how that day grows out of what went before and stretches out its hand to shape what is to come. So Part V of this book is called TODAY. In it we find material which enables us to compare our age with former periods; we find proof that literature may be produced today as well as in King Arthur's time or Shakespeare's; and we find statements of some of the problems and ideals of our time.

III

> *Give a man this taste [for good books], and the means of gratifying it. and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages.*
>
> —SIR JOHN HERSCHEL

If literature is a means for re-creating the past and creating our present and future, if he who reads good books becomes through their magic an inhabitant of all nations and a contemporary of all ages, how may we secure these benefits? The answer is—through creative reading.

Reading, in the true sense, is not just pronouncing and defining words. It is not even "gathering thought from the printed page." It is a form of experience. It enlarges our sympathies, broadens the range of our interests, fills the mind with pictures. To have this experience, it is necessary *to see, to feel,* and *to know.*

1. It is necessary to see. This means that the imagination, which is the eye of the mind, must be alert and intelligent.

In *King Henry the Fifth,* a play by Shakespeare that you are to read in this book, the dramatist speaks of the difficulty of compressing the events of a long and brilliant reign into the limits of a two hours' play, and of the impossibility of giving any adequate picture of great battles and mighty actions on the narrow compass of a London stage. So, he says, one must piece out what is presented by the use of the imagination.

At the beginning of each act of this play, Chorus reminds us of the necessity of coöperation with the dramatist and actors by the use of our imagination. We are to

> Sit and see,
> Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

When Henry sets sail for France, Chorus urges us:

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea

We are to stand upon the shore,

And behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England.

It is something of the poet's imagination, then, that Shakespeare asks the spectators of his play to bring as a supplement to the action that takes place upon the stage. The great dramatist wrote often of the imagination. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, you remember, he speaks of the poet thus:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

In this same comedy, some rustics present a rude play in honor of the wedding. The bride speaks scornfully of their efforts: "This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard." But Theseus replies: "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." This means that to Shakespeare the best efforts of the poet or dramatist to express the beauty that he conceives, are but as shadows of that beauty, and that the imagination of the reader or the spectator must come in to amend the imperfections of language or action.

In this is the first great step toward creative reading. Such reading is active, not passive. You have a part to perform; the whole responsibility does not rest on the novelist or the author of the poem or the drama. His work must be amended or supplemented by your own picture-making power. It follows, therefore, that of two people who read Shakespeare's play or see it acted, one may get far more than the other. He who reads merely for the story, to know the names of the characters and the deeds which they performed, may know the plot, and may be able to pronounce and define every word that is used. But he who adds to these things his own power of imagination sees a greater significance than the words convey to an inactive intelligence. Such a power is born in all of us. Little children, with their make-believe, possess it in a high degree. As we grow older we must keep it active through constant use. With it, book and study, the room in which we sit, those by whom we are surrounded, fade into a dim background or altogether disappear, and on the stage of imagination the picture-making power bodies forth the forms of things unknown. What you or I may experience in the flesh is little compared with what we may add to our experience through creative reading.

2. It is necessary to feel. Literature expresses the emotion or feeling of the writer and seeks to call forth the same emotion in the reader. When the psalmist says: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork," he is not merely stating what he believes to be the fact about the universe, like an astronomer, but is expressing a deeply felt emotion. The botanist gives you a scientific description of a flower; to the poet the same flower may symbolize the swift passing of all earthly beauty. The one deals with fact; the other with feeling.

Reading aloud passages of poetry or of rhythmical prose will help you to re-create the feeling which inspired the writer. It is the music of language, of words so chosen and so arranged as to produce an effect that is higher than the mere conveying of information. Even in silent reading, if you give attention to the matter, something of this effect may be gained.

It must also be remembered that literature is characterized by its perception of beauty. Beauty is not merely seen; it also inspires feeling. It is the beauty of the star-sown heavens that leads to the feeling of the presence of God: "The heavens declare the glory of God." Another Old Testament writer exclaims: "They that be wise shall shine as the

firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever." Here the beauty of the skies at night brings the conception of something that is permanent amid all earthly change. Since the time of that old Egyptian monarch whose burial place has been recently discovered, countless generations have lived and died, empires have risen and have crumbled into dust, but the same stars that shone over the city in which he dwelt appear nightly in the sky. Ages ago, this permanence of the stars suggested to one who loved their beauty the way in which human ideals and actions live on for centuries after the passing of the men and women who embodied them: "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, . . as the stars, forever and ever." And these words, like the stars, still remain. Beauty of the heavens, beauty of noble human action, beauty of language in which such action is immortalized, these live on to find response in us. Great literature seizes upon and clothes in the garb of language the myriad forms of beauty that fill the world. To read such literature is to open gateways through which we may explore that beauty.

Finally, to vision, feeling, and the perception of beauty must be added vividness and power of expression. Sight, emotion, beauty must be intensely realized. This does not mean the use of noisy or sensational forms of expression. The opening stanza of Gray's "Elegy"—

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
> The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me—

is as quiet as the scene which it depicts, yet this very quiet renders the picture clear-cut and charged with feeling. You will find many illustrations of this quality of literature in this book.

Thus far we have discussed the imaginative and the emotional qualities of literature and the relation of these qualities to creative reading. Literature differs from ordinary written language in proportion as it possesses these characteristics. But the chief thing for us to remember is that no matter how high in imaginative and emotional power a certain piece of literature may be, it avails us nothing unless we bring to our reading of it similar powers. We re-create the picture, the passion, the beauty felt by the author or characteristic of the persons or actions or places created by him. It is a reciprocal process. We receive but as we give.

3. It is necessary to know. We have to determine what the writer is saying as well as surrender ourselves to the pictures or the emotions that his writing call forth.

Therefore a fundamental principle in learning the art of creative reading is the development of power to determine the writer's thought. Sometimes this is easy to do; sometimes it is difficult. A poem, for example, may express a mood, a feeling, in musical language, without any particular difficulty of thought. It may, on the other hand, contain thoughts that are hard to grasp because of their depth, or the compressed form in which they appear, or because of the metrical form of the poem. A light, chatty essay is no more difficult to follow than good conversation. But another essay may treat of some aspect of science or religion or criticism; or define some principle of government or some epoch in history, in such a way as to necessitate careful study if we are to make the thought which it contains our own. It follows from this that we do not read all printed matter at the same rate of speed or with the same ease. Learning to read involves all the powers of our minds. In order to assist you in gaining reading-power, the next section is made up of suggestions that you may apply to your reading of this book.

IV

> *Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.*
>
> —Lord Bacon

The first step in reading is getting the thought—learning what the writer actually says. How fully and minutely you should attend to this will depend on your purpose.

Never read anything without a purpose. Indeed, you would do well to think out pretty definitely what your purpose is. Otherwise, you may waste a great deal of time and fall into habits that will hamper you all your life.

The quotation from Lord Bacon above mentions three purposes that are distinct. In all the reading of this volume, and in all your later reading you should know which one of the three you are actually pursuing. For example, on page 103 you are told of some volumes dealing with medieval life and customs. It is suggested that you will find in *A History of Everyday Things in England* a number of passages that will light up the background of the *Idylls of the King*. With the purpose of finding these for a report to your classmates or for enriching your own pleasure in Tennyson's poems, you would not read page after page. On the contrary, you would glance rapidly at the titles at the top of each page or at the illustrations until you found the really pertinent matter. When the treatment of that topic was completed, you would again turn the pages rapidly until you came to another discussion bearing on knighthood or chivalry. You will of course have in mind the features of the *Idylls* about which you wish information, for otherwise you would not know when to stop for careful reading. You have to judge at every pause whether the matter is important for your purpose.

The second kind of reading, in which you "swallow" the book, requires a somewhat different attitude on your part. Here you ought, more than elsewhere, to read rapidly. Never pronounce the words to yourself, much less read aloud. Run your eye along the line, picking up the phrases and sentences speedily. For your purpose in such reading is not to master details but to grasp the general outlines. For example, on the same page, 103, you are referred to books by Lanier, Pollard, or Pyle for accounts of Arthurian romance parallel in several ways to Tennyson's poetic version. These should not be read "curiously," or as we should say, carefully. A rapid reading will reveal all the differences in the outline of the story or the way in which the characters are treated that you will need to know. In your personally selected reading for entertainment you should follow the same procedure; you should keep your eye on the drift of thought or the relations of the characters or on some other general feature until you come to passages that merit closer attention. In reading such material, of which there is much recommended to you throughout the volume, you ought to try to increase your speed week by week. You can do this best by keeping a record of how many pages or words you can read in a minute. Of course, you should also watch whether you have caught the essentials. For in all reading you have to judge about what is important and what is of less significance, and you must be sure of getting from the chapter or book what is essential to your purpose.

The most profitable reading is of books "to be chewed and digested." Here your purpose is usually to grasp the exact meaning of the author. Some aids in accomplishing this purpose are here set down because they have been found extremely useful.

1. Review rapidly in your mind any notions you may have in the field in which the reading lies. For example, on page 107 you come upon a poem "Miniver Cheevy." You have just completed a reading of the *Idylls*. Swiftly you think of the high ideals of Gareth, of the pathetic devotion of Elaine, of the destruction of the kingdom by the selfishness and disloyalty of the knights. You look to see what there was in that world that interested Miniver Cheevy.

2. Make a rapid preliminary survey of the chapter or section you are next to cover. It is to help you in such a survey that the introductions in this volume are provided by men who have read very widely for long years and who from their experience may quickly set your feet in the right path. But whether you have this guidance or not, you should always briefly take stock of your ideas and make the rapid preliminary survey.

3. In a careful rereading, judge of what is important in accomplishing the writer's purpose or developing what seems to be his controlling idea. These important

sentences or paragraphs might be marked in the margin by a check or a wavy line if you own the volume. Very often you have to scrutinize the words in the sentence to get the exact meaning. A dictionary at your elbow will reveal the meaning of an unfamiliar word or the shade of meaning in a particular connection of words you have a passing acquaintance with. Any additions you make to your vocabulary in this way will facilitate all your later reading. In any case you should make particular effort to understand and remember fundamental items. There is no surer way of finding these than by asking yourself questions. This book is liberally supplied with such questions; for many particularly important passages of "intensive reading" several very exact and searching questions are printed; very often questions are suggested for further reading in other books. They give you great assistance in settling upon the vital elements. But you should not rely on these questions; you should form the habit of asking questions of your own.

4. In difficult reading or study, summarize mentally every paragraph as soon as you have read it. Each paragraph represents a step in thought, and is necessary to an understanding of later steps.

5. If you experience any confusion in seeing the connection between successive steps or in gathering the general plan of the piece, you will gain much assistance from an outline. Jot down significant phrases that summarize divisions, and keep these in some arrangement that will show what is most important and what merely assists to develop the idea. Particularly in speeches, such as Roosevelt's address at Jamestown or Lane's speech on American tradition, is this outlining necessary to help you fix in mind the purpose of the selection and the central thought.

6. Test the ideas advanced by the author by applying them to life as you know it. The author is almost certainly much wiser than you, yet you can learn the true significance of his way of looking at life only by applying to your own experience the principles or views which he advances. Here again your most fruitful device will be to question yourself. How does this apply to my parents, or the friends I know best? Can I remember any case where that was true? Throughout this volume you will find many questions of this sort. They will give you a clue to the great variety of applications, to your own ideas or to the conduct of people you know, that are possible in almost all of the literature you read. For literature is, after all, just the reflection of life in some man's mind, and unless you see pretty clearly what is reflected, you will miss most of its value.

7. Do not allow your reading to lie inert in your mind. Make use of it wherever possible and as soon as possible. Many opportunities are provided in this volume for class discussion of matters in literature, or acting out scenes in your reading, or engaging in formal debates about some of the issues presented. But you can use literature frequently outside of school. You can talk over your reading with your friends or discuss topics with your parents.

You should make a habit of following these simple rules if you would get the most out of your reading. Be quite clear what your purpose is. Adjust the speed and care of your reading to your purpose. Always distinguish between what is vital to your purpose and what is only remotely contributary; and hold fast to whatever is vital. To be able to get at the heart of a problem, to see through a mass of details what is essential, and to reject what is not important is one key to success. If you observe these recommendations, reading will help you to develop powers of judgment, of discrimination, and of taste in ways that are applicable to many things in life besides the use of books.

PART I

THE CHIVALRIC IDEAL

Lady of the mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old Romance.
—Wordsworth.

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THE OATH OF KNIGHTHOOD

THE CHIVALRIC IDEAL

AN INTRODUCTION

I. The Book and Its Makers

The book which is this year to be the means for your further study of Literature and Life is an example of modern printing. To its making many men have contributed. The authors of the stories, essays, and poems of which the book is composed belong to many places in this country and abroad and in many different periods of time. Many other people have had to do with the printing and binding, or with the manufacture of the paper and other materials. Lumbermen felled trees, and mill-workers reduced these trees to pulp and made the paper. Artists drew pictures, and engravers prepared the plates from which their drawings were printed. On machines like giant typewriters the type was set. Foundrymen cast this type into plates, and other workmen inserted these plates into great presses, which printed the pages. Still others, using machines that seemed almost like the genii of the fairy tale in the wonderful things they could do, folded, bound, and cut the pages and fastened them securely within the covers that had been prepared by operators using still different machines. Such are a few of the steps necessary to the production of the book that is now yours.

It seems a long way back to the time when William Caxton, the first English printer, using rude wooden types on his little press at Westminster, printed that "glorious and shining history" of King Arthur from which the first selection in this book has been taken. Yet it is not so long ago; less than five centuries.

In 1485 this printer, who was also a scholar capable of translating romances and histories from other languages, and who loved his work in true artist fashion, issued *Morte Darthur*. The manuscript he had secured from Sir Thomas Malory, a knight who took part in stirring events in his own time, but whose real distinction is that he wrote one of the most beautiful stories in English literature. Caxton, the printer, loved this story, and all tales of chivalry. "Now lete us thenne remembre," he wrote in one of his Prefaces, "what hystoryes ben wreton of Cristen men, of whom ther be many wreton. But in especial, as for the best and worthyest, I fynde fyrst the gloryous, most excellent in his tyme, and fyrst founder of the Round Table, Kyng Arthur, kyng of the Brytons, that tyme regnyng in this royamme [realm], of whose retenue were many noble kynges, prynces, lordes, and knyghtes, of which the noblest were knyghtes of the Round Table, of whos actes and historyes there be large volumes, and bookes grete plenty and many. O blessed Lord, when I remembre the grete and many volumes of Seynt Graal, Ghalehot [Galahad], & Launcelotte de Lake, Gawayn, Perceval, Lyonel, and Tristram, and many other, of whom were over longe to reherce, and also to me unknowen! But the storye of the sayd Arthur is so gloryous and shynyng that he is stalled in the fyrst place of the moost noble, beste, and worthyest of the Cristen men."

These words were written when only a few printed books existed in the whole world. William Caxton did not enjoy the resources of modern printers; he had never seen a book so admirably printed and bound as this book which you now hold in your hands; if he could have seen a modern newspaper pressroom or such

a printing establishment as the one in which this book was made, he would have been carried away by the marvel of it; but he was a true craftsman, loving the beauty of manuscripts and of the books that he had been making for seven years; loving, too, what was in the books, the beauty and wonder of their language and their thoughts.

II. The Book of Chivalry

The quotation from Caxton's Preface cited a moment ago indicates the twofold secret of the influence of the Arthurian romances from the Middle Ages down to our own day. They united courtly and religious elements, ideals of conduct for everyday affairs, and an expression of spiritual faith. You have already learned, through Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal," something of what the search for the Grail has meant to generations of men. At first it was supposed to be a religious relic, the object of a quest somewhat like the medieval pilgrimage to some saint's shrine. Later it became a symbol of the mystery of faith, hidden from uncleansed eyes, to be attained only by the pure in heart. Not less powerful was the influence of the Arthurian romances upon courtesy, chivalrous regard for women, and the ideals of justice, truthfulness, and loyalty. These romances are the fine flower of the Age of Chivalry; guides to men in the time when Europe was emerging from barbarism into civilization; expressions, too, of our deepest instincts as to what constitutes a gentleman.

King Arthur, the hero of these romances, was a British chieftain who defended his people against the Saxon invaders at the close of the fifth century. In certain chronicles of the ninth and tenth centuries his exploits are named. Geoffrey of Monmouth, a chronicler of the twelfth century, expanded these brief notices into a sort of prose romance, telling of Arthur's birth, his conquest of the Saxons, his marriage with Guinevere, his deeds as a world conqueror, the treachery of Modred, and his death. Other chronicles make him the ideal British hero, introduce fairy and magical elements from folklore, tell us of the Round Table, and amplify the story of Arthur's death and the prophecy that after many centuries he would return to rule England. Some of these stories were composed in England—others in France. By the twelfth century, the French romances, in prose and verse, were expanded into a great cycle, composed of many stories about Arthur and his principal knights, Gawain, Lancelot, Percival, and Galahad. The quest of the Grail became prominent, and the story became an embodiment of religious faith as well as of chivalric ideals. In the fifteenth century Sir Thomas Malory condensed the stories into his famous *Morte Darthur*, in which he told, in simple but vivid language, the entire life of the hero from his birth until his death.

Malory's fine romance, printed by Caxton, has been a treasure from which English and American poets have drawn from the fifteenth century down to our own time. In Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, some of which you will read in this part of our book, we have the most famous of modern versions of the story.

To us the outward forms of chivalry are dead. Knights and Round Table, tournament and quest, are merely names. Medieval life was never, probably, as ideal as we might infer from the Book of Chivalry. There were cruel wars and persecutions and the dreadful sufferings of poverty then as now. But a civilization is judged by its ideals. What some of these ideals were to men like Malory and Caxton you may gather from the story of Arthur. To be a recreant knight was the depth of infamy. To right wrong and succor the oppressed; to be gentle to women; to seek for honor in all high endeavor—these were ideals that men felt almost as a religion. Spenser in the sixteenth century, and Tennyson in the nineteenth, sought for the same ideals in the England that they knew, and wrote the old story in such a way as to reflect their own times. Even to us in America, where a knight in armor would be only a source of amusement, the word "chivalrous" and all that it implies is still a word of power. Thus the ideals of a far-off age may live again in us.

THE STORY OF ELAINE

Sir Thomas Malory

I

HOW SIR LANCELOT WAS BERATED BY THE QUEEN

Within a fifteen days of Our Lady Day, Assumption, the King let cry a great justs and a tournament that should be at that day at Camelot, that is, Winchester; and the King let cry that he and the King of Scots would just against all that would come against them. And when this cry was made, thither came many knights. So there came thither the King of Northgalis, and King Anguish of Ireland, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Galahad, the haut prince, and the King of Northumberland, and many other noble dukes and earls of divers countries. So King Arthur made him ready to depart to these justs, and would have had the Queen with him, but at that time she would not, she said, for she was sick and might not ride at that time.

"That me repenteth," said the King, "for this seven year ye saw not such a noble fellowship together except at Whitsuntide when Galahad departed from the court."

"Truly," said the Queen to the King, "ye must hold me excused. I may not be there, and that me repenteth."

And many deemed the Queen would not be there by cause of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, for Sir Lancelot would not ride with the King, for he said that he was not whole of the wound the which Sir Mador had given him; wherefore the King was heavy and passing wroth. And so he departed toward Winchester with his fellowship; and so by the way the King lodged in a town called Astolat, that is now in English called Gilford, and there the King lay in the castle. So when the King was departed the Queen called Sir Lancelot to her, and said thus:

"Sir Lancelot, ye are greatly to blame thus to hold you behind my lord; what trow ye what will your enemies and mine say and deem? Nought else but, 'See how Sir Lancelot holdeth him ever behind the King, and so doth the Queen, for that they would have their pleasure together.' And thus will they say," said the Queen to Sir Lancelot; "have ye no doubt thereof."

II

HOW SIR LANCELOT RODE TO ASTOLAT

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "I allow your wit. It is of late come syne ye were wise. And therefore, madam, at this time I will be ruled by your counsel, and this night I will take my rest, and tomorrow by time I will take my way toward Winchester. But, wit you well," said Sir Lancelot to the

1. **Our Lady Day, Assumption,** August 15. **13. haut,** noble.

60. **syne,** since. 66. **wit,** know.

Queen, "that at that justs I will be against the King, and against all his fellowship."

"Ye may there do as ye list," said the Queen, "but by my counsel ye shall not be against your King and your fellowship. For therein be full many hard knights of your blood, as ye wot well enough; it needeth not to rehearse them."

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "I pray you that ye be not displeased with me, for I will take the adventure that God will send me."

And so upon the morn early Sir Lancelot heard Mass and brake his fast, and so took his leave of the Queen and departed. And then he rode so much until he came to Astolat, that is, Gilford; and there it happed him in the eventide he came to an old baron's place that hight Sir Bernard of Astolat. And as Sir Lancelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur espied him as he did walk in a garden beside the castle, how he took his lodging, and knew him full well.

"It is well," said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him in that garden beside the castle, "I have now espied one knight that will play his play at the justs to the which we be gone toward; I undertake he will do marvels."

"Who is that, we pray you tell us?" said many knights that were there at that time.

"Ye shall not wit for me," said the King, "as at this time."

And so the King smiled, and went to his lodging. So when Sir Lancelot was in his lodging, and unarmed him in his chamber, the old baron and hermit came to him making his reverence, and welcomed him in the best manner; but the old knight knew not Sir Lancelot.

"Fair sir," said Sir Lancelot to his host, "I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known."

"Sir," said his host, "ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world, and therefore I shall shew you friendship. Sir, wit you well I have two sons that were but late made knights, and the eldest hight Sir Torre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride, and his shield ye shall have; for that is not known, I dare say, but here, and in no place else. And my youngest son hight Lavaine, and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto that justs; and he is of his age strong and wight, for much my heart giveth unto you that ye should be a noble knight; therefore I pray you, tell me your name," said Sir Bernard.

"As for that," said Sir Lancelot, "ye must hold me excused as at this time, and if God give me grace to speed well at the justs I shall come again and tell you. But I pray you," said Sir Lancelot, "in any wise let me have your son Sir Lavaine with me, and that I may have his brother's shield."

"All this shall be done," said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a daughter that was called that time the fair maiden of Astolat. And ever she beheld Sir Lancelot wonderfully; and as the book saith, she cast such a love unto Sir Lancelot that she could never withdraw her love, wherefore she died, and her name was Elaine le Blank. So thus as she came to and fro she was so hot in her love that she besought Sir Lancelot to wear upon him at the justs a token of hers.

"Fair damosel," said Sir Lancelot, "an if I grant you that, ye may say I

22. **hight**, was called. 38. **wit for**, know from. 67. **wight**, valiant. **much my heart giveth unto you**, I feel strongly. 84. **wonderfully**, admiringly. 88. **le Blank**, the Fair. 94. **an**, if.

"AND SO THEY TOOK THEIR LEAVE"

do more for your love than ever I did for lady or damosel."

Then he remembered him he would go to the justs disguised. And by cause he had never fore that time borne no manner of token of no damosel, then he bethought him that he would bear one of her, that none of his blood thereby might know him, and then he said:

"Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet, and therefore what it is, shew it me."

"Sir," she said, "it is a red sleeve of mine of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls"; and so she brought it him.

So Sir Lancelot received it, and said: "Never did I erst so much for no damosel."

And then Sir Lancelot betook the fair maiden his shield in keeping, and prayed her to keep that until that he came again; and so that night he had merry rest and great cheer, for ever the damosel Elaine was about Sir Lancelot all the while she might be suffered.

III

HOW THE TOURNEY BEGAN AT WINCHESTER, AND WHAT KNIGHTS WERE AT THE JUSTS; AND OTHER THINGS

So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights departed, for their King had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the King was ridden, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride, and either of them had white

20. **erst**, before.

22. **betook**, entrusted to. 32. **abide**, wait for.

shields, and the red sleeve Sir Lancelot let carry with him. And so they took their leave at Sir Bernard, the old baron, and at his daughter, the fair maiden of Astolat. And then they rode so long till that they came to Camelot, that time called Winchester: and there was great press of kings, dukes, earls, and barons, and many noble knights. But there Sir Lancelot was lodged privily by the means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burgess, that no man in that town was ware what they were.

And so they reposed them there till Our Lady Day, Assumption, as the great feast should be.

So then trumpets blew unto the field, and King Arthur was set on high upon a scaffold to behold who did best. But as the French book saith, the King would not suffer Sir Gawain to go from him, for never had Sir Gawain the better an Sir Lancelot were in the field; and many times was Sir Gawain rebuked when Lancelot came into any justs disguised. Then some of the kings, as King Anguish of Ireland and the King of Scots, were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party was the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince. But these three kings and this duke were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world. So then they withdrew them either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might.

Then Sir Lancelot made him ready, and put the red sleeve upon his head, and fastened it fast; and so Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester privily, and rode until a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together. And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party, and against them came the King of Northumberland; and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down King Anguish of Ireland. Then Sir Palomides, that was on Arthur's party, encountered with Sir Galahad, and either of them smote down other, and either party halp their lords on horseback again. So there began a strong assail upon both parties.

And then came in fifteen knights of the Table Round. So these with more other came in together, and beat on back the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis. When Sir Lancelot saw this, as he hoved in a little leaved wood, then he said unto Sir Lavaine:

"See, yonder is a company of good knights, and they hold them together as boars that were chased with dogs."

"That is truth," said Sir Lavaine.

IV

HOW SIR LANCELOT AND SIR LAVAINE ENTERED IN THE FIELD AGAINST THEM OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT, AND HOW LANCELOT WAS HURT

"Now," said Sir Lancelot, "an ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men in our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward."

"Sir, spare not," said Sir Lavaine, "for I shall do what I may."

Then Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press,

8. **press**, throng. 21. **the French book**, a French account of Sir Lancelot. 24. **an**, if. 47. **until**, up to.

63. **halp**, helped. 71. **hoved**, waited.

and there Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Brandiles, Sir Sagramore, Sir Dodinas, Sir Kay, Sir Griflet, and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Lucan le Butler and Sir Bedivere. And then Sir Lancelot gat another spear, and there he smote down Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Modred, and Sir Meliot de Logris; and Sir Lavaine smote Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword, and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and by great force he unhorsed Sir Safere, Sir Epinogris, and Sir Galleron; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them aback, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might.

"O mercy Jesu," said Sir Gawain, "what knight is yonder that doth so marvelous deeds of arms in that field?"

"I wot well what he is," said King Arthur, "but as at this time I will not name him."

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I would say it were Sir Lancelot by his riding and his buffets that I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his head, for I wist him never bear token at no justs of lady nor gentlewoman."

"Let him be," said King Arthur; "he will be better known and do more or ever he depart."

Then the party that was against King Arthur were well comforted, and then they held them together that beforehand were sore rebuked. Then Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Maris, and Sir Lionel called unto them the knights of their blood, and these nine knights of Sir Lancelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate and despite that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight Sir Lancelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not; and so they came hurling together, and smote down many knights of Northgalis and of Northumberland.

And when Sir Lancelot saw them fare so, he gat a spear in his hand; and there encountered with him all at once Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears. And with force of themself they smote Sir Lancelot's horse to the earth; and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Lancelot through the shield into the side, and the spear brake, and the head left still in his side.

When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth; and by great force he took his horse, and brought him to Sir Lancelot, and mauger of them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Lancelot gat a spear in his hand, and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel; and Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Blamore de Ganis. And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore and hurt that he weened there to have had his death. And then he smote Sir Bleoberis such a buffet on the helm that he fell down to the earth in a swoon. And in the same wise he served Sir Aliduke and Sir Galihud. And Sir Lavaine smote down Sir Bellangere, that was the son of Alisander le Orphelin.

And by this was Sir Bors horsed, and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Lancelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, the which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might while he might endure. And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and there-

70. **mauger**, in spite. 79. **weened**, thought.

withal he raced off his helm, and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For, as the book saith, he might have slain them, but when he saw their visages his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there.

And then afterwards he hurled into the thickest press of them all, and did there the marveloust deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Lancelot with his sword smote down and pulled down, as the French book maketh mention, more than thirty knights, and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

V

HOW SIR LANCELOT AND SIR LAVAINE DEPARTED OUT OF THE FIELD, AND IN WHAT JEOPARDY LANCELOT WAS

"Mercy Jesu," said Sir Gawain to Arthur, "I marvel what knight that he is with the red sleeve."

"Sir," said King Arthur, "he will be known or he depart." And then the King blew unto lodging, and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bare the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgalis, and the King of Northumberland, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and said unto Sir Lancelot:

"Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have ye done this day for us. Therefore we pray you that ye will come with us that ye may receive the honor and the prize as ye have worshipfully deserved it."

"My fair lords," said Sir Lancelot, "wit you well if I have deserved thanks I have sore bought it, and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I take none force of none honor, for I had lever to repose me than to be lord of all the world."

And therewithal he groaned piteously, and rode a great wallop away-ward from them until he came under a wood's side. And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, he said with an high voice to Sir Lavaine:

"O gentle knight, help me that this truncheon were out of my side, for it sticketh so sore that it nigh slayeth me."

"O mine own lord," said Sir Lavaine, "I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore an I pull out the truncheon that ye shall be in peril of death."

"I charge you," said Sir Lancelot, "as ye love me, draw it out."

And therewithal he descended from his horse, and right so did Sir Lavaine; and forthwithal Sir Lavaine drew the truncheon out of his side, and he gave a great shriek and a marvelous grisly groan, and the blood brast out nigh a pint at once, that at the last he sank down, and so swooned pale and deadly.

"Alas," said Sir Lavaine, "what shall I do?"

And then he turned Sir Lancelot into the wind, but so he lay there nigh half an hour as he had been dead. And so at the last Sir Lancelot cast up his eyes, and said:

"O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two mile a gentle hermit that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to

1. **raced**, struck. 27. **blew unto lodging**, declared the contest at an end.

48. **take none force of none honor**, care not for any honor. 49. **lever**, rather. 52. **wallop**, gallop. 71. **grisly**, terrible. 72. **brast**, burst.

willful poverty, and forsaken many lands, and his name is Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and he is a full noble surgeon and a good leech. Now let see, help me up that I were there, for ever my heart giveth me that I shall never die of my cousin-germain's hands."

And then with great pain Sir Lavaine halp him upon his horse. And then they rode a great wallop together, and ever Sir Lancelot bled that it ran down to the earth; and so by fortune they came to that hermitage the which was under a wood, and a great cliff on the other side, and a fair water running under it. And then Sir Lavaine beat on the gate with the butt of his spear, and cried fast, "Let in for Jesu's sake." And there came a fair child to them, and asked them what they would.

"Fair son," said Sir Lavaine, "go and pray thy lord, the hermit, for God's sake to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded; and this day, tell thy lord, I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did."

So the child went in lightly, and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him he prayed him for God's sake of succor.

"What knight is he?" said the hermit. "Is he of the house of King Arthur, or not?"

"I wot not," said Sir Lavaine, "what is he, nor what is his name, but well I wot I saw him do marvelously this day as of deeds of arms."

"On whose party was he?" said the hermit.

"Sir," said Sir Lavaine, "he was this day against King Arthur, and there he won the prize of all the knights of the Round Table."

"I have seen the day," said the hermit, "I would have loved him the worse by cause he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? Let me see him."

Then Sir Lavaine brought the hermit to him.

VI

HOW LANCELOT WAS BROUGHT TO AN HERMIT TO BE HEALED OF HIS WOUND, AND OF OTHER MATTERS

And when the hermit beheld him, as he sat leaning upon his saddlebow ever bleeding piteously, then ever the knight hermit thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge by cause he was so pale for bleeding.

"What knight are ye," said the hermit, "and where were ye born?"

"My fair lord," said Sir Lancelot, "I am a stranger and a knight adventurous, that laboreth throughout many realms for to win worship."

Then the hermit advised him better, and saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Lancelot. "Alas," said the hermit, "mine own lord, why layne you your name from me? Forsooth I ought to know you of right, for ye are the most noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said he, "sith ye know me, help me an ye may, for God's sake, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life."

"Have ye no doubt," said the hermit, "ye shall live and fare right well."

And so the hermit called to him two of his servants, and so he and his servants bare him into the hermitage, and lightly unarmed him, and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit stanched his blood, and made him to drink good wine, so that Sir Lancelot

4. **leech**, doctor. 7. **cousin-germain**, first-cousin. 28. **lightly**, quickly. 36. **wot**, know.

68. **worship**, renown. 69. **advised him better**, deliberated with himself. 72 **layne**, conceal.

was well refreshed and knew himself; for in these days hermits held great household, and refreshed people that were in distress.

Now turn we unto King Arthur, and leave we Sir Lancelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were come together on both parties, and the great feast should be holden, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship:

"Where is that knight that bare the red sleeve? Bring him afore me that he may have his laud, and honor, and the prize, as it is right."

Then spake Sir Galahad, the haut prince, and the King with the Hundred Knights: "We suppose that knight is mischieved, and that he is never like to see you nor none of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we wist of any knight."

"Alas," said Arthur, "how may this be? Is he so hurt? What is his name?"

"Truly," said they all, "we know not his name, nor from whence he came, nor whither he would."

"Alas," said the King, "this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I welde to know it were so that that noble knight were slain."

"Know ye him?" said they all.

"As for that," said Arthur, "whether I know him or know him not, ye shall not know for me what man he is, but Almighty Jesu send me good tidings of him."

And so said they all.

"By my head," said Sir Gawain, "if it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found I shall find him, for I am sure he nys not far from this town."

"Bear you well," said King Arthur, "an ye may find him, unless that he be in such a plight that he may not welde himself."

"Jesu defend," said Sir Gawain, "but wit I shall what he is, an I may find him."

Right so Sir Gawain took a squire with him upon hackneys, and rode all about Camelot within six or seven mile, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again. And as they rode by the way, it happed Sir Gawain at Astolat to lodge with Sir Bernard thereas was Sir Lancelot lodged. And so as Sir Gawain was in his chamber to repose him, Sir Bernard, the old baron, came unto him, and his daughter Elaine, to cheer him and to ask him what tidings, and who did best at that tournament of Winchester.

"So God me help," said Sir Gawain, "there were two knights that bare two white shields, but the one of them bare a red sleeve upon his head, and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw just in field. For I dare say," said Sir Gawain, "that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Table Round, and his fellow did right well and worshipfully."

"Now blessed be God," said the fair maiden of Astolat, "that that knight sped so well, for he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be last that ever I shall love."

"Now, fair maid," said Sir Gawain, "is that good knight your love?"

"Certainly, sir," said she, "wit ye well he is my love."

"Then know ye his name?" said Sir Gawain.

"Nay truly," said the damosel, "I

19. **mischieved**, mortally wounded. 21. **wist**, knew. 31. **welde**, possess. 47. **nys**, is.

50. **welde himself**, be conscious. 64. **thereas**, wher

know not his name nor from whence he cometh, but to say that I love him, I promise you that I love him."

"How had ye knowledge of him first?" said Sir Gawain.

VII

HOW SIR GAWAIN WAS LODGED WITH THE LORD OF ASTOLAT, AND THERE LEARNED THAT IT WAS SIR LANCELOT THAT BARE THE RED SLEEVE

Then she told him as ye have heard tofore, and how her father betook him her brother to do him service, and how her father lent him her brother's, Sir Torre's, shield: "And here with me he left his own shield."

"For what cause did he so?" said Sir Gawain.

"For this cause," said the damosel, "for his shield was too well known among many noble knights."

"Ah, fair damosel," said Sir Gawain, "please it you let me have a sight of that shield."

"Sir," she said, "it is in my chamber, covered with a case, and if ye will come with me ye shall see it."

"Not so," said Sir Bernard till his daughter, "let send for it."

So when the shield was come, Sir Gawain took off the case, and when he beheld that shield, he knew anon that it was Sir Lancelot's shield, and his own arms.

"Ah, Jesu mercy," said Sir Gawain, "now is my heart more heavier than ever it was tofore."

"Why?" said Elaine.

"For I have great cause," said Sir Gawain. "Is that knight that oweth this shield your love?"

"Yea, truly," said she, "my love he is; God would I were his love."

"So God me speed," said Sir Gawain, "fair damosel, ye have right, for an he be your love, ye love the most honorable knight of the world, and the man of most worship."

"So me thought ever," said the damosel, "for never or that time, for no knight that ever I saw, loved I never none erst."

"God grant," said Sir Gawain, "that either of you may rejoice other, but that is in a great adventure. But truly," said Sir Gawain unto the damosel, "ye may say ye have a fair grace, for why I have known that noble knight this four and twenty year, and never or that day, I nor none other knight, I dare make good, saw nor heard say that ever he bare token or sign of no lady, gentlewoman, ne maiden, at no justs nor tournament. And therefore, fair maiden," said Sir Gawain, "ye are much beholden to him to give him thanks. But I dread me," said Sir Gawain, "that ye shall never see him in this world, and that is great pity that ever was of earthly knight."

"Alas," said she, "how may this be? Is he slain?"

"I say not so," said Sir Gawain, "but wit ye well he is grievously wounded, by all manner of signs, and by men's sight more likelier to be dead than to be on live; and wit ye well he is the noble knight, Sir Lancelot, for by this shield I know him."

"Alas," said the fair maiden of Astolat, "how may this be, and what was his hurt?"

"Truly," said Sir Gawain, "the man in the world that loved him best hurt him so; and I dare say, an that knight that hurt him knew the very certainty that he had hurt Sir Lancelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart."

"Now, fair father," said then Elaine, "I require you give me leave to ride

7. **betook**, gave. 23. **till**, to. 27. **anon**, immediately. 35. **oweth**, owneth.

45. **or**, before. 47. **erst**, before. 50. **adventure**, uncertainty. 58. **ne**, nor. 73. **on live**, be alive.

and to seek him, or else I wot well I shall go out of my mind, for I shall never stint till that I find him and my brother, Sir Lavaine."

"Do as it liketh you," said her father, "for me sore repenteth of the hurt of that noble knight."

So the maid made her ready, and before Sir Gawain, making great dole. Then on the morn Sir Gawain came to King Arthur, and told him how he had found Sir Lancelot's shield in the keeping of the fair maiden of Astolat.

"All that knew I aforehand," said King Arthur, "and that caused me I would not suffer you to have ado at the great justs, for I espied," said King Arthur, "when he came in till his lodging full late in the evening in Astolat. But marvel have I that ever he would bear any sign of any damosel; for or now I never heard say nor knew that ever he bare any token of none earthly woman."

"By my head," said Sir Gawain, "the fair maiden of Astolat loveth him marvelously well; what it meaneth I cannot say, and she is ridden after to seek him."

So the King and all came to London, and there Sir Gawain openly disclosed to all the Court that it was Sir Lancelot that justed best.

VIII

OF THE SORROW THAT SIR BORS HAD FOR THE HURT OF LANCELOT; AND OF THE ANGER THAT THE QUEEN HAD BECAUSE LANCELOT BARE THE SLEEVE

And when Sir Bors heard that, wit ye well he was an heavy man, and so were all his kinsmen. But when Queen Guinevere wist that Sir Lancelot bare the red sleeve of the fair maiden of Astolat she was nigh out of her mind for wrath. And then she sent for Sir Bors de Ganis in all the haste that might be. So when Sir Bors was come tofore the Queen, then she said:

"Ah, Sir Bors, have ye heard how falsely Sir Lancelot hath betrayed me?"

"Alas, madam," said Sir Bors, "I am afeared he hath betrayed himself and us all."

"No force," said the Queen, "though he be destroyed, for he is a false traitor knight."

"Madam," said Sir Bors, "I pray you say ye not so, for wit you well I may not hear such language of him."

"Why, Sir Bors," said she, "should I not call him traitor when he bare the red sleeve upon his head at Winchester, at the great justs?"

"Madam," said Sir Bors, "that sleeve-bearing repenteth me sore, but I dare say he did it to none evil intent, but for this cause he bare the red sleeve, that none of his blood should know him. For or then we nor none of us all never knew that ever he bare token or sign of maid, lady, ne gentlewoman."

"Fie on him," said the Queen, "yet for all his pride and bobaunce there ye proved yourself his better."

"Nay, madam, say ye never more so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us an he had would."

"Fie on him," said the Queen, "for I heard Sir Gawain say before my lord Arthur that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the fair maiden of Astolat and him."

"Madam," said Sir Bors, "I may not warn Sir Gawain to say what it pleased him; but I dare say, as for my lord, Sir Lancelot, that he loveth no lady, gentlewoman, nor maid, but all he loveth in like much. And, therefore, madam," said Sir Bors, "ye may say what ye will, but wit ye well I

3. **stint**, stop.

50. **No force**, I do not care. 70. **bobaunce**, pomp. 81. **warn**, forbid. 85. **in like much**, much alike, equally.

will haste me to seek him, and find him wheresomever he be, and God send me good tidings of him."

And so we leave them there, and speak we of Sir Lancelot, that lay in great peril. So as fair Elaine came to Winchester, she sought there all about, and by fortune Sir Lavaine was ridden to play him, to enchafe his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and then she cried on loud until him. And when he heard her, anon he came to her, and then she asked her brother, "How does my lord, Sir Lancelot?"

"Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Lancelot?"

Then she told him how Sir Gawain by his shield knew him. So they rode together till that they came to the hermitage, and anon she alit. So Sir Lavaine brought her in to Sir Lancelot; and when she saw him lie so sick and pale in his bed she might not speak, but suddenly she fell to the earth down suddenly in a swoon, and there she lay a great while. And when she was relieved, she shrieked and said, "My lord, Sir Lancelot, alas, why be ye in this plight?" and then she swooned again. And then Sir Lancelot prayed Sir Lavaine to take her up, and bring her to him. And when she came to herself, Sir Lancelot kissed her, and said:

"Fair maiden, why fare ye thus? Ye put me to pain; wherefore make ye no more such cheer, for an ye be come to comfort me ye be right welcome; and of this little hurt that I have I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But I marvel," said Sir Lancelot, "who told you my name."

Then the fair maiden told him all how Sir Gawain was lodged with her father. "And there by your shield he discovered your name."

"Alas," said Sir Lancelot, "that me repenteth that my name is known, for I am sure it will turn unto anger." And then Sir Lancelot compassed in his mind that Sir Gawain would tell Queen Guinevere how he bare the red sleeve, and for whom; that he wist well would turn into great anger. So this maiden Elaine never went from Sir Lancelot, but watched him day and night, and did such attendance to him that the French book saith there was never woman did more kindlier for man than she. Then Sir Lancelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make aspies in Winchester for Sir Bors if he came there, and told him by what tokens he should know him, by a wound in his forehead. "For well I am sure," said Sir Lancelot, "that Sir Bors will seek me, for he is the same good knight that hurt me."

IX

HOW SIR BORS SOUGHT LANCELOT AND FOUND HIM IN THE HERMITAGE, AND OF THEIR LAMENTATIONS

Now turn we unto Sir Bors de Ganis that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin, Sir Lancelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to lie in a watch for such a man, and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors, and there he told him what he was, and with whom he was, and his name.

"Now, fair knight," said Sir Bors, "I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said Sir Lavaine, "take your horse, and within this hour ye shall see him."

And so they departed, and came to the hermitage. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Lancelot lie in his bed pale and

9. **to play him**, for recreation. **enchafe**, exercise.

62. **make aspies**, be on the watch.

discolored, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance, and for kindness and pity he might not speak, but wept tenderly a great while. And then when he might speak he said thus:

"O my lord, Sir Lancelot, God you bless, and send you hasty recover; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and of mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that He would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you that are all our leader, and all our worship; and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas that ever such a caitiff knight as I am should have power by unhappiness to hurt the most noblest knight of the world! Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your blood did to you our utterance. I marvel," said Sir Bors, "that my heart or my blood would serve me, wherefore, my lord, Sir Lancelot, I ask your mercy."

"Fair cousin," said Sir Lancelot, "ye be right welcome; and wit ye well, overmuch ye say for to please me, the which pleaseth me not, for why I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride I was near slain, and that was in mine own default, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then had I had no hurt. Therefore, fair cousin, let us leave off this matter and speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how soon I may be whole."

Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bedside, and told Sir Lancelot how the Queen was passing wroth with him, by cause he wore the red sleeve at the great justs; and there Sir Bors told him all how Sir Gawain discovered it: "By your shield that ye left with the fair maiden of Astolat."

"Then is the Queen wroth," said Sir Lancelot, "and therefore am I right heavy, for I deserved no wrath, for all that I did was by cause I would not be known."

"Right so excused I you," said Sir Bors, "but all was in vain, for she said more largelier to me than I to you now. But is this she," said Sir Bors, "that is so busy about you, that men call the fair maiden of Astolat?"

"She it is," said Sir Lancelot, "that by no means I cannot put her from me."

"Why should ye put her from you?" said Sir Bors, "she is a passing fair damosel, and a well bisene, and well taught; and God would, fair cousin," said Sir Bors, "that ye could love her, but as to that I may not, nor I dare not, counsel you. But I see well," said Sir Bors, "by her diligence about you that she loveth you entirely."

'That me repenteth," said Sir Lancelot.

"Sir," said Sir Bors, "she is not the first that hath lost her pain upon you, and that is the more pity"; and so they talked of many more things.

And so within three days or four Sir Lancelot was big and strong again.

X

HOW SIR LANCELOT ARMED HIM TO ESSAY IF HE MIGHT BEAR ARMS, AND HOW HIS WOUND BURST OUT AGAIN

Then Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot how there was sworn a great tournament and justs betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, that should be upon All Hallowmass Day, beside Winchester. "Is that truth?" said

9. **unhappiness**, accident. 20. **overcharged**, attacked three against one. 24. **utterance**, uttermost.

67. **well bisene**, [has] many admirable qualities. 77. **lost her pain upon you**, suffered on your account. 86. **All Hallowmass Day**, November 1.

"SIR LANCELOT MADE FAIR ELAINE TO GATHER HERBS"

Sir Lancelot; "then shall ye abide with me still a little while until that I be whole, for I feel myself right big and strong."

"Blessed be God," said Sir Bors.

Then were they there nigh upon a month together, and ever this maiden Elaine did ever her diligent labor night and day unto Sir Lancelot, that there was never child nor wife more meeker to her father and husband than was that fair maiden of Astolat; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her. So upon a day, by the assent of Sir Lancelot, Sir Bors, and Sir Lavaine, they made the hermit to seek in woods for divers herbs, and so Sir Lancelot made fair Elaine to gather herbs for him to make him a bain.

In the meanwhile Sir Lancelot made him to arm him at all pieces; and there he thought to essay his armor and his spear, for his hurt or not. And so when he was upon his horse he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing lusty and fresh by cause he was not labored a month afore. And then Sir Lancelot couched that spear in the rest.

That courser leapt mightily when he felt the spurs; and he that was upon him, the which was the noblest horse of the world, strained him mightily and stably, and kept still the spear in the rest; and therewith Sir Lancelot strained himself so straitly, with so great force, to get the horse forward, that the bottom of his wound brast both within and without; and therewithal the blood came out so fiercely that he felt himself so feeble that he might not sit upon his horse. And then Sir Lancelot cried unto Sir Bors: "Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help, for I am come to mine end." And therewith he fell down on the one side to the earth like a dead corpse.

19. **bain**, bath.

33. **stably**, firmly.

And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow making out of measure.

And so by fortune the maiden Elaine heard their mourning, and then she came thither; and when she found Sir Lancelot there armed in that place she cried and wept as she had been wood; and then she kissed him, and did what she might to awake him. And then she rebuked her brother and Sir Bors, and called them false traitors, why they would take him out of his bed; there she cried, and said she would appel them of his death.

With this came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Lancelot in that plight he said but little, but wit ye well he was wroth; and then he bade them: "Let us have him in." And so they all bare him unto the hermitage, and unarmed him, and laid him in his bed; and evermore his wound bled piteously, but he stirred no limb of him. Then the knight hermit put a thing in his nose and a little dele of water in his mouth. And then Sir Lancelot waked of his swoon, and then the hermit stanched his bleeding. And when he might speak he asked Sir Lancelot why he put his life in jeopardy.

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "by cause I weened I had been strong, and also Sir Bors told me that there should be at All Hallowmass a great justs betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis, and therefore I thought to essay it myself, whether I might be there or not."

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the hermit, "your heart and your courage will never be done until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel. Let Sir Bors depart from you, and let him do at that tournament what he may. And by the grace of God," said the knight hermit, "by that the tournament be done and ye come hither again, Sir Lancelot shall be as whole as ye, so that he will be governed by me."

XI

HOW SIR BORS RETURNED AND TOLD TIDINGS OF SIR LANCELOT, AND OF THE TOURNEY AND THE PRIZE

Then Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Lancelot; and then Sir Lancelot said:

"Fair cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom me ought to recommend me unto. And I pray you, enforce yourself at that justs that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God till ye come again."

And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur, and told them in what place he had left Sir Lancelot.

"That me repenteth," said the King, "but syne he shall have his life we all may thank God."

And there Sir Bors told the Queen in what jeopardy Sir Lancelot was when he would essay his horse. "And all that he did, madam, was for the love of you, by cause he would have been at this tournament."

"Fie on him, recreant knight," said the Queen, "for wit ye well I am right sorry an he shall have his life."

"His life shall he have," said Sir Bors, "and who that would otherwise, except you, madam, we that be of his blood should help to short their lives. But madam," said Sir Bors, "ye have been ofttimes displeased with my lord, Sir Lancelot, but at all times at the end ye find him a true knight"; and so he departed.

2. **making out of measure**, immeasurably great. 8. **wood**, out of her mind. 15. **appel of**, bring to trial for. 27. **dele**, portion.

52. **so that**, if. 69. **syne**, since.

And then every knight of the Round Table that were there at that time present made them ready to be at that justs at All Hallowmass, and thither drew many knights of divers countries. And as All Hallowmass drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Sir Galahad, the haut prince of Surluse, and thither came King Anguish of Ireland, and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party.

And so that day Sir Gawain did great deeds of arms, and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawain smote down twenty knights. Then Sir Bors de Ganis came in the same time, and he was numbered that he smote down twenty knights; and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured. Also Sir Gareth, as the book saith, did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds he tarried not, but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day, for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men deemed Sir Gareth and he rode together to some manner adventures.

So when this tournament was done Sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to Sir Lancelot, his cousin; and then he found him walking on his feet, and there either made great joy of other; and Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot of all the justs like as ye have heard.

"I marvel," said Sir Lancelot, "that Sir Gareth, when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry."

"Thereof we marveled all," said Sir Bors, "for but if it were you, or Sir Tristram, or Sir Lamorak, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while as did Sir Gareth; and anon as he was gone we wist not where."

"By my head," said Sir Lancelot, "he is a noble knight, and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well essayed," said Sir Lancelot, "I would deem he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, and bounteous, meek, and mild, and in him is no manner of mal engyn, but plain, faithful, and true." So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn they took their horses and Elaine le Blank with them; and when they came to Astolat there were they well lodged, and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Torre, his son. And so upon the morn when Sir Lancelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and Sir Lavaine, and Sir Torre, and thus she said:

XII

OF THE GREAT LAMENTATION OF THE FAIR MAID OF ASTOLAT WHEN LANCELOT SHOULD DEPART, AND HOW SHE DIED FOR HIS LOVE

"My lord, Sir Lancelot, now I see ye will depart; now, fair knight and courteous knight, have mercy upon me, and suffer me not to die for thy love."

"What would ye that I did?" said Sir Lancelot.

"I would have you to my husband," said Elaine.

"Fair damosel, I thank you," said Sir Lancelot, "but truly," said he, "I cast me never to be wedded man."

"Alas," said she, "then must I die for your love."

"Ye shall not so," said Sir Lancelot, "for wit ye well, fair maiden, I might

47. **but if**, unless.

60. **mal engyn**, evil. 84. **cast me**, am determined.

have been married an I had would, but I never applied me to be married yet; but by cause, fair damosel, that ye love me as ye say ye do, I will for your good will and kindness show you some goodness, and that is this, that wheresomever ye will beset your heart upon some good knight that will wed you, I shall give you together a thousand pound yearly to you and to your heirs; thus much will I give you, fair madam, for your kindness, and always while I live, to be your own knight."

"Of all this," said the maiden, "I will none, for but if ye will wed me, wit you well, Sir Lancelot, my good days are done."

"Fair damosel," said Sir Lancelot, "of this thing ye must pardon me."

Then she shrieked shrilly, and fell down in a swoon; and then women bare her into her chamber, and there she made overmuch sorrow; and then Sir Lancelot would depart, and there he asked Sir Lavaine what he would do.

"What should I do," said Sir Lavaine, "but follow you, but if ye drive me from you, or command me to go from you?"

Then came Sir Bernard to Sir Lancelot and said to him: "I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake."

"I may not do withal," said Sir Lancelot, "for that me sore repenteth, for I report me to yourself that my proffer is fair; and me repenteth that she loveth me as she doth. I was never the causer of it, for I report me to your son I early ne late proffered her bounté nor fair behests; and as for me, I am right heavy of her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle, and well taught."

"Father," said Sir Lavaine, "she doth as I do, for sithen I first saw my lord Sir Lancelot, I could never depart from him, nor nought I will an I may follow him."

Then Sir Lancelot took his leave, and so they departed, and came unto Winchester. And when Arthur wist that Sir Lancelot was come whole and sound the King made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawain and all the knights of the Round Table. But Queen Guinevere was wood wroth with Sir Lancelot, and estranged herself from him; and Sir Lancelot made all the means that he might for to speak with the Queen, but it would not be.

Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, nor drank, and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feebled so that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrived her clean, and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Lancelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, "Why should I leave such thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman? And all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offense though I love an earthly man; and I take God to my record I loved never none but Sir Lancelot of the Lake, nor never shall love other; and sithen it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul. For, sweet Lord Jesu," said the fair maiden, "I take Thee to record, on Thee I was never great offenser against thy laws; but that I loved this noble knight, Sir Lancelot, out of measure, and of myself, good

43. **bounté**, kindness. **behests**, promises.

59. **wood wroth**, insanely angry. 74. **complained upon**, grieved for. 75. **ghostly father**, priest.

"AND SO THE MAN STEERED THE BARGET UNTO WESTMINSTER"

Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death."

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Torre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did indite it; and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised, then she prayed her father that she be watched until she were dead.

"And while my body is hot let this letter be put in my hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold; and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Thames is; and there let me be put within a barget, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samite over and over; thus, father, I beseech you let it be done."

So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for when this was done anon she died. And so when she was dead the corpse and the bed all was led the next way unto Thames, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put into Thames; and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or any espied it.

XIII

HOW THE CORPSE OF THE MAID OF ASTOLAT ARRIVED TOFORE KING ARTHUR, AND OF THE BURYING

So by fortune King Arthur and the Queen Guinevere were speaking together at a window, and so as they looked into Thames they espied this black barget, and had marvel what it meant. Then the King called Sir Kay, and showed it him.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "wit you well there is some new tidings."

"Go thither," said the King to Sir Kay, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Agravaine, and bring me ready word what is there."

Then these three knights departed and came to the barget and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these three knights returned unto the King again, and told him what they found.

"That fair corpse will I see," said the King. And so then the King took the Queen by the hand, and went thither. Then the King made the barget to be holden fast, and then the King and the Queen entered with certain knights with them; and there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed, covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the Queen espied a letter in her hand, and told it to the King. Then the King took it and said: "Now am I sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither."

So then the King and the Queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain man to wait upon the barget. And so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said that he would wit openly what was written within that letter. Then the King brake it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter.

"Most noble knight, Sir Lancelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover, that men called the fair maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet pray for my soul and bury me at least, and offer ye my Mass-penny; this is my last request. And a clean maiden I died, I take God to witness; pray for my soul, Sir Lancelot, as thou art peerless."

This was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read, the King, the Queen, and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints. Then was Sir Lancelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him. And when Sir Lancelot heard it word by word, he said:

"My lord Arthur, wit ye well I am right heavy of the death of this fair damosel. God knoweth I was never causer of her death by my willing, and that will I report me to her own brother; here he is, Sir Lavaine. I will not say nay," said Sir Lancelot, "but that she was both fair and good, and much I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of measure."

"Ye might have shewed her," said the Queen, "some bounté and gentleness that might have preserved her life."

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "she would none other ways be answered but that she would be my wife; this I would not grant her, but I proffered her, for her good love that she showed me, a thousand pound yearly to her, and to her heirs, and to wed any manner knight that she could find best to love in her heart. For, madam," said Sir Lancelot, "I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart, and not by no constraint."

"That is truth," said the King, "and many knight's love is free in himself, and never will be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth himself." Then said the King unto Sir Lancelot: "It will be your worship that ye oversee that she be interred worshipfully."

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall be done as I can best devise."

48. Mass-penny, money paid for, or given at, Mass.

And so many knights yede thither to behold that fair maiden. And so upon the morn she was interred richly, and Sir Lancelot offered her Masspenny; and all the knights of the Table Round that were there at that time offered with Sir Lancelot. And then the poor man went again with the barget. Then the Queen sent for Sir Lancelot, and prayed him of mercy, for why that she had been wroth with him causeless.

1. yede, went.

"This is not the first time," said Sir Lancelot, "that ye had been displeased with me causeless, but, madam, ever I must suffer you, but what sorrow I endure I take no force."

So this passed on all that winter, with all manner of hunting and hawking; and justs and tourneys were many betwixt many great lords, and ever in all places Sir Lavaine gat great worship, so that he was nobly renowned among many knights of the Table Round.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This is primarily the story of Elaine, taken from Malory, *Morte Darthur*, Book XVIII, Chapters VIII-XX. By reference to specific incidents or speeches illustrate your answers to these questions: Do you like or dislike her? Was she beautiful? Did she have a lovable disposition? Why did not Lancelot love her? Why could she not get over her love for Lancelot? Rosalind in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* says: "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Do you think she meant to include women, too? Would the statement apply to Elaine? Does her death make you sad? Do you think Malory felt it was sad? Why does he conclude by telling of the usual amusements of the medieval life?

2. Do you get a very definite notion of King Arthur from Malory? Point out particular episodes or acts that help to form your impression.

3. Do you like or dislike Queen Guinevere? Point out particular things she says or does that influence your opinion.

4. Is Sir Lancelot worthy of his great reputation? Speak of his bravery, honor, courtesy, and so on through the list of knightly qualities. Give illustrations from Malory.

5. How did life in the days of King Arthur differ from the kind of life we live today? This is a very broad question. You should confine yourself to the matters you can illustrate from Malory.

6. We are often told that Malory is a fine example of medieval simplicity in narrative. (*a*) Show that the story is direct and straightforward. Point out places where Malory very plainly helps the reader to follow it. (*b*) Show that the characters are far from complex and that their feelings and motives are easy to understand.

7. The knights in Malory represent the age of chivalry. Take the principal knights in this story, Sir Lancelot, Sir Bors, Sir Gawain, and decide how they spent their time, what they liked best, what ideals of conduct they lived up to, why they were admired, how they treated women, and what the women thought of them. If you will illustrate by particular incidents, you can make a very interesting talk before the class.

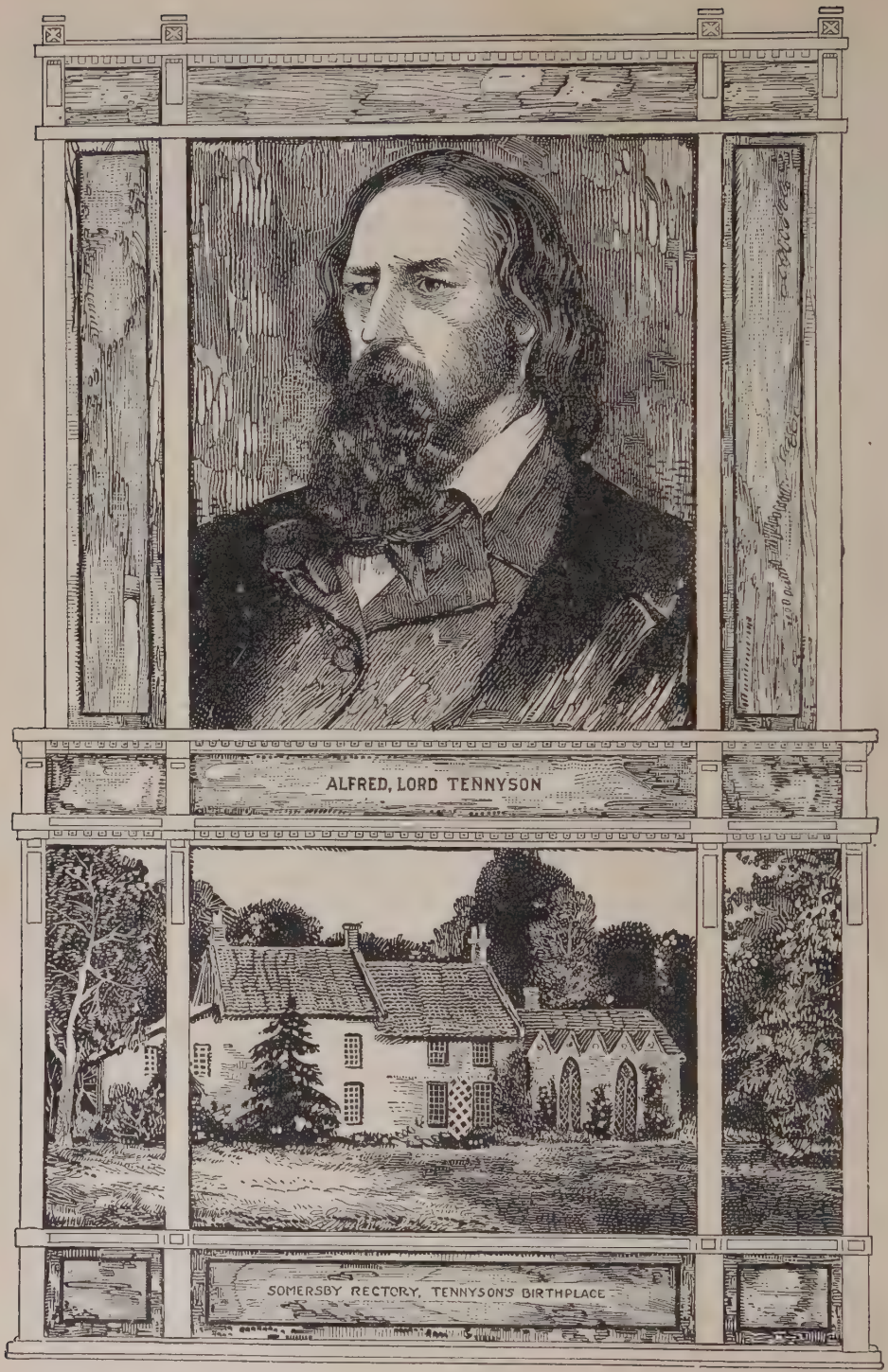
Further Reading in Malory

(Some editions of Malory are hard to read because the spelling is so different from that used today. If your library has the *Everyman* edition, in two volumes, you will enjoy reading it.)

1. The story of Gareth is full of knightly adventure. It fills Book VII of Malory. The first eighteen chapters will give you most of the story as Tennyson tells it in "Gareth and Lynette," but if you wish to see how adventure follows adventure in Malory, read on to the end of the Book. In making your report, answer this question: In what ways does Gareth show himself a true knight?

2. The war between Arthur and Lancelot is, in a way, the climax of Malory's whole story. If you wish to learn all the incidents of it, read Book XX.

3. The close of Arthur's reign is given in Book XXI, Chapters I-VII. If you wish to follow Lancelot also to his death, you should read to the end of this Book.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

SOMERSBY RECTORY, TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE

TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING"
AN INTRODUCTION

The richly varied pages of Malory's story of Arthur and his Round Table contain no story more beautiful than the one about Elaine, which you have just read. From it, you may see for yourself how a great poet like Alfred Tennyson must have been fascinated by this old book, so that it became a source of some of the best poetry he ever wrote. Malory's story of Elaine was the model for one of the *Idylls of the King*, which, with three others, you are now to read.

Tennyson's liking for these tales of chivalry sprang from an interest in the past common to many writers in the early part of the nineteenth century. Sir Walter Scott, you remember, delighted in old ballads and legends; and he wrote many romances, in prose and verse, dealing with the lives and adventures of men of ancient times. King Arthur was, as we have seen, a very early British hero, about whose life sober history tells little; he lived before the Age of Chivalry; his knights and his institution of the order of the Round Table are pure fictions. But his story, as developed in the old romances, represents the world of chivalry—its picturesque qualities, its ethics, the sort of ideal it tried to realize. It represents the highest reach of the medieval mind in loyalty to the king, in piety, in regard for womanhood, and in search for personal distinction as a mark of the finest minds. This idealism Tennyson re-created for his own and after times in his *Idylls of the King;* and like Malory he converted it into a story that not only made a past age live again, but that also reflected the life of his own time as in a mirror.

Like every great work, this epic of Arthur represents long toil. More than fifty years intervened between Tennyson's first attempts to put bits of Arthurian romance into modern verse and the completion of the twelve idylls. He wrote many poems on many other subjects during this period, but from 1832 to 1889 the story was always in his mind, and from time to time he was writing one part of it or another.

In 1832 he wrote "The Lady of Shalott," somewhat like the story of Elaine, and a poem very characteristic of his genius in its lyrical sweetness, its magic, and the vividness of the picture that he drew. Ten years later appeared his first version of "The Passing of Arthur." Of this he said that it was designed as the eleventh book of an epic dealing with Arthur's life and work. Whether he really meant this or not we do not know, but the remark indicates that Tennyson realized from the first the charm and the epic possibilities of the story.

"Elaine" and "Guinevere," the first of the *Idylls*, were not published until 1859. Ten years later appeared "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur"—the beginning and the end of the story. In 1870 a "Round Table" of six idylls was published; others were added from time to time until in 1889 the series of twelve poems was complete.

You see from these facts that Tennyson did not deal with the story in the way that Walter Scott dealt, for example, with his story of *Ivanhoe* or *The Lady of the Lake*. That is, he did not, at the beginning, set out to write a complete epic dealing with King Arthur. Indeed, the very fact that he called the poems "idylls" shows that he had no such purpose. "Idyll," as Tennyson uses it, means a little picture. Instead of telling the whole story of Arthur, he suggests it, pausing now and then to give us a "little picture," complete in itself, and dealing with some episode in what might have been

an epic like Homer's *Odyssey*. After he had written a number of these episodes, or little pictures, of the world of chivalry, he arranged them in such a way that when we read them we seem to be reading a connected story. We may now note the three means by which the poet gives us this impression.

Like earlier narrators, Tennyson felt free to tell the story according to his own plan. One way in which he bound the parts of the epic together was by placing the idylls in successive seasons of the year. He explains the time limits of the epic in a note. " 'The Coming of Arthur' is on the night of the New Year; when he is wedded 'the world is white with may'; on a summer night the vision of the Holy Grail appears; and 'The Last Tournament' is in the 'yellowing autumn-tide.' Guinevere flees through the mists of autumn, and Arthur's death takes place at midnight in mid-winter."

Another way in which he secured unity was by constantly referring to one main story that runs through the twelve idylls. Lancelot is Arthur's trusted friend and greatest knight. He is sent to bring home Guinevere, whom her father, King Leodogran, has given in marriage to Arthur. As they ride through the forest to Arthur's capital, they fall in love with each other. The idylls show how this unfaithfulness finally poisons the whole court and ruins Arthur's kingdom. Thus the center of the plot is the conflict between love and friendship.

A third way in which Tennyson gave unity was by introducing allegory into the narrative; that is, into the events of the story he wove a moral or ethical meaning. We must not try to find a meaning in all the incidents, and we can enjoy the poem without looking for more than the story. As Tennyson says:

"Of course Camelot, for instance, a city of shadowy palaces, is everywhere symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions and of the spiritual development of man. Yet there is no single fact or incident in the *Idylls*, however seemingly mythical, which cannot be explained as without any mystery or allegory whatever." The general allegory deals with the choice that everyone has to make between lower and higher impulses. This conflict may be expressed in Tennyson's words as "Sense at war with Soul." In the *Idylls*, Arthur represents soul, the higher impulses and ideals, while Guinevere represents sense, the lower impulses and motives. Lancelot continually has to choose between the two. He chooses sense, and we see the result of this sinful choice. Other characters may be held to represent other qualities; Merlin may stand for wisdom, and Elaine for innocence. But we should always heed the poet's warning: "Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colors. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability." We can all agree with the allegory thus far—that the world will not be a perfect place until everyone has gained self-control and governs himself loyally by the higher ideals.

SELECTIONS FROM

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king, ere Arthur came,
Ruled in this isle and, ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarmed overseas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either failed to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And through the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reigned.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallowed in the gardens of the King.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and then,
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat
To human sucklings; and the children, housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,
And mock their foster mother on four feet,
Till, straightened, they grew up to wolf-like men,
Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
Groaned for the Roman legions here again
And Cæsar's eagle. Then his brother King,
Urien, assailed him; last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood,
And on the spike that split the mother's heart
Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But — for he heard of Arthur newly crowned,
Though not without an uproar made by those
Who cried, "He is not Uther's son"—the King
Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help us thou!
For here between the man and beast we die."

1. **Cameliard.** Most of the places mentioned in the *Idylls* can not be located, except in a general way. 8. **heathen host,** the Angles and Saxons, who later overcame the Britons. 13. **Aurelius,** a descendant of the last Roman general in Britain. 14. **Uther,** a younger brother of Aurelius, called Uther Pendragon, because he wore a dragon on his helmet. 17. **Table Round.** See explanatory note 3, page 42.

31. **mock,** imitate. 32. **wolf-like men.** Compare the legend of Romulus and Remus; also Kipling's story *Mowgli.* 34. **Roman legions.** These were withdrawn from Britain in 410 A.D. 36. **Urien,** King of North Wales and brother-in-law to Arthur. **heathen horde,** the Scots and Picts from the North. 39. **Spitting the child,** from *spit,* a long iron bar thrust through meat in order to roast it before a fire.

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call and came; and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or marked not, if she saw,
One among many, though his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he passed,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitched
His tents beside the forest. Then he drave
The heathen; after, slew the beast, and felled
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
And so returned.

For while he lingered there,
A doubt that ever smoldered in the hearts
Of those great lords and barons of his realm
Flashed forth and into war; for most of these,
Colleaguing with a score of petty kings,
Made head against him, crying: "Who is he
That he should rule us? Who hath proven him
King Uther's son? For lo! we look at him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King;
This is the son of Anton, not the King."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be joined with Guinevere,
And thinking as he rode: "Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vexed—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me—
Vexed with waste dreams? For saving I be joined
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I joined with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

Thereafter—as he speaks who tells the tale—
When Arthur reached a field of battle bright
With pitched pavilions of his foe, the world
Was all so clear about him that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star.
So when the King had set his banner broad,
At once from either side, with trumpet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horses run.
And now the barons and the kings prevailed,
And now the King, as here and there that war
Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands with every blow,
And leading all his knighthood, threw the kings,
Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales,
Claudius, and Clariance of Northumberland,
The King Brandagoras of Latangor,
With Auguisant of Erin, Morganore,
And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees

50. **golden symbol**, the dragon of his father, Uther. 72. **Gorloïs.** See lines 184-196. 73. **Anton.** See lines 220-224.

94. **he**, Malory, or possibly Tennyson himself. 99. **high day**, noontime. 102. **shrilling unto blood**, calling to battle. 103. **long-lanced battle**, the mounted knights with long lances. 110. **threw**, overthrew.

To one who sins, and deems himself alone
And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
Flying, and Arthur called to stay the brands
That hacked among the flyers, "Ho! they yield!"
So, like a painted battle, the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
He laughed upon his warrior whom he loved
And honored most. "Thou dost not doubt me king,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day."
"Sir and my liege," he cried, "the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battlefield.
I know thee for my king!" Whereat the two—
For each had warded either in the fight—
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, "Man's word is God in man;
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
Saying, "If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
Debating—"How should I that am a king,
However much he holp me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,
And a king's son?"—lifted his voice, and called
A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom
He trusted all things, and of him required
His counsel: "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said:
"Sir King, there be but two old men that know;
And each is twice as old as I; and one
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther through his magic art, and one
Is Merlin's master—so they call him—Bleys,
Who taught him magic; but the scholar ran
Before the master, and so far that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after-years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth."

To whom the King Leodogran replied:
"O friend, had I been holpen half as well
By this King Arthur as by thee today,
Then beast and man had had their share of me;
But summon here before us yet once more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

Then, when they came before him, the King said:
"I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase; but wherefore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs,
Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?"

And Ulfius and Brastias answered, "Aye."
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake—
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King—

"Sir, there be many rumors on this head;
For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man;
And there be those who deem him more than man,

119. **brand**, sword. 124. **warrior whom he loved**, Lancelot. 130. **warded**, guarded, defended. 142. **saving**, except.

150. **Merlin**, the great magician of Arthur's court. 160. **had I been holpen**, etc., if I had been helped as little (in my misfortunes), as you have helped me by your answer, I should have been overcome. 167. **reason in the chase**, chased for a good reason; the cuckoo, after throwing out the eggs from the nests of other birds, lays its own eggs there to be hatched.

And dream he dropped from heaven. But my belief
In all this matter—so ye care to learn—
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time
The prince and warrior Gorloïs, he that held
Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,
Was wedded with a winsome wife, Ygerne;
And daughters had she borne him—one whereof,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,
Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur—but a son she had not borne.
And Uther cast upon her eyes of love;
But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs,
So loathed the bright dishonor of his love
That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war,
And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.
Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged
Ygerne within Tintagil, where her men,
Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,
Left her and fled, and Uther entered in,
And there was none to call to but himself.
So, compassed by the power of the king,
Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
And with a shameful swiftness; afterward,
Not many moons, King Uther died himself,
Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
And that same night, the night of the new year,
By reason of the bitterness and grief
That vexed his mother, all before his time
Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Delivered at a secret postern-gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come; because the lords
Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,
Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child
Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each
But sought to rule for his own self and hand,
And many hated Uther for the sake
Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife
Nursed the young prince, and reared him with her own;

189. **Orkney**, an island group north of Scotland.

And no man knew. And ever since the lords
Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
So that the realm has gone to wrack; but now,
This year, when Merlin—for his hour had come—
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir, your king,'
A hundred voices cried, 'Away with him!
No king of ours! a son of Gorloïs he,
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn.' Yet Merlin through his craft,
And while the people clamored for a king,
Had Arthur crowned; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war."

Then while the King debated with himself
If Arthur were the child of shamefulness,
Or born the son of Gorloïs after death,
Or Uther's son and born before his time,
Or whether there were truth in anything
Said by these three, there came to Camel-iard,
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
Report him! Yea, but ye—think ye this king—
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be—
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee—few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him—
For I was near him when the savage yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
Crowned on the daïs, and his warriors cried,

252. **body enow**, strength enough.

'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee.' Then the King, in low, deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self
That when they rose, knighted, from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake, and cheered his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words,
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye through all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King;
And ere it left their faces, through the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair Queens
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge, cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out. A mist
Of incense curled about her, and her face
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep—calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world—and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur rowed across and took it—rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it—on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
'Take me,' but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face
Taking it, but old Merlin counseled him,
'Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
Is yet far off.' So this great brand the King
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down."

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
To sift his doubtings to the last, and asked,
Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
"The swallow and the swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to this noble prince,
Being his own dear sister"; and she said,
"Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I";
"And therefore Arthur's sister?" asked the King.
She answered, "These be secret things," and signed
To those two sons to pass, and let them be.
And Gawain went, and breaking into song
Sprang out, and followed by his flying hair
Ran like a colt, and leaped at all he saw;
But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half-heard—the same that afterward
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

261. **strait**, strict. 262. **knighted, from kneeling.** The man who was to be knighted knelt before the king, who struck him lightly on the shoulder and commanded him, as knight, to arise. 275. **three fair Queens.** See note 4 in the first column of page 42. 279. **mage**, magician. 281. **liege**, a superior to whom allegiance and service are due. 282. **the Lady of the Lake.** See note on line 275 above. 284. **samite**, a rich, heavy silk. 288. **minster**, church.

294. **Excalibur**, "cut-steel." See "The Passing of Arthur," lines 224-226. 298. **Urim**, shining lights. See *Exodus* xxviii, 15-30. 301. **oldest tongue**, Hebrew. 318. **let them be**, leave her and Leodogran alone.

And then the Queen made answer: "What know I?
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I; and dark
Was Gorloïs; yea, and dark was Uther, too,
Well-nigh to blackness; but this king is fair
Beyond the race of Britons and of men.
Moreover, always in my mind I hear
A cry from out the dawning of my life,
A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
'O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the world.' "

"Aye," said the King, "and hear ye such a cry?
But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?"

"O King!" she cried, "and I will tell thee true.
He found me first when yet a little maid.
Beaten I had been for a little fault
Whereof I was not guilty; and out I ran
And flung myself down on a bank of heath,
And hated this fair world and all therein,
And wept, and wished that I were dead; and he—
I know not whether of himself he came,
Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk
Unseen at pleasure—he was at my side,
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me.
And many a time he came, and evermore
As I grew greater grew with me; and sad
At times he seemed, and sad with him was I,
Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,
But sweet again, and then I loved him well.
And now of late I see him less and less,
But those first days had golden hours for me,
For then I surely thought he would be king.

"But let me tell thee now another tale:
For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,
To hear him speak before he left his life.
Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage;
And when I entered told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the King,
Uther, before he died; and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil passed away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending through the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seemed in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon winged, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropped to the cove, and watched the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lashed at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
And presently thereafter followed calm,
Free sky and stars. 'And this same child,' he said,
'Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace
Till this were told.' And saying this the seer
Went through the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be questioned any more
Save on the further side; but when I met

362. **Shrunk**, etc. It was an old superstition that healthy children were taken from their cradles by fairies, who left their own weakly and small infants. 391. **Free**, clear. 392. **part**, depart.

Merlin, and asked him if these things were truth—
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laughed as is his wont, and answered me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

"A SHIP, THE SHAPE THEREOF A DRAGON WINGED"

"'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

"'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

"'Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows;
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

"So Merlin riddling angered me; but thou
Fear not to give this King thine only child,
Guinevere; so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter, and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing through the minds of men,
And echoed by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage-work is done,
Speak of the King; and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Though men may wound him, that he will not die,
But pass, again to come; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king."

She spake; and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing, "Shall I answer 'Yea' or 'Nay'?"
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,

431. **hind fell**, etc., the peasants were slain, and their cattle driven away by the robbers. 432. **rick**, a stack of grain or hay.

Streamed to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burned, crying, "No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours";
Till with a wink his dream was changed: the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crowned. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
Back to the court of Arthur answering "Yea."

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honored most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen, and watched him from the gates;
And Lancelot passed away among the flowers—
For then was latter April—and returned
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May through open door,
The sacred altar blossomed white with may,
The sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Rolled incense, and there passed along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love.

And Arthur said, "Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
"King and my lord, I love thee to the death!"
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake:
"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfill the boundless purpose of their King!"

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine,
Great lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they passed;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with may!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath rolled away!
Blow through the living world—'Let the King reign!'

"Shall Rome or heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-ax on helm,
Fall battle-ax and flash brand! Let the King reign!

"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-ax, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

"Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!

460. **may**, hawthorn blossoms.

466. **doom**, fate. 472. **Other**, better.

Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

"Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the King reign!"

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.
There at the banquet those great lords from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in and claimed their tribute as of yore.

496. **Sun**, king. **May**, youth.

But Arthur spake: "Behold, for these have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship me their King;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay." So those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and through that strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reigned.

511. **Roman wall.** Remains of this wall, built to keep out the northern barbarians, can still be seen in England.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In this idyll Tennyson condenses parts of the first three Books of Malory. You will get a more detailed idea of the story if you will read Malory's version. For example, the story of the mysterious sword by which Arthur's right to the crown was established, told by Malory in Chapters v-vii, is omitted by Tennyson save for the reference to Merlin's "craft" in line 233. Malory says the sword was found sticking in a huge block of stone; all the claimants to the throne tried to pull it out, but only Arthur succeeded. In Chapter xvi Malory gives another and entirely different story of the finding of the sword, which Tennyson retells in "The Passing of Arthur." Again, there are important differences between Malory's version of the wooing of Guinevere and Tennyson's, while the story of Arthur's war against Rome is told in detail in the source, but Tennyson makes only the barest references to it. On the other hand Tennyson often takes incidents or hints from Malory and works them into his story in a more subtle way. For example, you will observe the emphasis upon the damage done by the wild beasts and wolfish men. Between man and beast, Leodogran says, they perish. You will note many other references in the *Idylls* to Tennyson's conception of civilization as a progress from beast-like cunning and ferocity to an ideal of chivalry. The idea is put forward as a sort of evolution. The foundation is in Malory's story (Book I, Chapters xix-xx) about Arthur's dream of monstrous animals that came into his land and destroyed many people. You will find it interesting, throughout this study of Tennyson, to look for illustrations of the use the poet made of the old book on which his story is based.

2. Tennyson, like Malory, has little to do with English history. Some historical references should be kept in mind, however, in order that you may have a proper background for the story.

In lines 26-29, for example, is a reference to such legends as that of Romulus and Remus, mythical founders of Rome, who were nursed by a wolf. In line 13 the reference to Aurelius is to the descendant of the last Roman general who laid claim to Britain, while in line 34 is another reference to the Roman occupation of Britain, which ended in 410. After the withdrawal of the Roman armies the country was devastated by feuds which arose among the "kings," or chieftains. The "heathen horde" (line 36) refers to the coming of the Angles and Saxons (449 A.D.), who drove the Britons into Wales and founded the Anglo-Saxon kingdom from which England sprang. You will note, therefore, that Arthur was a British, not an Anglo-Saxon (or *English*), king, and that the scenes of the story are mainly Cornish and Welsh, not laid in England proper.

3. "The Table Round" (lines 17 and 266) as a name for the whole group of Arthur's knights, came from a "round table" presented by Leodogran to Arthur on his marriage with Guinevere. At feasts the place of honor was nearest the salt. At a round table the salt would be placed in the center, so that all the knights would be equally distant from it and no one of them would be especially favored. Malory says that the table could seat over one hundred fifty persons.

4. The Lady of the Lake (line 282) is a well-known figure in the romances and in various fairy tales. She is a fairy, possessing supernatural powers, and dwelling in a mysterious land that may be found only by favored mortals. The three queens mentioned in line 275 are also fairies. In lines 420-421 and elsewhere in the *Idylls* are references to the fact that Arthur did not die, but was borne into the land of fairy, where he still lives in happiness and will come again to rule Britain. In "The Passing of Arthur" this idea is fully brought out. The idea is not uncommon in folklore. The ballad "Thomas Rymer" tells of a mortal who sojourned in fairyland. In Wales may still be found the belief that Arthur is to come again to rule England; in a sense the old story has come true twice in English history: the first time when the Tudors, a Welsh house, became sovereigns in the sixteenth century (the poet Spenser calls Queen Elizabeth, who was a Tudor, the Fairy Queen) and the second time when Lloyd George, a Welshman, ruled England with a mightier power than King Arthur ever knew.

Tennyson attaches allegorical significance to the Lady of the Lake. She has a "subtler magic" than that of Merlin (line 283), because her power is spiritual. You will find illustrations of this in the next poem, "Gareth and Lynette," lines 210 ff.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. In whom are you chiefly interested at the beginning of the story?

2. What other persons arouse your interest?

3. Which characters do you think will be the most important throughout the *Idylls*? How is Lancelot introduced? Where does he next appear? What powers does Merlin seem to have? What is the meaning of his "riddling triplets" (lines 402-410)?

4. What are the six chief steps or events of the story? Of these, which is the most important? That is, for which one do the others prepare? Which one consumes the most time and proves the turning-point of the story?

5. How does the conclusion of the idyll remind you of the beginning?

6. What hope does Arthur express in line 90? Was it ever realized? What condition did he have to overcome outside of his kingdom? Within his kingdom? Why was he successful in each case? Read lines 259-278, 481-501. Why did he reject the demand for tribute? Read lines 503-512. When was Rome forced to withdraw from Britain? When did Rome finally fall?

7. Why did it make any difference whether Arthur was Uther's son or not? What were the two theories of his origin? Do you think Leodogran would be more willing to believe the magical?

8. What established the friendship between Lancelot and Arthur? Why does Tennyson tell of it here? Did Arthur make any effort to win Guinevere's love? Why was Leodogran curious about Arthur's origin? Why did he hesitate to give Guinevere in marriage to Arthur? Why did he place so much reliance in a dream? What does each picture in his dream mean? Can you recite any other stories of belief in dreams? Read Tennyson's early poem, "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere." What does it suggest of the relations of the two? Do you think that the song of the knights was composed for the wedding or for the wars? Do you think the wedding ceremony a kingly one for those times?

9. What further events in the story do you look forward to after completing this idyll?

10. What characters lend an atmosphere of magic to this idyll? What events involve magic? Why do magic and dreams play so small a part in life today?

11. How do modern marriage customs differ from those described in this idyll?

12. Was Arthur a good ruler? Compare his character as depicted in this idyll with the character of some ruler of today about whom you know a good deal *as a ruler*. How do the powers of the two differ?

II. Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (lines 253-278).

1. How does Bellicent prove that Arthur's knights were all of one mind with him? 2. What is meant by saying Arthur's words are "of great authority"? 3. Why were some knights pale, others flushed, and still others dazed? 4. What is meant by each of the adjectives, "large, divine, and comfortable"? 5. What kind of window was above the dais on which Arthur's throne was placed? 6. Who are the three queens? 7. From this passage what notion do you form of Arthur's influence on his knights?

B. For oral reading in class.

Select some other passages that you like very much, as lines 446-474, and be prepared to read them aloud to the class in such a way as to bring out their full meaning. Be prepared also to ask a question or two that will provoke discussion, a discussion you will be able to conduct.

III. Dramatization

It would be very easy to dramatize part of this idyll. The setting might be the court of King Leodogran. What characters would you introduce and in what order? What would each say? You will probably have to personify the dream as a person or persons. What will be the climax of your play?

IV. Poetic Elements

To get the full beauty of a poem, you should bear in mind some of the characteristics of poetic expression. Possibly the most important is the fact that its language is rhythmical. The pauses do not come just anywhere, as they may in prose. They come at regular intervals, so that you feel a swing or movement to the words which by itself helps to express the feeling. For example, take Merlin's triplet:

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die."

The very smooth movement of these lines is due partly to the regular pauses at the end of each line. These pauses are emphasized by the rime; that is, the identity of the vowel sound at the end of each line. It is due partly to the fact that there are notable pauses nowhere else, except in the first line. This running movement expresses the light, bantering tone of Merlin.

Now read aloud the following lines (487-489):

"Strike for the King and live! His knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-ax, and clash brand! Let the King reign!"

The movement here is rougher, partly because of the strong pauses within the line, after "live" and "brand." It also lacks regularity, for the first line has almost no pause at the end, but runs on into the next line. These strong pauses and the irregular grouping of phrases help to express in themselves the powerful emotion of the knights.

You will observe that rhythm is not the same thing as meter. The meter of the two passages is the same. If you will read the last line of the triplet and listen closely, you will observe that certain syllables receive more stress than others; thus:

An old | man's wit | may wan | der ere | he die.

If we mark each unstressed syllable thus, ×, we shall discover the following arrangement:

× ′ | × ′ | × ′ | × ′ | × ′ | Each foot is

iambic; that is, it contains one unstressed followed by one stressed syllable. Five feet make up the line. We call the meter iambic pentameter. Now the last line of the second triplet, if read aloud, will be found to contain the following divisions:

Fall bat | tle-ax, and | flash brand! | Let the | King reign

The first, third, and fifth feet, where both syllables receive equal stress, are called spondees. The fourth, where neither is stressed, is called a pyrrhic. The second, consisting of three syllables, with the second stressed, is called an amphibrach. But the meter of this song would be called iambic pentameter, for the first and second lines contain only one foot that is not iambic, and meters are named from the prevailing foot. Nevertheless, though rhythm and meter are not identical terms, they are closely related because they help each other to express the feeling of the poem at the moment.

Almost as important as rhythm are the pictures in which the poet expresses his thought. As a rule, poets do not speak in general terms. On the contrary, they appeal to the senses as much as possible. They delight in calling up pictures before the eye, sounds for the ear, and less frequently odors, taste, and touch. Thus, when Tennyson wishes to give us a notion of the desolation and disorder of the country, he does not say that it was sparsely populated and uncultivated. He gives us a picture (lines 20-25):

"And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;

So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallowed in the gardens of the King."

This desire for vivid expression leads the poet to use often what is called figurative language. The three figures you should know are simile, metaphor, and personification. In a simile two objects, unlike except in one particular, are compared, as when Tennyson says,

> "So like a painted battle the war stood
> Silenced."

By comparing Arthur's battle with a painting he brings out the stillness of the field after the clash of battle that had preceded.

Metaphor is likewise a comparison, but the word of comparison is omitted, and one object is said to be another, as when Tennyson says,

> "Man's word is God in man."

By this implied comparison he shows how sacred a promise should be considered.

In personification life is given to some abstraction or some inanimate object, as in:

> "And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord."

Joy is thought of as a person and indeed as a king reigning over Arthur's heart.

In the fourth place, the poet makes his language as suggestive as possible. He selects words that will convey a figure, or picture, or a turn of thought, or an atmosphere or feeling about the subject of the poem. For example, take this passage:

"But when he *spake*, and *cheered* his Table Round
With *large*, divine, and *comfortable* words,
Beyond my *tongue* to tell thee—I beheld
From *eye* to eye through all their Order *flash*
A momentary likeness of the King."

Note the italicized words. *Cheered* is a significant word, which is used in a sense possibly different from the one you are accustomed to. King Arthur did not raise his voice, but his speech was so optimistic that all who heard it felt cheerful. This sense might be found in prose. But in the next line are two words used as they would never be used in prose. By *large* Tennyson suggests the feeling the knights had about the grandeur of their tasks and their aims. By *comfortable* he suggests that they lost every sense of discouragement or feeling of doubt. Though the words are common enough, they gain much significance in this uncommon application. In *tongue* and *eye* we have an example of specific words, which poetry employs whenever possible because they help to bring up pictures. In *flash* we have a concrete word which is likely to bring up a picture. In the first line *spake* is an old or obsolete form of *spoke*. Tennyson uses words like this to suggest that all these events happened in ancient days. He says that he tried to make this idyll and "The Passing of Arthur" more archaic in language than the others. You can increase your enjoyment and understanding of poetry by watching for these kinds of words: (1) words that are suggestive because of their unusual application; (2) specific and concrete words; (3) archaic words.

V. Exercises in Poetic Elements

1. Rhythm. Your ear is the only test of rhythm. Reading aloud is the best way to appeal to the ear. Some of the most rhythmical passages in this idyll are the following lines: 81-93; 282-293; 338-357; 411-423; 459-474. It would be well to read these aloud to determine how the rhythm suits and helps to express the subject and the feeling of the lines. In which passage does the feeling appeal to you most strongly? Be prepared to read that passage aloud to the class and explain as well as you can why you like it. For example, in lines 481-501, what repetitions suggest the din and weapons of battle? What lines suggest the victory of knights in arms? What gives the song an air of confidence and victory?

2. Imagery. What scenes or pictures in this idyll now remain most clearly in your mind? Turn to the passages and select one to read aloud to the class so that they can share your pleasure in it. It might be well to study every hundred lines of the poem in this way. You may be surprised to find how picturesque the idyll is.

3. Figures. (*a*) Taking the first hundred lines of the poem, select the figure that seems to you most beautiful. Explain the picture it brings up, and the way in which it helps to explain or beautify the thought. (*b*) Repeat this with the second hundred lines, or with such selections as the teacher may direct.

4. Diction. (*a*) As you read through the idyll, you may wish to note on a page of your memorandum book the archaic words or forms that you find. Some of them are mentioned in the notes. Perhaps you will wish to look up the history of some of the words in an unabridged dictionary and report on them to the class. (*b*) Select some passage of forty or fifty lines that you like very well and pick out all the words that you think contribute particularly to the beauty of the passage. Show what each contributes to the meaning or the beauty.

5. Memory. One of the surest ways of in-

creasing your love of poetry is to memorize passages that you think you would like to repeat often. A passage may be worth remembering for several reasons: (*a*) The thought may be lofty or inspiring, or revealingly true. (*b*) The lines may contain a very significant section of the story. (*c*) Some trait of character may be revealed in a striking way. (*d*) The imagery or the rhythm or the figures or the diction may be unusually beautiful.

Look through the idyll for some passage fifteen or twenty lines in extent that you would like to memorize. In repeating the chosen section aloud to yourself or to members of your family, try to bring the meaning and the beauty out as clearly as you can. When you deliver it, try to make every classmate like your selection. Be prepared to explain what feature of it pleased you particularly. The class might vote at the end of the period or of the week to determine which pupil has made the best selection.

You can memorize lines much more easily if you follow one of two methods. Probably the best way is to read over the whole selection attentively several times, thinking out the meaning each time. When you have done this four or five times, shut the book and try to repeat all of it. If some parts slip your memory, try to go on to the end. Then reread the passage, paying very close attention to the parts you could not remember. When you have memorized the passage, repeat it several times. An hour or so later, repeat it again. In the morning, while you are combing your hair or tying your shoes, repeat it again. In a few weeks it will be a permanent possession.

If you become impatient with this method begin with shorter selections, but never with shorter divisions than whole sentences. When you begin to repeat the sentences together, think of the way in which one leads to the next. Then repeat as in the first method.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirled away.
"How he went down," said Gareth, "as a false knight
Or evil king before my lance, if lance
Were mine to use—O senseless cataract,
Bearing all down in thy precipitancy—
And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows,
And mine is living blood; thou dost His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, and I that know,
Have strength and wit, in my good mother's hall
Linger with vacillating obedience,
Prisoned, and kept and coaxed and whistled to—
Since the good mother holds me still a child!
Good mother is bad mother unto me!
A worse were better; yet no worse would I.
Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force
To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,
Until she let me fly discaged to sweep
In ever-highering eagle-circles up
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,
A knight of Arthur, working out his will,
To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain, when he came
With Modred hither in the summer-time,
Asked me to tilt with him, the proven knight.
Modred, for want of worthier, was the judge.
Then I so shook him in the saddle, he said,
'Thou hast half prevailed against me, said so—he—
Though Modred biting his thin lips was mute,
For he is alway sullen; what care I?"

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair,
Asked, "Mother, though ye count me still the child,

1. Lot and Bellicent. See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 189-191, and 242-244. **3. spate,** flood. **18. yield,** reward.

22. Sun of Glory, Arthur; see "The Coming of Arthur," lines 496-497.

Sweet mother, do ye love the child?" She laughed,
"Thou art but a wild goose to question it."
"Then, mother, an ye love the child," he said,
"Being a goose and rather tame than wild,
Hear the child's story." "Yea, my well-beloved,
An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs."

And Gareth answered her with kindling eyes,
"Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine
Was finer gold than any goose can lay;
For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid
Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.
And there was ever haunting round the palm
A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw
The splendor sparkling from aloft, and thought
'An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings.'
But ever when he reached a hand to climb,
One that had loved him from his childhood, caught
And stayed him, 'Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love,' and so the boy,
Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck,
And brake his very heart in pining for it,
And passed away."

To whom the mother said,
"True love, sweet son, had risked himself and climbed,
And handed down the golden treasure to him."

And Gareth answered her with kindling eyes,
"Gold? said I gold?—aye, then, why he, or she,
Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world
Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that true steel
Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur,
And lightnings played about it in the storm,
And all the little fowl were flurried at it,
And there were cries and clashings in the nest,
That sent him from his senses.—Let me go."

Then Bellicent bemoaned herself and said,
"Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?
Lo, where thy father Lot beside the hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smoldered out!
For ever since when traitor to the King
He fought against him in the barons' war,
And Arthur gave him back his territory,
His age hath slowly drooped, and now lies there
A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable,
No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows.
And both thy brethren are in Arthur's hall,
Albeit neither loved with that full love
I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love.
Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird,
And thee, mine innocent, the justs, the wars,
Who never knewest finger-ache nor pang
Of wrenched or broken limb—an often chance
In those brain-stunning shocks, and tourney-falls,
Frights to my heart. But stay; follow the deer
By these tall firs and our fast-falling burns;
So make thy manhood mightier day by day;
Sweet is the chase. And I will seek thee out
Some comfortable bride and fair, to grace
Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone year,
Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.
Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man."

Then Gareth, "An ye hold me yet for child,
Hear yet once more the story of the child.

37. **an**, if. 46. **Book of Hours**, a manuscript book, often richly decorated, containing prayers for seven stated hours of the day. 51. **a leash of**, three; originally a hunter held three dogs on one leash, or strap.

66. **Excalibur.** See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 294-308. 76. **the barons' war.** See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 62-73 and 95-123. 94. **prone year**, declining years.

For, mother, there was once a King, like ours.
The prince, his heir, when tall and marriageable,
Asked for a bride; and thereupon the King
Set two before him. One was fair, strong-armed—
But to be won by force—and many men
Desired her; oné, good lack, no man desired.
And these were the conditions of the King:
That save he won the first by force, he needs
Must wed that other, whom no man desired,
A red-faced bride who knew herself so vile
That evermore she longed to hide herself,
Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eye—
Yea—some she cleaved to, but they died of her.
And one—they called her Fame; and one—O mother,
How can ye keep me tethered to you—Shame.
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?"

To whom the mother said,
"Sweet son, for there be many who deem him not,
Or will not deem him, wholly proven king—
Albeit in mine own heart I knew him king,
When I was frequent with him in my youth,
And heard him kingly speak, and doubted him
No more than he, himself, but felt him mine,
Of closest kin to me; yet—wilt thou leave
Thine easeful biding here, and risk thine all,
Life, limbs, for one that is not proven king?
Stay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son."

And Gareth answered quickly, "Not an hour,
So that ye yield me—I will walk through fire,
Mother, to gain it—your full leave to go.
Not proven, who swept the dust of ruined Rome
From off the threshold of the realm, and crushed
The idolaters, and made the people free?
Who should be king save him who makes us free?"

So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which he grew,
Found her son's will unwaveringly one,
She answered craftily, "Will ye walk through fire?
Who walks through fire will hardly heed the smoke.
Aye, go then, an ye must; only one proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother—I demand."

And Gareth cried,
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother, looking at him,
"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day."

For so the Queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down through villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,

151. **knaves**, boy servants. 152. **bar**, the rail, or counter, over which food was passed from the kitchen to the dining hall. 157. **villain**, slavish.

Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied,
"The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the justs. Thy son am I,
And since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
The three were clad like tillers of the soil.
Southward they set their faces. The birds made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid-air.
The damp hill-slopes were quickened into green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easter Day.

"HERE IS A CITY OF ENCHANTERS"

For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the King."
Gareth awhile lingered. The mother's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turned,
Perplexed his outward purpose, till an hour,
When, wakened by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing through the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

So, when their feet were planted on the plain
That broadened toward the base of Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the royal mount,
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high city flashed;
At times the spires and turrets halfway down
Pricked through the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that opened on the field below;
Anon, the whole fair city had disappeared.

Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,
One crying, "Let us go no further, lord.
Here is a city of enchanters, built

162. thrall, slave. 176. still, habitually.

By fairy kings." The second echoed him,
"Lord, we have heard from our wise man at home,
To northward, that this king is not the king,
But only changeling out of fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery
And Merlin's glamour." Then the first again,
"Lord, there is no such city anywhere,
But all a vision."

Gareth answered them
With laughter, swearing he had glamour enow
In his own blood, his princedom, youth, and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian Sea;
So pushed them all unwilling toward the gate.
And there was no gate like it under heaven.
For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood; all her dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
But like the cross her great and goodly arms
Stretched under all the cornice and upheld;
And drops of water fell from either hand;
And down from one a sword was hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish;
And in the space to left of her, and right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
Were nothing, so inveterately that men
Were giddy gazing there; and over all
High on the top were those three Queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need.

Then those with Gareth for so long a space
Stared at the figures, that at last it seemed
The dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings
Began to move, seethe, twine, and curl; they called
To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixed his eyes
So long that ev'n to him they seemed to move.
Out of the city a blast of music pealed.
Back from the gate started the three, to whom
From out thereunder came an ancient man,
Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye, my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of the soil,
Who, leaving share in furrow, come to see
The glories of our King; but these, my men—
Your city moved so weirdly in the mist—
Doubt if the King be king at all, or come
From fairyland; and whether this be built
By magic, and by fairy kings and queens;
Or whether there be any city at all,
Or all a vision; and this music now
Hath scared them both, but tell thou these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer playing on him
And saying, "Son, I have seen the good ship sail
Keel upward and mast downward in the heavens,
And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air;
And here is truth; but an it please thee not,
Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.
For truly, as thou sayest, a fairy king
And fairy queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,
For there is nothing in it as it seems
Saving the King; though some there be that hold
The King a shadow, and the city real.
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou pass
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become
A thrall to his enchantments, for the King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame

202. **glamour**, enchantment. 218. **either**, each. 219. **fish**, the emblem of the early Christians, because the letters of the Greek word for *fish* are the initial letters for the Greek of "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior." 229. **dragon-boughts**, coils of the dragon's tail.

236. **ancient man**, Merlin, the wizard. 250. **Keel upward**, etc. Merlin is describing a mirage. 253. Cf. lines 279-287.

A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,
Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide
Without, among the cattle of the field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever."

Gareth spake
Angered, "Old Master, reverence thine own beard
That looks as white as utter truth, and seems
Wellnigh as long as thou art statured tall!
Why mockest thou the stranger that hath been
To thee fair-spoken?"

But the Seer replied,
"Know ye not then the Riddling of the Bards?
'Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion'?
I mock thee not but as thou mockest me,
And all that see thee, for thou art not who
Thou seemest, but I know thee who thou art.
And now thou goest up to mock the King,
Who cannot brook the shadow of any lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending here
Turned to the right, and passed along the plain;
Whom Gareth looking after said, "My men,
Our one white lie sits like a little ghost
Here on the threshold of our enterprise.
Let love be blamed for it, not she, nor I;
Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer
He spake and laughed, then entered, with his twain,
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone;
Which Merlin's hand, the mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touched, and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipped with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.
And ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward, or inward to the hall; his arms
Clashed; and the sound was good to Gareth's ear.
And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;
And all about, a healthful people stepped
As in the presence of a gracious king.

Then into hall Gareth ascending heard
A voice, the voice of Arthur, and beheld
Far over heads in that long-vaulted hall
The splendor of the presence of the King
Throned, and delivering doom—and looked no more—
But felt his young heart hammering in his ears,
And thought, "For this half-shadow of a lie
The truthful King will doom me when I speak."
Yet pressing on, though all in fear to find
Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor one
Nor other, but in all the listening eyes
Of those tall knights that ranged about the throne,
Clear honor shining like the dewy star
Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure
Affection, and the light of victory,
And glory gained, and evermore to gain.

Then came a widow crying to the King,
"A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther, reft
From my dead lord a field with violence;
For howsoe'er at first he proffered gold,
Yet, for the field was pleasant in our eyes,
We yielded not; and then he reft us of it
Perforce, and left us neither gold nor field."

Said Arthur, "Whether would ye—gold or field?"
To whom the woman weeping, "Nay, my lord,

280. **Riddling**, ambiguous manner of speaking.
298. **did their days in stone**, carved their achievements on stone.
314. **doom**, judgment.

The field was pleasant in my husband's eye."

And Arthur, "Have thy pleasant field again,
And thrice the gold for Uther's use thereof,
According to the years. No boon is here,
But justice, so thy say be proven true.
Accursed, who from the wrongs his father did
Would shape himself aright!"

And while she passed,
Came yet another widow crying to him,
"A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy, King, am I.
With thine own hand thou slewest my dear lord,
A knight of Uther in the barons' war,
When Lot and many another rose and fought
Against thee, saying thou wert basely born.
I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son
Thralled in his castle, and hath starved him dead;
And standeth seized of that inheritance
Which thou that slewest the sire hast left the son.
So though I scarce can ask it thee for hate,
Grant me some knight to do the battle for me,
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son."

Then strode a good knight forward, crying to him,
"A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman, I.
Give me to right her wrong, and slay the man."

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried,
"A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou grant her none,
This railer, that hath mocked thee in full hall—
None; or the wholesome boon of gyve and gag."

But Arthur, "We sit king, to help the wronged
Through all our realm. The woman loves her lord.
Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves and hates!
The kings of old had doomed thee to the flames;
Aurelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead,
And Uther slit thy tongue; but get thee hence—
Lest that rough humor of the kings of old
Return upon me! Thou that art her kin,
Go likewise; lay him low and slay him not,
But bring him here, that I may judge the right,
According to the justice of the King;
Then, be he guilty, by that deathless King
Who lived and died for men, the man shall die."

Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,
A name of evil savor in the land,
The Cornish King. In either hand he bore
What dazzled all, and shone far-off as shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold,
Which down he laid before the throne, and knelt,
Delivering, that his lord, the vassal King,
Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot;
For having heard that Arthur of his grace
Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram, knight,
And, for himself was of the greater state,
Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord
Would yield him this large honor all the more;
So prayed him well to accept this cloth of gold,
In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth, to rend
In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth.
An oak-tree smoldered there. "The goodly knight!
What! shall the shield of Mark stand among these?"
For, midway down the side of that long hall

351. **standeth seized of**, now holds forcibly. 362. **gyve and gag**, an allusion to the old custom of putting a muzzle on a scolding woman, and tying her in a chair.

367. **Aurelius Emrys**, brother of Uther, Arthur's father. 380. **charlock**, wild mustard, which has light yellow flowers. 386. **cousin**, here, kinsman. Tristram was King Mark's nephew.

A stately pile—whereof along the front,
Some blazoned, some but carven, and some blank,
There ran a treble range of stony shields—
Rose, and high-arching overbrowed the hearth.
And under every shield a knight was named.
For this was Arthur's custom in his hall:
When some good knight had done one noble deed,
His arms were carven only; but if twain,
His arms were blazoned also; but if none,
The shield was blank and bare without a sign,
Saving the name beneath. And Gareth saw
The shield of Gawain blazoned rich and bright,
And Modred's blank as death. And Arthur cried
To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.

"More like are we to reave him of his crown
Than make him knight because men call him king.
The kings we found, ye know we stayed their hands
From war among themselves, but left them kings;
Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,
Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enrolled
Among us, and they sit within our hall.
But Mark hath tarnished the great name of king,
As Mark would sully the low state of churl;
And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of gold,
Return, and meet, and hold him from our eyes,
Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,
Silenced forever—craven—a man of plots,
Crafts, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings—
No fault of thine. Let Kay the seneschal
Look to thy wants, and send thee satisfied—
Accursed, who strikes nor lets the hand be seen!"
And many another suppliant crying came
With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,
And evermore a knight would ride away.

Last, Gareth, leaning both hands heavily
Down on the shoulders of the twain, his men,
Approached between them toward the King, and asked,
"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all ashamed),
For see ye not how weak and hungerworn
I seem—leaning on these? Grant me to serve
For meat and drink among thy kitchen-knaves
A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my name.
Hereafter I will fight."

To him the King,
"A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!
But so thou wilt no goodlier, then must Kay,
The master of the meats and drinks, be thine."

He rose and passed; then Kay, a man of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!
This fellow hath broken from some abbey, where,
God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
However that might chance! But an he work,
Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,
And sleeker shall he shine than any hog."

Then Lancelot standing near, "Sir Seneschal,
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and all the hounds;
A horse thou knowest; a man thou dost not know.
Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,
High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands

398. **blazoned**, painted with the colors of heraldry. 411. **reave**, deprive. 422. **lap him up in cloth of lead**, slay him; the dead were wrapped in sheet-lead.

444. **itself root-bitten**, its vitality being absorbed by a parasitic plant. 447. **brewis**, thickened broth. 452. **gray**, greyhound. 454. **fluent**, flowing.

Large, fair, and fine!—Some young lad's mystery—
But, or from sheepcot or king's hall, the boy
Is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace,
Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him."

Then Kay, "What murmurest thou of mystery?
Think ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?
Nay, for he spake too fool-like; mystery!
Tut, an the lad were noble, he had asked
For horse and armor; fair and fine, forsooth!
Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? But see thou to it
That thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day
Undo thee not—and leave my man to me."

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage;
Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
And couched at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bowed himself
With all obedience to the King, and wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.
And when the thralls had talk among themselves,
And one would praise the love that linked the King
And Lancelot—how the King had saved his life
In battle twice, and Lancelot once the King's—
For Lancelot was the first in tournament,
But Arthur mightiest on the battlefield—
Gareth was glad. Or if some other told
How once the wandering forester at dawn,
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King,
A naked babe, of whom the Prophet spake,
"He passes to the Isle Avilion,
He passes and is healed and cannot die"—
Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mocked, but, after, reverenced him.
Or Gareth, telling some prodigious tale
Of knights who sliced a red, life-bubbling way
Through twenty folds of twisted dragon, held
All in a gap-mouthed circle his good mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,
Charmed; till Sir Kay the seneschal would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind
Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.
Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,
So there were any trial of mastery,
He, by two yards in casting bar or stone,
Was counted best; and if there chanced a just,
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,
Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights
Clash like the coming and retiring wave,
And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls;
But in the weeks that followed, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,
And saddening in her childless castle, sent,
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,

476. **broach**, spit. See note on line 39, page 33. 489. **tarns**, mountain lakes.

490. **Caer-Eryri**, the summit of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales. 492. **Avilion**, Avalon, an imaginary ocean island, "Land of the Blessed." 519. **between . . . moon**, at full moon.

When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end—
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laughed; he sprang. "Out of the smoke, at once
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—
These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—
Descend into the city"; whereon he sought
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

"I have staggered thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it; just can I.
Make me thy knight—in secret! Let my name
Be hidden, and give me the first quest; I spring
Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and checked, and made him flush, and bow
Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answered him,
"Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.
Make thee my knight? My knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King."

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees,
"My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.
For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
But love I shall, God willing."

And the King—
"Make thee my knight in secret? Yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King—
"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,
And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,
Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth asked,
"Have I not earned my cake in baking of it?
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak; it is but for a day."
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm
Smiled the great King, and half-unwillingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot privily,
"I have given him the first quest; he is not proven.
Look, therefore, when he calls for this in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow him far away.
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see
Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

Then that same day there passed into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;
She into hall passed with her page and cried,

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, everyone that owns a tower
The lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?

528. **Peter**, St. Peter, the gatekeeper of Heaven. 540. **yield thee thine**, accord you the treatment your birth deserves.

571. **Hons**, Lancelot's coat-of-arms. 575. **May-blossom**, the white hawthorn. 579. **for**, since.

Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free
From cursed bloodshed as thine altar-cloth
From that blest blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine
Rest; so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall be
Safe, damsel, as the center of this hall.
What is thy name? thy need?"

"My name?" she said— 591
"Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
And comely, yea, and comelier than myself. 595
She lives in Castle Perilous. A river
Runs in three loops about her living place;
And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
Defend the passings, brethren; and a fourth,
And of that four the mightiest, holds her stayed 600
In her own castle, and so besieges her
To break her will, and make her wed with him;
And but delays his purport till thou send,
To do the battle with him, thy chief man
Sir Lancelot, whom he trusts to overthrow,
Then wed, with glory. But she will not wed 606
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Now therefore have I come for Lancelot."

Then Arthur, mindful of Sir Gareth, asked,
"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush 610
All wrongers of the realm. But say, these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry,
Who ride abroad, and do but what they will; 615
Courteous or bestial from the moment, such
As have nor law nor king; and three of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day—
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star—
Being strong fools; and never a whit more wise 620
The fourth, who always rideth armed in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery.
He names himself the Night and oftener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,
To show that who may slay or scape the three, 626
Slain by himself, shall enter endless night.
And all these four be fools, but mighty men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot."

Hereat Sir Gareth called from where he rose, 630
A head with kindling eyes above the throng,
"A boon, Sir King—this quest!" Then—for he marked
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull—
"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty through thy meats and drinks am I, 635
And I can topple over a hundred such—
Thy promise, King." And Arthur glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow, "Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight—
Go therefore," and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath 641
Slew the may-white; she lifted either arm,
"Fie on thee, King! I asked for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave."
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turned, 645
Fled down the lane of access to the King,

584. **lonest hold**, loneliest stronghold. 586. **blest blood**, sacramental wine. 607. **a holy life**, become a nun.

616. **from the moment**, as their fancy moves them. 642. **may-white**. See note on line 575, page 54. 646. **lane of access**, passageway between the knights.

Took horse, descended the slope street, and passed
The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring, "kitchen-knave."

Now two great entries opened from the hall,
At one end one, that gave upon a range
Of level pavement where the King would pace
At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood;
And down from this a lordly stairway sloped
Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;
And out by this main doorway passed the King.
But one was counter to the hearth, and rose
High that the highest-crested helm could ride
Therethrough nor graze; and by this entry fled
The damsel in her wrath, and on to this
Sir Gareth strode, and saw without the door
King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a town,
A warhorse of the best, and near it stood
The two that out of north had followed him.
This bare a maiden shield, a casque; that held
The horse, the spear; whereat Sir Gareth loosed
A cloak that dropped from collar-bone to heel,
A cloth of roughest web, and cast it down,
And from it like a fuel-smothered fire,
That looked half-dead, brake bright, and flashed as those
Dull-coated things, that making slide apart
Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns
A jeweled harness, ere they pass and fly.
So Gareth, ere he parted, flashed in arms.
Then as he donned the helm and took the shield
And mounted horse and grasped a spear, of grain
Storm-strengthened on a windy site, and tipped
With trenchant steel, around him slowly pressed
The people, while from out of kitchen came
The thralls in throng, and seeing who had worked
Lustier than any, and whom they could but love,
Mounted in arms, threw up their caps and cried,
"God bless the King, and all his fellowship!"
And on through lanes of shouting Gareth rode
Down the slope street, and passed without the gate.

So Gareth passed with joy; but as the cur
Plucked from the cur he fights with, ere his cause
Be cooled by fighting, follows, being named,
His owner, but remembers all, and growls
Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the door
Muttered in scorn of Gareth whom he used
To harry and hustle.

"Bound upon a quest
With horse and arms—the King hath passed his time—
My scullion knave! Thralls, to your work again,
For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!
Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?
Begone!—my knave!—belike and like enow
Some old head-blow not heeded in his youth
So shook his wits they wander in his prime—
Crazed! How the villain lifted up his voice,
Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-knave.
Tut; he was tame and meek enow with me,
Till peacocked up with Lancelot's noticing.
Well—I will after my loud knave and learn
Whether he know me for his master yet.
Out of the smoke he came, and so my lance
Hold, by God's grace, he shall into the mire—
Thence, if the King awaken from his craze,
Into the smoke again."

657. **counter**, opposite. 665. **maiden**, without coat-of-arms or other device, because it belonged to an unproved knight. 671. **Dull-coated things**, probably dragon-flies, which have dull wings but brilliant bodies.

693. **passed his time**, fallen into his dotage.

But Lancelot said,
"Kay, wherefore wilt thou go against the King,
For that did never he whereon ye rail,
But ever meekly served the King in thee?
Abide; take counsel; for this lad is great
And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword."
"Tut, tell not me," said Kay, "ye are overfine
To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies";
Then mounted, on through silent faces rode
Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet,
Muttered the damsel, "Wherefore did the King
Scorn me? For, were Sir Lancelot lacked, at least
He might have yielded to me one of those
Who tilt for lady's love and glory here,
Rather than—O sweet heaven! O fie upon him—
His kitchen-knave."

To whom Sir Gareth drew—
And there were none but few goodlier than he—
Shining in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.
Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-fleshed agaric in the holt,
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipped her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.
And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.
"Knowest thou not me, thy master? I am Kay.
We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him,
"Master no more! too well I know thee, aye—
The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."
"Have at thee, then," said Kay; they shocked, and Kay
Fell shoulder-slipped, and Gareth cried again,
"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to fly
Behind her, and the heart of her good horse
Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat,
Perforce she stayed, and overtaken spoke:

"What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship?
Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught the more
Or love thee better, that by some device
Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness,
Thou hast overthrown and slain thy master—thou!—
Dishwasher and broach-turner, loon!—to me
Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answered gently. "say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefore."

"Aye, wilt thou finish it?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!
The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with knave,
And then by such a one that thou for all
The kitchen brewis that was ever supped
Shalt not once dare to look him in the face."

"I shall essay," said Gareth with a smile
That maddened her, and away she flashed again
Down the long avenues of a boundless wood,
And Gareth following was again beknaved.

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have missed the only way
Where Arthur's men are set along the wood;

729. **foul-fleshed**, etc., decaying mushroom in the woods. 731. **Or**, either.

740. **shoulder-slipped**, i. e., with his shoulder out of joint. 742. **shingle**, coarse gravel. 749. **unhappiness**, accident.

"SO TILL THE DUSK THAT FOLLOWED EVENSONG
RODE ON THE TWO, REVILER AND REVILED"

The wood is nigh as full of thieves as leaves;
If both be slain, I am rid of thee; but yet,
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit of thine?
Fight, an thou canst; I have missed the only way."

So till the dusk that followed evensong
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled;
Then after one long slope was mounted, saw,
Bowl-shaped, through tops of many thousand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward—in the deeps whereof a mere,
Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl,
Under the half-dead sunset glared; and shouts
Ascended, and there brake a serving-man
Flying from out of the black wood, and crying,
"They have bound my lord to cast him in the mere."
Then Gareth, "Bound am I to right the wronged,
But straitlier bound am I to bide with thee."
And when the damsel spake contemptuously,
"Lead, and I follow," Gareth cried again,
"Follow, I lead!" So down among the pines
He plunged; and there, blackshadowed nigh the mere,
And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes and reed,
Saw six tall men haling a seventh along,
A stone about his neck to drown him in it.
Three with good blows he quieted, but three
Fled through the pines; and Gareth loosed the stone
From off his neck, then in the mere beside
Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the mere.
Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on free feet
Set him, a stalwart Baron, Arthur's friend.

"Well that ye came, or else these caitiff rogues
Had wreaked themselves on me; good cause is theirs
To hate me, for my wont hath ever been
To catch my thief, and then like vermin here

771. spit, sword; spoken sarcastically. See note on line 39, page 38.

Drown him, and with a stone about his neck;
And under this wan water many of them
Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone,
And rise, and flickering in a grimly light
Dance on the mere. Good now, ye have saved a life
Worth somewhat as the cleanser of this wood,
And fain would I reward thee worshipfully.
What guerdon will ye?"

Gareth sharply spake,
"None! for the deed's sake have I done the deed,
In uttermost obedience to the King.
But wilt thou yield this damsel harborage?"

Whereat the Baron saying, "I well believe
You be of Arthur's Table," a light laugh
Broke from Lynette, "Aye, truly of a truth,
And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-knave!—
But deem not I accept thee aught the more,
Scullion, for running sharply with thy spit
Down on a rout of craven foresters.
A thresher with his flail had scattered them.
Nay—for thou smellest of the kitchen still.
But an this lord will yield us harborage, well."

So she spake. A league beyond the wood,
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
His towers, where that day a feast had been
Held in high hall, and many a viand left,
And many a costly cate, received the three.
And there they placed a peacock in his pride
Before the damsel, and the Baron set
Gareth beside her, but at once she rose.

"Meseems that here is much discourtesy,
Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my side.
Hear me—this morn I stood in Arthur's hall,
And prayed the King would grant me Lancelot
To fight the brotherhood of Day and Night—
The last a monster unsubduable

828. **cate**, dainty. 829. **peacock.** At great feasts a peacock was served, before which the knights made vows of bravery, the women vows of kindness and faithfulness.

Of any save of him for whom I called—
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-knave,
'The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty through thy meats and drinks am I.'
Then Arthur all at once gone mad replies,
'Go therefore,' and so gives the quest to him—
Him—here—a villain fitter to stick swine
Than ride abroad redressing woman's wrong,
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and part-amazed, the lord
Now looked at one and now at other, left
The damsel by the peacock in his pride,
And, seating Gareth at another board,
Sat down beside him, ate, and then began:

"Friend, whether thou be kitchen-knave or not,
Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy,
And whether she be mad, or else the King,
Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,
I ask not; but thou strikest a strong stroke,
For strong thou art and goodly therewithal,
And saver of my life; and therefore now,
For here be mighty men to just with, weigh
Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the King.
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine avail,
The saver of my life."

And Gareth said,
"Full pardon, but I follow up the quest,
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved
Had, some brief space, conveyed them on their way
And left them with Godspeed, Sir Gareth spake,
"Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she replied,

"I fly no more; I allow thee for an hour.
Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,

839. **frontless**, shameless. 871. **stoat**, ermine.

In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee; then will I to court again,
And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answered courteously,
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay
Among the ashes and wedded the King's son."

Then to the shore of one of those long loops
Wherethrough the serpent river coiled, they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single arc
Took at a leap; and on the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.
And therebefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarmed, and calling, "Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall,
For whom we let thee pass?" "Nay, nay," she said,
"Sir Morning Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave. And look thou to thyself;
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarmed; he is not knight, but knave."

Then at his call, "O daughters of the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning Star, approach,
Arm me," from out the silken curtain-folds,
Barefooted and bareheaded three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came; their feet
In dewy grasses glistened; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem
Like sparkles in the stone aventurine.
These armed him in blue arms, and gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.
And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,
Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying; and in the stream beneath him shone,
Immingled with heaven's azure waveringly,
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watched him, "Wherefore stare ye so?
Thou shakest in thy fear; there yet is time;
Flee down the valley before he get to horse.
Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight, but knave."

Said Gareth, "Damsel, whether knave or knight,
Far liefer had I fight a score of times
Than hear thee so missay me and revile.
Fair words were best for him who fights for thee;
But truly foul are better, for they send
That strength of anger through mine arms; I know
That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore
The star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge,
"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.
For this were shame to do him further wrong
Than set him on his feet, and take his horse
And arms, and so return him to the King.
Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly, knave.
Avoid; for it beseemeth not a knave
To ride with such a lady."

873. **ruth**, pity. 881. **hers**, Cinderella's. 889. **Lent-lily**, yellow like the daffodil, which is sometimes so-called because it blooms about the Lenten season.

908. **aventurine**, a fine variety of feldspar, containing particles of glittering mica. 934. **lightly**, quickly.

"Dog, thou liest!
I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."
He spake; and all at fiery speed the two
Shocked on the central bridge, and either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
Hurled as a stone from out of a catapult
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
And Gareth lashed so fiercely with his brand
He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
The damsel crying, "Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!"
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke
Laid him that clove it groveling on the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my life; I yield."
And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of me,
Good—I accord it easily as a grace."
She, reddening, "Insolent scullion; I of thee?
I bound to thee for any favor asked!"
"Then shall he die." And Gareth there unlaced
His helmet as to slay him, but she shrieked,
"Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
One nobler than thyself." "Damsel, thy charge
Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command. Arise
And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave
His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.
Myself, when I return, will plead for thee.
Thy shield is mine—farewell; and, damsel, thou,
Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled.
Then when he came upon her, spake, "Methought,
Knave, when I watched thee striking on the bridge,
The savor of thy kitchen came upon me
A little faintlier; but the wind hath changed;
I scent it twenty-fold." And then she sang,
"'O morning star'—not that tall felon there
Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness
Or some device hast foully overthrown—
'O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me.'

"But thou begone, take counsel, and away,
For hard by here is one that guards a ford—
The second brother in their fool's parable—
Will pay thee all thy wages, and to boot.
Care not for shame: thou art not knight, but knave."

To whom Sir Gareth answered laughingly,
"Parables? Hear a parable of the knave.
When I was kitchen-knave among the rest
Fierce was the hearth, and one of my co-mates
Owned a rough dog, to whom he cast his coat,
'Guard it,' and there was none to meddle with it.
And such a coat art thou, and thee the King
Gave me to guard, and such a dog am I,
To worry, and not to flee—and—knight or knave—
The knave that doth thee service as full knight
Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Aye, Sir Knave!
Aye, knave, because thou strikest as a knight,
Being but knave, I hate thee all the more."

"Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,
That, being but knave, I throw thine enemies."

"Aye, aye," she said, "but thou shalt meet thy match."

939. **Shocked**, rushed together. **central bridge**, center of the bridge. 951. **grace**, favor.

So when they touched the second river-loop,
Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail
Burnished to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun
Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower,
That blows a globe of after arrowlets,
Ten thousand-fold had grown, flashed the fierce shield,
All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
Before them when he turned from watching him.
He from beyond the roaring shallow roared,
"What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?"
And she athwart the shallow shrilled again,
"Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms."
"Ugh!" cried the Sun, and visoring up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,
Pushed horse across the foamings of the ford,
Whom Gareth met midstream; no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill; four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipped in the stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was washed away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
So drew him home; but he that fought no more,
As being all bone-battered on the rock,
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
"Myself when I return will plead for thee.
Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"
"Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
His horse thereon stumbled—aye, for I saw it.

1002. **flower**, dandelion. 1008. **brother**, mistakenly, because Gareth carries the shield of Morning Star. **marches**, territory.

" 'O sun'—not this strong fool whom thou, Sir Knave,
Hast overthrown through mere unhappiness—
'O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of lovesong or of love?
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly born,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance—

" 'O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Blow sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike,
To garnish meats with? Hath not our good King,
Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchendom,
A foolish love for flowers? What stick ye round
The pasty? Wherewithal deck the boar's head?
Flowers? Nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.

" 'O birds, that warble to the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,
Linnet? What dream ye when they utter forth
May-music growing with the growing light,
Their sweet sun-worship? These be for the snare—
So runs thy fancy—these be for the spit,
Larding and basting. See thou have not now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and fly.
There stands the third fool of their allegory."

1048. **boar hath rosemaries and bay**, i.e., when served at feasts.

For there beyond a bridge of treble bow,
All in a rose-red from the west, and all
Naked it seemed, and glowing in the broad
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the knight,
That named himself the Star of Evening, stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the madman there
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay," she cried,
"Not naked, only wrapped in hardened skins
That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave
His armor off him, these will turn the blade."

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
"O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
Thy ward is higher up; but have ye slain
The damsel's champion?" And the damsel cried,

"No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!
For both thy younger brethren have gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star;
Art thou not old?"

"Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys."
Said Gareth, "Old, and over-bold in brag!
But that same strength which threw the Morning Star
Can throw the Evening."

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
"Approach and arm me!" With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stained
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And armed him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the star of even
Half-tarnished and half-bright, his emblem, shone.
But when it glittered o'er the saddle-bow,
They madly hurled together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,
But up like fire he started; and as oft
As Gareth brought him groveling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labored within him, for he seemed as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!"
He half despairs; so Gareth seemed to strike
Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the while,
"Well done, knave-knight! Well stricken, O good knight-knave—
O knave, as noble as any of all the knights—
Shame me not, shame me not! I have prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the hardened skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will never change again!"
And Gareth hearing, ever stronglier smote,
And hewed great pieces of his armor off him,
But lashed in vain against the hardened skin,
And could not wholly bring him under, more
Than loud southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
Forever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Clashed his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.
"I have thee now"; but forth that other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms

1060. **treble bow**, three arches. 1072. **ward**, place of defense.

1094. **drawn**, with drawn sword.

Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
Strangled, but straining ev'n his uttermost
Cast, and so hurled him headlong o'er the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim, and cried,
"Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said,
"I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.

" 'O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow with three colors after rain,
Shine sweetly; thrice my love hath smiled on me.'

"Sir—and, good faith, I fain had added—Knight,
But that I heard thee call thyself a knave—
Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the King
Scorned me and mine; and now thy pardon, friend,
For thou hast ever answered courteously,
And wholly bold thou art, and meek withal
As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
Hast mazed my wit; I marvel what thou art."

"Damsel," he said, "you be not all to blame,
Saving that you mistrusted our good King
Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one
Not fit to cope your quest. You said your say;
Mine answer was my deed. Good sooth! I hold
He scarce is knight, yea but half-man, nor meet
To fight for gentle damsel, he who lets
His heart be stirred with any foolish heat
At any gentle damsel's waywardness.
Shamed! care not! thy foul sayings fought for me;
And seeing now thy words are fair, methinks
There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
Hath force to quell me."

1144. **handle scorn**, treat you in a scornful manner.

Nigh upon that hour
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool,
Then turned the noble damsel smiling at him,
And told him of a cavern hard at hand,
Where bread and baken meats and good red wine
Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors
Had sent her coming champion, waited him.

Anon they passed a narrow comb wherein
Were slabs of rock with figures, knights on horse
Sculptured, and decked in slowly-waning hues.
"Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here,
Whose holy hand hath fashioned on the rock
The war of Time against the soul of man.
And yon four fools have sucked their allegory
From these damp walls, and taken but the form.
Know ye not these?" and Gareth looked and read—
In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt—
"PHOSPHORUS," then "MERIDIES"—"HESPERUS"—
"NOX"—"MORS," beneath five figures, armèd men,
Slab after slab, their faces forward all,
And running down the Soul, a shape that fled
With broken wings, torn raiment, and loose hair,
For help and shelter to the hermit's cave.
"Follow the faces, and we find it. Look,
Who comes behind!"

1155. **hern**, heron. 1163. **comb**, a small hollow or valley enclosed on three sides by steep cliffs. 1172. **vexillary**, a Roman standard bearer. 1173. **Gelt**, a stream in northwest England. 1174. **Phosphorus**, the Greek for "morning star." **Meridies**, the Latin for "noon." **Hesperus**, the Greek for "evening star." 1175. **Nox**, the Latin for "night." **Mors**, the Latin for "death."

For one—delayed at first
Through helping back the dislocated Kay
To Camelot, then by what thereafter chanced,
The damsel's headlong error through the wood—
Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-loops—
His blue shield-lions covered—softly drew
Behind the twain, and when he saw the star
Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him, cried,
"Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my friend."
And Gareth crying pricked against the cry;
But when they closed—in a moment—at one touch
Of that skilled spear, the wonder of the world—
Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
That when he found the grass within his hands
He laughed; the laughter jarred upon Lynette.
Harshly she asked him, "Shamed and overthrown,
And tumbled back into the kitchen-knave,
Why laugh ye? That ye blew your boast in vain?"
"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the son
Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent,
And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom
I know not, all through mere unhappiness—
Device and sorcery and unhappiness—
Out, sword; we are thrown!" And Lancelot answered, "Prince,
O Gareth—through the mere unhappiness
Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,
Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole,
As on the day when Arthur knighted him."

Then Gareth, "Thou—Lancelot!—thine the hand
That threw me? An some chance to mar the boast
Thy brethren of thee make—which could not chance—
Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,
Shamed had I been, and sad—O Lancelot—thou!"

Whereat the maiden, petulant, "Lancelot,
Why came ye not, when called? And wherefore now
Come ye, not called? I gloried in my knave,
Who being still rebuked, would answer still
Courteous as any knight—but now, if knight,
The marvel dies, and leaves me fooled and tricked,
And only wondering wherefore played upon;
And doubtful whether I and mine be scorned.
Where should be truth if not in Arthur's hall,
In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave, prince, and fool,
I hate thee and forever."

And Lancelot said,
"Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! Knight art thou
To the King's best wish. O damsel, be you wise
To call him shamed who is but overthrown?
Thrown have I been, nor once, but many a time.
Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown.
With sword we have not striven; and thy good horse
And thou art weary; yet not less I felt
Thy manhood through that wearied lance of thine.
Well hast thou done; for all the stream is freed,
And thou hast wreaked his justice on his foes,
And, when reviled, hast answered graciously,
And makest merry when overthrown. Prince, Knight,
Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our Table Round!"

And then when turning to Lynette he told
The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said,

1181. **one**, Lancelot. 1186. **shield-lions.** See note for line 571, page 54. 1187. **star**, on the shield of Morning Star, which Gareth carried. 1190. **pricked**, spurred.

"Aye, well—aye, well—for worse than being fooled
Of others, is to fool oneself. A cave,
Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats and drinks
And forage for the horse, and flint for fire.
But all about it flies a honeysuckle.
Seek, till we find." And when they sought and found,
Sir Gareth drank and ate, and all his life
Passed into sleep; on whom the maiden gazed.
"Sound sleep be thine! Sound cause to sleep hast thou.
Wake lusty! Seem I not as tender to him
As any mother? Aye, but such a one
As all day long hath rated at her child,
And vexed his day, but blesses him asleep—
Good lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hushed night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!
O Lancelot, Lancelot"—and she clapped her hands—
"Full merry am I to find my goodly knave
Is knight and noble. See now, sworn have I,
Else yon black felon had not let me pass,
To bring thee back to do the battle with him.
Thus an thou goest, he will fight thee first;
Who doubts thee victor? So will my knight-knave
Miss the full flower of this accomplishment."

Said Lancelot, "Peradventure he you name
May know my shield. Let Gareth, an he will,
Change his for mine, and take my charger, fresh,
Not to be spurred, loving the battle as well
As he that rides him." "Lancelot-like," she said,
"Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as in all."

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely clutched the shield;
"Ramp, ye lance-splintering lions, on whom all spears
Are rotten sticks! ye seem agape to roar!
Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your lord!—
Care not, good beasts, so well I care for you.
O noble Lancelot, from my hold on these
Streams virtue—fire—through one that will not shame
Even the shadow of Lancelot under shield.
Hence; let us go."

Silent the silent field
They traversed. Arthur's harp though summer-wan,
In counter motion to the clouds, allured
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his liege.
A star shot—"Lo," said Gareth, "the foe falls!"
An owl whooped—"Hark the victor pealing there!"
Suddenly she that rode upon his left
Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent him, crying,
"Yield, yield him this again; 'tis he must fight.
I curse the tongue that all through yesterday
Reviled thee, and hath wrought on Lancelot now
To lend thee horse and shield. Wonders ye have done;
Miracles ye cannot. Here is glory enow
In having flung the three; I see thee maimed,
Mangled; I swear thou canst not fling the fourth."

"And wherefore, damsel? Tell me all ye know.
You cannot scare me; nor rough face, or voice,
Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savagery
Appal me from the quest."

"Nay, Prince," she cried,
"God wot, I never looked upon the face,
Seeing he never rides abroad by day;
But watched him have I like a phantom pass
Chilling the night; nor have I heard the voice.
Always he made his mouthpiece of a page
Who came and went, and still reported him

1281. **Arthur's harp**, a constellation, perhaps the Great Bear. 1282. **In counter motion to**, appearing to move in the opposite direction from—because the clouds were moving.

As closing in himself the strength of ten,
And when his anger tare him, massacring
Man, woman, lad, and girl—yea, the soft babe!
Some hold that he hath swallowed infant flesh,
Monster! O Prince, I went for Lancelot first—
The quest is Lancelot's; give him back the shield."

Said Gareth laughing, "An he fight for this,
Belike he wins it as the better man;
Thus—and not else!"

But Lancelot on him urged
All the devisings of their chivalry
When one might meet a mightier than himself;
How best to manage horse, lance, sword, and shield,
And so fill up the gap, where force might fail,
With skill and fineness. Instant were his words.

Then Gareth, "Here be rules. I know but one—
To dash against mine enemy and to win.
Yet have I watched thee victor in the just,
And seen thy way." "Heaven help thee," sighed Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whispered, "There."
And all the three were silent seeing, pitched
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge,
Black, with black banner, and a long black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth grasped,
And so, before the two could hinder him,
Sent all his heart and breath through all the horn.
Echoed the walls; a light twinkled; anon
Came lights and lights, and once again he blew;
Whereon were hollow tramplings up and down
And muffled voices heard, and shadows passed;
Till high above him, circled with her maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,
Beautiful among lights, and waving to him
White hands, and courtesy; but when the Prince
Three times had blown—after long hush—at last—
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Through those black foldings, that which housed therein,
High on a night-black horse, in night-black arms,
With white breastbone, and barren ribs of Death,
And crowned with fleshless laughter—some ten steps—
In the half-light—through the dim dawn—advanced
The monster, and then paused, and spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indignantly,
"Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with, and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers
As if for pity?" But he spake no word;
Which set the horror higher. A maiden swooned;
The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept,
As doomed to be the bride of Night and Death;
Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his helm;

1314. **devisings**, devices, methods. 1318. **Instant**, very earnest.

1348. **fleshless laughter**, a skull. 1362. **prickled**, i.e., his hair stood on end.

And ev'n Sir Lancelot through his warm blood felt
Ice strike, and all that marked him were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neighed,
And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.
Then those that did not blink the terror saw
That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.
Half fell to right and half to left, and lay.
Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
As throughly as the skull; and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, "Knight,
Slay me not; my three brethren bade me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
They never dreamed the passes would be passed."

Answered Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, "My fair child,
What madness made thee challenge the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair sir, they bade me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the King's friend.
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream;
They never dreamed the passes could be passed."

Then sprang the happier day from underground;
And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later, says Lynette.

1392. he, Malory. 1394. he, Tennyson.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The story comes, in the main, from Book VII of Malory, but Tennyson makes several very important changes. Malory does not give the long account of Gareth's plea to his mother to be allowed to go to the court; we learn little of his relations to his mother until Chapter xxv, where the Queen of the Orkneys comes to Arthur's court in search of her son and upbraids Arthur for having made a kitchen-knave of him for a twelvemonth. She says that when he left home he had been equipped as befitted his birth. Arthur responds that the lad had given only the name Beaumains (Fair-hands) and had entered the kitchen at his own request. The story of a youth brought up remote from court who pleaded with his mother to be allowed to enter Arthur's service and was permitted to go only in disguise as a peasant is told in a collection of old Celtic tales translated under the name of the *Mabinogion* only a few years before Tennyson wrote this idyll. The story is very old and is found in many places. The essential point of it is that the youth is disguised, usually being called the Fair Unknown, and wins fame after a year spent in service among slaves and menials. This story Tennyson combines with Malory's spirited account of Gareth in such a way as to make it one of the most splendid expressions of knightly idealism.

Other relationships between Tennyson and Malory are as follows:

(*a*) Tennyson follows closely the characterization of Lynette, Kay, and Gareth given in Malory. The adventures, however, are different. In Malory the unknown knight fights with the Black Knight, the Green Knight, and the Red Knight. They have no allegorical significance.

(*b*) In Malory, as Tennyson suggests at the end of the story, Gareth weds the lady of Castle

Perilous; in the present form we are all so interested in the scornful maiden and the way in which the youth won her love that we are ready to accept the change as one that makes the story better.

2. Attention should be paid to certain allegorical and mystical elements in Tennyson's story. Reference is made again to the idea that the King does not die (lines 200, 493); the old seer who tests Gareth as he approaches Camelot is Merlin (lines 248 ff); the allegorical character of the Lady of the Lake (lines 210 and following) should be studied in connection with the note at the end of "The Coming of Arthur" (page 41). In addition to these points observe the effect of mysterious and romantic beauty given by the description of Camelot (lines 185 ff). The geographical identity of these places is unimportant. You remember from Malory's story of Elaine that he assumed that Arthur's capital was the place at present called Winchester. Tennyson in a prose sketch written about forty years before he published these lines placed it beyond Land's End: "On the latest limit of the West, in the land of Lyonesse, where save the rocky Isles of Scilly, all is now wild sea, rose the sacred Mount of Camelot. It rose from the deeps, with gardens and bowers, and palaces, and at the top of the mount was King Arthur's hall and the holy minster with the cross of gold." Tennyson's description in the poem is supposed to be allegorical. The idea that the city was built to music suggests the old classical stories, such as the story of Orpheus, whose music was so marvelous that walls and cities were built to its sound; or the story of the building of ancient Thebes. It seems both real and unreal, like the work of fairy, or enchantment. It abounds in symbolic figures, sometimes statuary or other decoration, sometimes suggested by the turrets and the elfin shapes of the buildings. The symbolism is that of Man's Soul, musical, harmonious, presided over by Spiritual Truth. Allegory is also present in many later parts of the story. For example, the serpent-like river is the stream of time, its three parts being youth, middle age, old age. Gareth's contest became increasingly difficult, like the conquest over evil habits at different periods of life. The hideous figure whom Gareth last meets is Death, which, when met bravely, becomes a lovely child, symbolizing Love and Eternal Life. Finally, the story as a whole represents the idea of youthful ambition, willing to undergo seeming shame and to be busy about mean employments in search of honor, and triumphing over false ideals of place and rank and the scorn of those who judge only superficially.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. In many narratives the chief character strives to achieve some aim or ambition. Much of the story consists in showing how he overcomes the obstacles that lie between him and his aims. In the present case, Gareth wishes to win a quest for King Arthur. The first obstacle is gaining his mother's permission to go to the court. Lines 1-177 recount how he finally overcomes this obstacle. You will be interested in dividing the whole poem into sections, showing the successive obstacles, both physical and spiritual, that lay between him and the achievement recorded in line 1391, "and Gareth won the Quest."

2. Which obstacles were the more difficult for him to overcome, those requiring physical prowess, or those requiring self-control, courtesy, and loyalty to his vows of knighthood? You will decide more safely if you first list the obstacles under one or the other of the two heads—physical and spiritual.

3. Do you like Malory's or Tennyson's conclusion the better?

4. If there is in the class someone who can draw well, he will add much to the pleasure of the class by illustrating the poem. The class may wish to select, by debate and vote, the scenes that ought to be illustrated. In several of them, as in the arming of Morning Star before his pavilion, the artist should use colors. The pictures may be displayed about the room or bound, so as to present a series.

5. Do you think Gareth has any faults? What are his chief virtues? Do you think his faults or his virtues have anything to do with the way the story turns out? What tests come through his relations with Arthur? With Lancelot? With Kay? With his mother? With Lynette? In his combats? Do you think he fought for glory or for Lynette? Does he seem a real or a legendary character?

6. What are the chief traits of Arthur? Illustrate each by at least one incident. Does he seem greater here or in "The Coming of Arthur"? Is there any difference in the way people think of him in this idyll and in the preceding?

7. What is Lancelot's reputation in this idyll? How does Arthur regard him? What qualities does he display? Do you think he differs from Malory's Lancelot? Specify.

8. Do you like Lynette? Give several incidents to bear out your opinion. Is she like modern girls in any respects?

9. Is there any good in Kay?

10. Is Guinevere mentioned? Why?

II. Allegory

1. At what time of year does the action of this idyll take place?

2. Read over lines 1100-4, 1167-79, 1365-85. In the light of these lines explain the allegory of Gareth's combats. Why is the second harder than the first? In what way is the third harder still? Do you think the result of Gareth's battle with Death a natural result to one who has won the battle against evil in the morning, noon, and evening of life? Why? Explain the allegory of the child.

3. What allegorical meaning do you find in the description of Camelot as Gareth first saw it? Can you give modern instances of the truth of Merlin's explanation?

4. Explain as well as you can the allegorical meaning of the bas-relief on the gate of the city.

5. How does this idyll illustrate the general theme of the idylls, "Sense at war with Soul"?

III. Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (lines 294-325).

1. Was Camelot a beautiful or an ugly city? Quote expressions to support your belief.

2. Was it well or ill governed? Give evidence.

3. Where was Gareth standing when he saw Arthur? Why does he call the hall "long-vaulted"?

4. What are meant by "splendors" and "delivering doom"?

5. Why is Gareth frightened? Give two reasons.

6. How do the knights there regard Arthur? Quote phrases for each point.

B. For oral reading in class.

Select some passages to read aloud to the class. Perhaps one of the following will suit your purpose: lines 376-401; 446-467; 901-927; 1215-1239. Be prepared also to ask a question or two that will provoke discussion—a discussion that you will be able to conduct.

IV. Modern Problems

1. Compare Gareth's ambition with the chief ambitions of modern youths. Which requires the more persistence? In which are more temptations to be fought against? In which are more obstacles? In which is the goal or prize more worthwhile?

2. Would a modern American girl have felt toward Gareth as Lynette felt? Why do you think so?

3. What ideals of chivalry, as revealed in the ideals and vows of Arthur's court, can be applied to modern life? Show how one could live up to them.

4. Are there today any employers like Kay? Show in two or three respects quite definitely why you think so.

V. Project

If you were making a movie scenario of this idyll, into how many reels would you divide it? Prepare full notes on the architecture and the costumes. In doing so you will gain much assistance from *When Knights Were Bold*, Tappan; *A History of Everyday Things in England*, Quennel; or *Social England*, Volume I, "Art and Architecture," Traill.

VI. Poetic Elements

1. Select five passages that you think present unusually beautiful pictures. Read them to the class and try to make the students enjoy them.

2. Select three or four passages that seem particularly musical. Read at least one of them aloud to the class. Possibly the class will wish to vote on the most musical of all those presented by the pupils.

3. What figures of speech appeal to you as beautiful or illuminating? Show how they light up the thought in each case. Perhaps the class will wish to vote on the best figure.

4. Bring in examples of poetic phrasing. Show what the diction suggests in each case.

VII. Further Reading

Some student should report to the class on Malory's version of the story. For directions see "Further Reading in Malory," page 29.

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
Then, fearing rust or soilure, fashioned for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazoned on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by day,
Leaving her household and good father, climbed
That eastern tower, and entering barred her door,
Stripped off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where—this cut is fresh;
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle;
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot;
And, ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was there!
And here a thrust that might have killed, but God
Broke the strong lance, and rolled his enemy down,
And saved him. So she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name?
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond justs,
Which Arthur had ordained, and by that name
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

For Arthur, long before they crowned him king,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,
Had found a glen, gray bowlder and black tarn.
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave,
Like its own mists, to all the mountain side:
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together; but their names were lost;
And each had slain his brother at a blow;
And down they fell and made the glen abhorred;
And there they lay till all their bones were bleached,
And lichened into color with the crags.
And he, that once was king, had on a crown
Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.
And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass,
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crowned skeleton, and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
Rolled into light, and turning on its rims
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn.
And down the shingly scar he plunged, and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his heart
Heard murmurs, "Lo, thou likewise shalt be king."

Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems
Plucked from the crown, and showed them to his knights,
Saying, "These jewels, whereupon I chanced
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the king's—
For public use. Henceforward let there be,
Once every year, a just for one of these;
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow
In use of arms and manhood, till we drive
The heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land
Hereafter, which God hinder!" Thus he spoke.

2. **Astolat**, the name Malory gives. It has often been identified with Guildford in Surrey. 7. **soilure**, tarnishing. 8. **braided**, embroidered. 10. **their own tinct**, the same colors. 22. **Caerlyle**, Carlisle, in Cumberland. 23. **Caerleon**, in Monmouthshire; one of the several capitals of Arthur's realm. **Camelot**. See "Gareth and Lynette," lines 296-302.

35. **Lyonesse**. See note 2, page 69, first column. 46. **aside**, on each side. 53. **shingly scar**, steep rock covered with loose, water-worn pebbles.

And eight years passed, eight justs had been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,
With purpose to present them to the Queen,
When all were won; but meaning all at once
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last
And largest, Arthur, holding then his court
Hard on the river nigh the place which now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a just
At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere,
"Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move
To these fair justs?" "Yea, lord," she said, "ye know it."
"Then will ye miss," he answered, "the great deeds
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,
A sight ye love to look on." And the Queen
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly
On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King.
He thinking that he read her meaning there,
"Stay with me, I am sick; my love is more
Than many diamonds," yielded; and a heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen
(However much he yearned to make complete
The tale of diamonds for his destined boon)
Urged him to speak against the truth, and say,
"Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,
And lets me from the saddle"; and the King
Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way.
No sooner gone than suddenly she began:

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame!
Why go ye not to these fair justs? The knights
Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd
Will murmur, 'Lo, the shameless ones, who take
Their pastime now the trustful King is gone!' "
Then Lancelot, vexed at having lied in vain,

75. the place, London. 91. tale, full number. 94. lets, hinders.

"Are ye so wise? Ye were not once so wise,
My Queen, that summer, when ye loved me first.
Then of the crowd ye took no more account
Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,
When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,
And every voice is nothing. As to knights,
Them surely can I silence with all ease.
But now my loyal worship is allowed
Of all men; many a bard, without offense,
Has linked our names together in his lay,
Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,
The pearl of beauty; and our knights at feast
Have pledged us in this union, while the King
Would listen smiling. How then? Is there more?
Has Arthur spoken aught? Or would yourself,
Now weary of my service and devoir,
Henceforth be truer to your faultless lord?"

She broke into a little scornful laugh:
"Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless King,
That passionate perfection, my good lord—
But who can gaze upon the sun in heaven?
He never spake word of reproach to me,
He never had a glimpse of mine untruth,
He cares not for me; only here today
There gleamed a vague suspicion in his eyes.
Some meddling rogue has tampered with him—else
Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,
And swearing men to vows impossible,
To make them like himself. But, friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all;
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the color. I am yours,
Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond.
And therefore hear my words: go to the justs;
The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting."

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights:

118. devoir, the duty I owe you as a knight.

"And with what face, after my pretext made,
Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I
Before a King who honors his own word,
As if it were his God's?"

"Yea," said the Queen,
"A moral child without the craft to rule,
Else had he not lost me. But listen to me,
If I must find you wit: we hear it said
That men go down before your spear at a touch,
But knowing you are Lancelot; your great name,
This conquers; hide it therefore; go unknown.
Win! by this kiss you will; and our true King
Will then allow your pretext, O my knight,
As all for glory; for to speak him true,
Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,
No keener hunter after glory breathes.
He loves it in his knights more than himself;
They prove to him his work. Win and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,
Wroth at himself. Not willing to be known,
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
Chose the green path that showed the rarer foot,
And there among the solitary downs,
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;
Till as he traced a faintly-shadowed track,
That all in loops and links among the dales
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.
Thither he made, and blew the gateway horn.
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,
Who let him into lodging and disarmed.

And Lancelot marveled at the wordless man;
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
Moving to meet him in the castle court;

And close behind them stepped the lily maid
Elaine, his daughter; mother of the house
There was not. Some light jest among them rose
With laughter dying down as the great knight
Approached them; then the Lord of Astolat:
"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
Livest between the lips? For by thy state
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.
Him have I seen; the rest, his Table Round,
Known as they are, to me they are unknown."

Then answered Lancelot, the chief of knights:
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.
But since I go to just as one unknown
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not.
Hereafter ye shall know me—and the shield—
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

Then said the Lord of Astolat, "Here is Torre's.
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre,
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.
His ye can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,
"Yea, since I cannot use it, ye may have it."
Here laughed the father, saying, "Fie, sir churl,
Is that an answer for a noble knight?
Allow him! But Lavaine, my younger here.
He is so full of lustihood he will ride,
Just for it, and win, and bring it in an hour,
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,
To make her thrice as willful as before."

"Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not
Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,

167. **Fired from the west**, lighted up by the setting sun.

"For nothing. Surely I but played on Torre—
He seemed so sullen, vexed he could not go—
A jest, no more! For, knight, the maiden dreamt
That someone put this diamond in her hand,
And that it was too slippery to be held,
And slipped and fell into some pool or stream,
The castle-well, belike; and then I said
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.
But, father, give me leave, and if he will,
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight.
Win shall I not, but do my best to win;
Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

"So ye will grace me," answered Lancelot,
Smiling a moment, "with your fellowship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend;
And you shall win this diamond—as I hear,
It is a fair large diamond—if ye may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will."

"A fair large diamond," added plain Sir Torre,
"Such be for queens, and not for simple maids."
Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tossed about,
Flushed slightly at the slight disparagement
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus returned:
"If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased; the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she looked,
Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the West and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marred as he was, he seemed the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marred, of more than twice her years,
Seamed with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall
Stepped with all grace, and not with half disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his kind;
Whom they with meats and vintage of their best
And talk and minstrel melody entertained.
And much they asked of court and Table Round,
And ever well and readily answered he.
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,
Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,
Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.
"He learned and warned me of their fierce design
Against my house, and him they caught and maimed;
But I, my sons, and little daughter fled
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods

269. **glanced at**, spoke of.

By the great river in a boatman's hut.
Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke
The pagan yet once more on Badon Hill."

"O there, great lord, doubtless," Lavaine said, rapt
By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth

Of Duglas; that on Bassa; then the war
That thundered in and out the gloomy skirts
Of Celidon the forest; and again
By castle Gurnion, where the glorious King
Had on his cuirass worn Our Lady's Head,
Carved of one emerald centered in a sun
Of silver rays, that lightened as he breathed;

"AND EVER WELL AND READILY ANSWERED HE"

Toward greatness in its elder, "you have fought.
O tell us—for we live apart—you know
Of Arthur's glorious wars." And Lancelot spoke
And answered him at full, as having been
With Arthur in the fight which all day long
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;
And in the four loud battles by the shore

And at Caerleon had he helped his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild White Horse
Set every gilded parapet shuddering;
And up in Agned-Cathregonion, too,
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,
Where many a heathen fell; "and on the Mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the King
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after, stand

279. **Badon Hill.** Now Badbury Rings, the site of an actual battle about 520, in which the Britons defeated the invading Saxons. Here it is given as the greatest of Arthur's twelve battles listed in the following lines.

293. **Our Lady's Head,** an image of the Virgin Mary.
297. **White Horse,** the emblem of the Saxons.

High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,
'They are broken, they are broken!' for the King,
However mild he seems at home, nor cares
For triumph in our mimic wars, the justs—
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs,
Saying his knights are better men than he—
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him; I never saw his like; there lives
No greater leader."

While he uttered this,
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,
"Save your great self, fair lord"; and when he fell
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry—
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind—
She still took note that when the living smile
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud
Of melancholy severe, from which again,
Whenever in her hovering to and fro
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature; and she thought
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.
And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep;
Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.
First as in fear, step after step, she stole
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating.
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,
"This shield, my friend, where is it?" and Lavaine
Passed inward, as she came from out the tower.

There to his proud horse Lancelot turned, and smoothed
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew
Nearer and stood. He looked, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
For silent, though he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as if it were a god's.
Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire
That he should wear her favor at the tilt.
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
"Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney?" "Nay," said he,
"Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."
"Yea, so," she answered; "then in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you." And he turned
Her counsel up and down within his mind,
And found it true, and answered, "True, my child.
Well, I will wear it; fetch it out to me;
What is it?" And she told him, "A red sleeve
Broidered with pearls," and brought it; then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile
Saying, "I never yet have done so much
For any maiden living," and the blood
Sprang to her face and filled her with delight;
But left her all the paler when Lavaine
Returning brought the yet-unblazoned shield,
His brother's; which he gave to Lancelot,
Who parted with his own to fair Elaine:
"Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield
In keeping till I come." "A grace to me,"
She answered, "twice today. I am your squire!"

888. rathe, early.

Whereat Lavaine said, laughing, "Lily maid,
For fear our people call you lily maid
In earnest, let me bring your color back;
Once, twice, and thrice; now get you hence to bed."
So kissed her, and Sir Lancelot his own hand,
And thus they moved away; she stayed a minute,
Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—
Her bright hair blown about the serious face
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—
Paused by the gateway, standing near the shield
In silence, while she watched their arms far-off
Sparkle, until they dipped below the downs.
Then to her tower she climbed, and took the shield,
There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions passed away
Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,
To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight
Not far from Camelot, now for forty years
A hermit, who had prayed, labored, and prayed,
And ever laboring had scooped himself
In the white rock a chapel and a hall
On massive columns, like a shore-cliff cave,
And cells and chambers; all were fair and dry;
The green light from the meadows underneath
Struck up and lived along the milky roofs;
And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.
And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,
And shot red fire and shadows through the cave,
They rose, heard Mass, broke fast, and rode away.

Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold my name
Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake,"
Abashed Lavaine, whose instant reverence,
Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,
But left him leave to stammer, "Is it indeed?"
And after muttering "The great Lancelot,"
At last he got his breath and answered "One,
One have I seen—that other, our liege lord,
The dread Pendragon, Britain's King of kings,
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,
He will be there—then were I stricken blind
That minute, I might say that I had seen."

So spake Lavaine, and when they reached the lists
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes
Run through the peopled gallery which half round
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,
Until they found the clear-faced King, who sat,
Robed in red samite, easily to be known,
Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,
And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,
And from the carven-work behind him crept
Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them
Through knots and loops and folds innumerable
Fled ever through the woodwork, till they found
The new design wherein they lost themselves,
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work.
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.

Then Lancelot answered young Lavaine and said,
"Me you call great; mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance; but there is many a youth

422. **Pendragon**, chief ruler.

Now crescent, who will come to all I am
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great;
There is the man." And Lavaine gaped upon him
As on a thing miraculous, and anon
The trumpets blew; and then did either side,
They that assailed, and they that held the lists,
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously
Shock that a man far-off might well perceive—
If any man that day were left afield—
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.
And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw
Which were the weaker; then he hurled into it
Against the stronger. Little need to speak
Of Lancelot in his glory! King, duke, earl,
Count, baron—whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,
Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,
Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight
Should do and almost overdo the deeds
Of Lancelot; and one said to the other, "Lo!
What is he? I do not mean the force alone—
The grace and versatility of the man!
Is it not Lancelot?" "When has Lancelot worn
Favor of any lady in the lists?
Not such his wont, as we that know him, know."
"How then? Who then?" A fury seized them all,
A fiery family passion for the name
Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.
They couched their spears and pricked their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made
In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear
Pricked sharply his own cuirass, and the head
Pierced through his side, and there snapped, and remained.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully;
He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,
And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.
He up the side, sweating with agony, got,
But thought to do while he might yet endure,
And being lustily holpen by the rest,
His party—though it seemed half-miracle
To those he fought with—drave his kith and kin,
And all the Table Round that held the lists,
Back to the barrier; then the trumpets blew,
Proclaiming his the prize who wore the sleeve
Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the knights,
His party, cried, "Advance and take thy prize
The diamond"; but he answered, "Diamond me
No diamonds! For God's love, a little air!
Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death!
Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not."

He spoke, and vanished suddenly from the field
With young Lavaine into the poplar grove.
There from his charger down he slid, and sat,
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance-head."

446. **crescent**, growing up. 453. **held the lists**, fought on the defensive.

484. **helms**, steers.

"Ah, my sweet lord, Sir Lancelot," said Lavaine,
"I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."
But he, "I die already with it; draw—
Draw"—and Lavaine drew, and Sir Lancelot gave
A marvelous great shriek and ghastly groan,
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank
For the pure pain, and wholly swooned away.
Then came the hermit out and bare him in,
There stanched his wound; and there, in daily doubt
Whether to live or die, for many a week
Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove
Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists,
His party, knights of utmost North and West,
Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,
Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him,
"Lo, sire, our knight, through whom we won the day,
Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize
Untaken, crying that his prize is death."
"Heaven hinder," said the King, "that such an one,
So great a knight as we have seen today—
He seemed to me another Lancelot—
Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—
He must not pass uncared for. Wherefore, rise,
O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight.
Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.
I charge you that you get at once to horse.
And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you
Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given;
His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him
No customary honor; since the knight
Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,
Ourselves will send it after. Rise and take
This diamond, and deliver it, and return,
And bring us where he is, and how he fares,
And cease not from your quest until ye find."

So saying, from the carven flower above,
To which it made a restless heart, he took,
And gave, the diamond; then from where he sat
At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,
With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince
In the mid might and flourish of his May,
Gawain, surnamed the Courteous, fair and strong,
And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint,
And Gareth, a good knight, but therewithal
Sir Modred's brother, and the child of Lot,
Nor often loyal to his word, and now
Wroth that the King's command to sally forth,
In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave
The banquet and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went;
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,
Passed, thinking, "Is it Lancelot who hath come
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain
Of glory, and hath added wound to wound,
And ridd'n away to die?" So feared the King,
And, after two days' tarriance there, returned.
Then when he saw the Queen, embracing asked,
"Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay, lord," she said.
"And where is Lancelot?" Then the Queen amazed,
"Was he not with you? Won he not your prize?"
"Nay, but one like him." "Why, that like was he."
And when the King demanded how she knew,

545. **bring us**, supply *word*. *548.* **restless**, because of its changing lights.

Said, "Lord, no sooner had ye parted from us,
Than Lancelot told me of a common talk
That men went down before his spear at a touch,
But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name
Conquered; and therefore would he hide his name
From all men, ev'n the King, and to this end
Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,
That he might just unknown of all, and learn
If his old prowess were in aught decayed;
And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he learns,
Will well allow my pretext, as for gain
Of purer glory.' "

Then replied the King:
"Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
To have trusted me as he hath trusted thee.
Surely his King and most familiar friend
Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,
Albeit I know my knights fantastical,
So fine a fear in our large Lancelot
Must needs have moved my laughter; now remains
But little cause for laughter; his own kin—
Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, this!—
His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him;
So that he went sore wounded from the field.
Yet good news too; for goodly hopes are mine
That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.
He wore, against his wont, upon his helm
A sleeve of scarlet, broidered with great pearls,
Some gentle maiden's gift."

"Yea, lord," she said,
"Thy hopes are mine," and saying that, she choked
And sharply turned about to hide her face,
Passed to her chamber, and there flung herself
Down on the great King's couch, and writhed upon it,
And clenched her fingers till they bit the palm,
And shrieked out "Traitor" to the unhearing wall,
Then flashed into wild tears, and rose again,
And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while through all the region round
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,
Touched at all points, except the poplar grove,
And came at last, though late, to Astolat;
Whom glittering in enameled arms the maid
Glanced at and cried, "What news from Camelot, lord?
What of the knight with the red sleeve?"
"He won."
"I knew it," she said. "But parted from the justs
Hurt in the side"; whereat she caught her breath.
Through her own side she felt the sharp lance go;
Thereon she smote her hand; well nigh she swooned;
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came
The Lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince
Reported who he was, and on what quest
Sent, that he bore the prize and could not find
The victor, but had ridd'n a random round
To seek him, and had wearied of the search.
To whom the Lord of Astolat, "Bide with us,
And ride no more at random, noble Prince!
Here was the knight, and here he left a shield;
This will he send or come for. Furthermore
Our son is with him; we shall hear anon;
Needs must we hear." To this the courteous Prince
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,

591. fantastical, given to fancies.

Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,
And stayed; and cast his eyes on fair Elaine.
Where could be found face daintier? Then her shape
From forehead down to foot, perfect; again
From foot to forehead exquisitely turned—
"Well—if I bide, lo! this wild-flower for me!"
And oft they met among the garden yews,
And there he set himself to play upon her
With sallying wit, free flashes from a height
Above her, graces of the court, and songs,
Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence
And amorous adulation, till the maid
Rebelled against it, saying to him, "Prince,
O loyal nephew of our noble King,
Why ask you not to see the shield he left,
Whence you might learn his name? Why slight your King,
And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove
No surer than our falcon yesterday,
Who lost the hern we slipped her at, and went
To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine head," said he,
"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
But an ye will it, let me see the shield."
And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw
Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crowned with gold,
Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mocked:
"Right was the King! our Lancelot! that true man!"
"And right was I," she answered merrily "I,
Who dreamed my knight the greatest knight of all."
"And if *I* dreamed," said Gawain, "that you love
This greatest knight, your pardon! Lo, ye know it!
Speak therefore; shall I waste myself in vain?"
Full simple was her answer, "What know I?
My brethren have been all my fellowship;
And I, when often they have talked of love,
Wished it had been my mother, for they talked,
Meseemed of what they knew not; so myself—
I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love."
"Yea, by God's death," said he, "ye love him well,
But would not, knew ye what all others know,
And whom he loves." "So be it," cried Elaine,
And lifted her fair face and moved away.
But he pursued her, calling, "Stay a little!
One golden minute's grace! He wore your sleeve;
Would he break faith with one I may not name?
Must our true man change like a leaf at last?
Nay—like enow; why then, far be it from me
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves!
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well
Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave
My quest with you; the diamond also; here!
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it;
And if he love, it will be sweet to have it
From your own hand; and whether he love or not,
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well
A thousand times!—a thousand times farewell!
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two
May meet at court hereafter; there, I think,
So ye will learn the courtesies of the court,
We two shall know each other."

Then he gave,
And slightly kissed the hand to which he gave,
The diamond, and all wearied of the quest,
Leaped on his horse and, caroling as he went
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he passed; there told the King

653. **slipped**, loosed, let fly.

What the King knew, "Sir Lancelot is the knight."
And added, "Sir, my liege, so much I learned;
But failed to find him, though I rode all round
The region; but I lighted on the maid
Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him; and to her,
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
I gave the diamond; she will render it;
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place."

The seldom-frowning King frowned, and replied,
"Too courteous truly! ye shall go no more
On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth, but all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,
Lingered that other, staring after him;
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzzed abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.
All ears were pricked at once, all tongues were loosed:
"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot;
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat."
Some read the King's face, some the Queen's, and all
Had marvel what the maid might be, but most
Predoomed her as unworthy. One old dame
Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.
She, that had heard the noise of it before,
But sorrowing Lancelot should have stooped so low,
Marred her friend's aim with pale tranquillity.
So ran the tale like fire about the court,
Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wonder flared;
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or thrice
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the lily maid
Smiled at each other, while the Queen, who sat
With lips severely placid, felt the knot
Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen
Crushed the wild passion out against the floor
Beneath the banquet, where the meats became
As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat,
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,
Crept to her father, while he mused alone,
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face, and said,
"Father, you call me willful, and the fault
Is yours who let me have my will, and now,
Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits?"
"Nay," said he, "surely." "Wherefore let me hence,"
She answered, "and find out our dear Lavaine."
"Ye will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine;
Bide," answered he; "we needs must hear anon
Of him, and of that other." "Aye," she said,
"And of that other, for I needs must hence
And find that other, wheresoe'er he be,
And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,
Lest I be found as faithless in the quest
As yon proud Prince who left the quest to me.
Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid.
The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,
My father, to be sweet and serviceable
To noble knights in sickness, as ye know,
When these have worn their tokens; let me hence,
I pray you." Then her father nodding said,
"Aye, aye, the diamond; wit ye well, my child,
Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,
Being our greatest. Yea, and you must give it—
And sure I think this fruit is hung too high

For any mouth to gape for save a queen's—
Nay, I mean nothing; so then, get you gone,
Being so very willful you must go."

Lightly, her suit allowed, she slipped away,
And while she made her ready for her ride,
Her father's latest word hummed in her ear,
"Being so very willful you must go,"
And changed itself and echoed in her heart,
"Being so very willful you must die."
But she was happy enough and shook it off,
As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us;
And in her heart she answered it and said,
"What matter, so I help him back to life?"
Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide
Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs
To Camelot, and before the city gates
Came on her brother with a happy face
Making a roan horse caper and curvet
For pleasure all about a field of flowers;
Whom when she saw, "Lavaine," she cried, "Lavaine,
How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?" He, amazed,
"Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir Lancelot!
How know ye my lord's name is Lancelot?"
But when the maid had told him all her tale,
Then turned Sir Torre, and being in his moods
Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,
Where Arthur's wars were rendered mystically,
Passed up the still rich city to his kin,
His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot;
And her, Lavaine across the poplar grove
Led to the caves. There first she saw the casque
Of Lancelot on the wall; her scarlet sleeve,
Though carved and cut and half the pearls away,
Streamed from it still; and in her heart she laughed,
Because he had not loosed it from his helm,
But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.
And when they gained the cell wherein he slept,
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands
Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a dream
Of dragging down his enemy made them move.
Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
Uttered a little tender, dolorous cry.
The sound not wonted in a place so still
Woke the sick knight, and while he rolled his eyes
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying,
"Your prize the diamond sent you by the King."
His eyes glistened; she fancied, "Is it for me?"
And when the maid had told him all the tale
Of King and Prince, the diamond sent, the quest
Assigned to her not worthy of it, she knelt
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,
And laid the diamond in his open hand.
Her face was near, and as we kiss the child
That does the task assigned, he kissed her face.
At once she slipped like water to the floor.
"Alas," he said, "your ride hath wearied you.
Rest must you have." "No rest for me," she said;
"Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest."
What might she mean by that? His large black eyes,
Yet larger through his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face;
And Lancelot looked and was perplexed in mind,
And being weak in body said no more;
But did not love the color; woman's love,
Save one, he not regarded, and so turned,
Sighing, and feigned sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided through the fields,

795. **strange-statued, etc.** See "Gareth and Lynette," lines 206 ff.

807. **battle-writhen,** showing the knotted and twisted muscles that had resulted from many contests.

And passed beneath the weirdly-sculptured gates
Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
There bode the night; but woke with dawn, and passed
Down through the dim rich city to the fields,
Thence to the cave. So day by day she passed
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gliding, and every day she tended him;
And likewise many a night. And Lancelot
Would, though he called his wound a little hurt
Whereof he should be quickly whole, at times
Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem
Uncourteous, even he; but the meek maid
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
Milder than any mother to a sick child,
And never woman yet, since man's first fall,
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love
Upbore her; till the hermit, skilled in all
The simples and the science of that time,
Told him that her fine care had saved his life.
And the sick man forgot her simple blush,
Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and regret
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
And loved her with all love except the love
Of man and woman when they love their best,
Closest, and sweetest, and had died the death
In any knightly fashion for her sake.
And peradventure had he seen her first
She might have made this and that other world
Another world for the sick man; but now
The shackles of an old love straitened him,
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made
Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
These, as but born of sickness, could not live;

870. **straitened**, confined.

For when the blood ran lustier in him again,
Full often the bright image of one face,
Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.
Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace
Beamed on his fancy, spoke, he answered not,
Or short and coldly, and she knew right well
What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant
She knew not, and the sorrow dimmed her sight,
And drave her ere her time across the fields
Far into the rich city, where alone
She murmured, "Vain, in vain; it cannot be.
He will not love me; how then? Must I die?"
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"
And now to right she turned, and now to left,
And found no ease in turning or in rest;
And, "Him or death," she muttered, "death or him,"
Again and like a burden, "Him or death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,
To Astolat returning rode the three.
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self
In that wherein she deemed she looked her best,
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought,
"If I be loved, these are my festal robes.
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."
And Lancelot ever pressed upon the maid
That she should ask some goodly gift of him
For her own self or hers; "and do not shun
To speak the wish most near to your true heart;

880. **ghostly grace**, Guinevere's beauty, which he recalls in imagination. 898. **burden**, refrain. 905. **victim's flowers.** In Greek and Roman times the sacrifice led to the altar was bedecked with garlands.

Such service have ye done me that I make
My will of yours, and prince and lord am I
In mine own land, and what I will I can."
Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,
But like a ghost without the power to speak.
And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,
And bode among them yet a little space
Till he should learn it; and one morn it chanced
He found her in among the garden yews,
And said, "Delay no longer, speak your wish,
Seeing I go today." Then out she brake:
"Going? And we shall never see you more.
And I must die for want of one bold word."
"Speak; that I live to hear," he said, "is yours."
Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
"I have gone mad. I love you; let me die."
"Ah, sister," answered Lancelot, "what is this?"
And innocently extending her white arms,
"Your love," she said, "your love—to be your wife."
And Lancelot answered, "Had I chosen to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine;
But now there never will be wife of mine."
"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you, and to follow you through the world."
And Lancelot answered, "Nay, the world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
To blare its own interpretation—nay,
Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,
And your good father's kindness." And she said,
"Not to be with you, not to see your face—
Alas for me then, my good days are done."
"Nay, noble maid," he answered, "ten times nay!
This is not love, but love's first flash in youth,
Most common; yea, I know it of mine own self.
And you yourself will smile at your own self
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age.
And then will I, for true you are and sweet
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,
More specially should your good knight be poor,
Endow you with broad land and territory
Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,
So that would make you happy; furthermore,
Ev'n to the death, as though ye were my blood,
In all your quarrels will I be your knight;
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
And more than this I cannot."

While he spoke
She neither blushed nor shook, but deathly-pale
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied,
"Of all this will I nothing"; and so fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom through those black walls of yew
Their talk had pierced, her father: "Aye, a flash,
I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.
Too courteous are ye, fair Lord Lancelot.
I pray you, use some rough discourtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said,
"That were against me; what I can I will";
And there that day remained, and toward even
Sent for his shield. Full meekly rose the maid,
Stripped off the case, and gave the naked shield.
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,
Unclasping flung the casement back, and looked

923. **yours**, the result of your care. 939. **quit**, requite.

953. **my realm**, according to Malory, France.

Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.
And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;
And she by tact of love was well aware
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat.
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.
But still she heard him, still his picture formed
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
"Have comfort," whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren, saying, "Peace to thee,
Sweet sister," whom she answered with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field,
Approaching through the darkness, called; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixed
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

And in those days she made a little song,
And called her song "The Song of Love and Death,"
And sang it; sweetly could she make and sing.

"Sweet is true love though given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be;
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! Let me die."

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought
With shuddering, "Hark the phantom of the house
That ever shrieks before a death," and called
The father, and all three in hurry and fear
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling, "Let me die!"

And when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating, till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why,
So dwelt the father on her face, and thought,
"Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden fell,
Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,
Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.
At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yesternight
I seemed a curious little maid again,
As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,
And when ye used to take me with the flood
Up the great river in the boatman's boat.
Only ye would not pass beyond the cape
That has the poplar on it; there ye fixed
Your limit, oft returning with the tide.
And yet I cried because ye would not pass
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the King.
And yet ye would not; but this night I dreamed
That I was all alone upon the flood,
And then I said, 'Now shall I have my will';

995. **sallow-rifted glooms**, slaty dark clouds with yellowish streaks. 999. **make**, compose poetry.

1015. **phantom of the house**, etc., called also the banshee. 1031. **great river**, Thames.

And there I woke, but still the wish remained.
So let me hence that I may pass at last
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,
Until I find the palace of the King.
There will I enter in among them all,
And no man there will dare to mock at me;
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,
And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me;
Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,
Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bade me one;
And there the King will know me and my love,
And there the Queen herself will pity me,
And all the gentle court will welcome me,
And after my long voyage I shall rest!"

"Peace," said her father, "O my child, ye seem
Light-headed, for what force is yours to go
So far, being sick? And wherefore would ye look
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all?"

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs and say,
"I never loved him; an I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him down;
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
For this discomfort he hath done the house."

To whom the gentle sister made reply,
"Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,
Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault
Not to love me, than it is mine to love
Him of all men who seems to me the highest."

"Highest?" the father answered, echoing "highest?"
(He meant to break the passion in her) "nay,
Daughter, I know not what you call the highest;
But this I know, for all the people know it,
He loves the Queen, and in an open shame;
And she returns his love in open shame.
If this be high, what is it to be low?"

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:
"Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger; these are slanders; never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain; so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, though my love had no return;
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She, with a face bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he asked,
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly," she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"ye never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.

1092. ghostly man, priest.

I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me; he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased; her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings passed, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows,
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Passed like a shadow through the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Palled all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
"Sister, farewell forever," and again,
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oared by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last
The price of half a realm, his costly gift,
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,
With deaths of others, and almost his own,
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds; for he saw
One of her house, and sent him to the Queen
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed
With such and so unmoved a majesty
She might have seemed her statue, but that he,
Low-drooping till he wellnigh kissed her feet
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
The shadow of some piece of pointed lace,
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,
They met, and Lancelot kneeling uttered, "Queen,
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,
Take, what I had not won except for you,
These jewels, and make me happy, making them
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnet's; these are words.
Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin
In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it
Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words,
Perchance, we both can pardon; but, my Queen,
I hear of rumors flying through your court.
Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,
Should have in it an absoluter trust
To make up that defect; let rumors be;

1158. **Hard-won and hardly won**, with difficulty earned and almost lost. 1170. **oriel**, etc., bay window projecting from the southern wall of the palace. 1178. **tawnier**, etc., Guinevere's neck is as much whiter than the swan's as the swan's is whiter than that of her yellowish young.

When did not rumors fly? These, as I trust
That you trust me in your own nobleness,
I may not well believe that you believe."

While thus he spoke, half-turned away, the Queen
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
Till all the place whereon she stood was green;
Then, when he ceased, in one cold, passive hand
Received at once and laid aside the gems
There on a table near her, and replied:

"It may be I am quicker of belief
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,
It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite and wrong
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?
Diamonds for me! They had been thrice their worth,
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!
For her! for your new fancy. Only this
Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart.
I doubt not that, however changed, you keep
So much of what is graceful; and myself
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy
In which as Arthur's Queen I move and rule;
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!
A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;
Deck her with these; tell her she shines me down;
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
O as much fairer—as a faith once fair
Was richer than these diamonds—hers not mine—
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will—
She shall not have them."

Saying which she seized,
And, through the casement standing wide for heat,
Flung them, and down they flashed, and smote the stream.
Then from the smitten surface flashed, as it were,
Diamonds to meet them, and they passed away.
Then while Sir Lancelot leaned, in half disdain
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly passed the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
There two stood armed, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that asked,
"What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appalled them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! What are they? Flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to fairyland?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into fairyland."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights; then turned the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.

"I COME TO TAKE MY LAST FAREWELL OF YOU"

Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
And last the Queen herself, and pitied her.
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our Lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan:
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read;
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times
So touched were they, half-thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:
"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,
Know that for this most gentle maiden's death
Right heavy am I; for good she was and true,
But loved me with a love beyond all love
In women, whomsoever I have known.
Yet to be loved makes not to love again;
Not at my years, however it hold in youth.
I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave
No cause, not willingly, for such a love;
To this I call my friends in testimony,
Her brethren, and her father, who himself
Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,
To break her passion, some discourtesy
Against my nature; what I could, I did.
I left her and I bade her no farewell;
Though, had I dreamt the damsel would have died,
I might have put my wits to some rough use,
And helped her from herself."

1265. sometime, formerly.

Then said the Queen—
Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm—
"Ye might at least have done her so much grace,
Fair lord, as would have helped her from her death."
He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,
He adding,

"Queen, she would not be content
Save that I wedded her, which could not be.
Then might she follow me through the world, she asked;
It could not be. I told her that her love
Was but the flash of youth, would darken down
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame
Toward one more worthy of her—then would I,
More specially were he she wedded, poor,
Estate them with large land and territory
In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,
To keep them in all joyance; more than this
I could not; this she would not, and she died."

He pausing, Arthur answered, "O my knight,
It will be to thy worship, as my knight,
And mine, as head of all our Table Round,
To see that she be buried worshipfully."

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went
The marshaled Order of their Table Round,
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see
The maiden buried, not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
And Mass, and rolling music, like a queen.
And when the knights had laid her comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,
Then Arthur spake among them, "Let her tomb
Be costly, and her image thereupon,
And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet
Be carven, and her lily in her hand.
And let the story of her dolorous voyage
For all true hearts be blazoned on her tomb
In letters gold and azure!" which was wrought
Thereafter. But when now the lords and dames
And people, from the high door streaming, brake
Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,
Who marked Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,
Drew near, and sighed in passing, "Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."
He answered with his eyes upon the ground,
"That is love's curse; pass on, my Queen, forgiven."
But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy brows,
Approached him, and with full affection said:

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have
Most joy and most affiance, for I know
What thou hast been in battle by my side,
And many a time have watched thee at the tilt
Strike down the lusty and long-practiced knight,
And let the younger and unskilled go by
To win his honor and to make his name,
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man
Made to be loved; but now I would to God,
Seeing the homeless trouble in thine eyes,
Thou couldst have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,
By God for thee alone, and from her face,
If one may judge the living by the dead,
Delicately pure and marvelously fair,
Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man
Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Then answered Lancelot, "Fair she was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound."

"Free love, so bound, were freest," said the King.

1319. **shrine**, i.e., Westminster Abbey.

1346. **affiance**, trust.

"Let love be free; free love is for the best.
And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? Yet thee
She failed to bind, though being, as I think,
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

And Lancelot answered nothing, but he went,
And at the inrunning of a little brook
Sat by the river in a cove, and watched
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes
And saw the barge that brought her moving down,
Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said
Low in himself, "Ah, simple heart and sweet,
Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?
Aye, that will I. Farewell too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love'?
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,
May not your crescent fear for name and fame
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?
Why did the King dwell on my name to me?
Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake
Caught from his mother's arms—the wondrous one
Who passes through the vision of the night—
She chanted snatches of mysterious hymns
Heard on the winding waters; eve and morn
She kissed me, saying, 'Thou art fair, my child,
As a king's son'; and often in her arms
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.
Would she had drowned me in it, where'er it be!
For what am I? What profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it.
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me; but what use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me; not without
She wills it. Would I, if she willed it? Nay,
Who knows? But if I would not, then may God,
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man.

1411. **She**, Guinevere.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

Four idylls intervene between "Gareth and Lynette" and "Lancelot and Elaine." The story of Gareth shows Arthur's knights as living up to their vows. Young men like Gareth followed without misgiving or hesitation those lofty ideals. In "The Marriage of Geraint," Guinevere exhibits her queenly kindness, but the rumor of her love for Lancelot leads Geraint to break his vow "To ride abroad redressing human wrongs," for he shuts himself up in a distant castle to preserve his wife, Enid, from taint at court. In "Geraint and Enid," Geraint puts his wife to cruel tests, and though the two are finally very happy together, he withdraws permanently from the court. The king himself finds many of his representatives wanting and has to replace them with more upright men. In "Balin and Balan," the story of two brothers, Balin tries to become a perfect knight by emulating Lancelot and worshiping Guinevere. When, by accident, he discovers the wicked love of the Queen and Lancelot, he loses his mind. In a sudden combat, the brothers wound each other mortally, but do not recognize each other till a few minutes before they die. In "Merlin and Vivien," Merlin, the wizard at Arthur's court, the embodiment of human wisdom and science, is brought to his death by Vivien, who represents the utmost disloyalty and the lowest craftiness. These idylls show how Arthur's knights gradually declined from the pure loyalty

of Gareth's day because of the suspicion and distrust that grew out of the sinful love of Lancelot and Guinevere.

The present idyll represents this influence as extending to the innocent far from the court. The story itself was long a favorite with Tennyson. In one of his early poems, "The Lady of Shalott," he told it in musical rime. There he wove an allegory into it, by making the heroine represent a poet, or some other artist, who puts into her poetry the reflection of the world passing by. Unlike the early poem, and unlike "Gareth and Lynette," this idyll should be read without much thought of allegory. It is a romantic tale of deep and innocent love, which nevertheless brings only death.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. This story begins in the midst of the action. Is there any advantage in so doing? Where does the poet turn back to the beginning? How long does it take him to reach the starting point again?

2. Whose story is this chiefly—Lancelot's or Elaine's? Show by a brief summary why you think so.

3. What scene do you regard as the most dramatic—that is, the scene that would be most striking if it were acted on a stage? Show what struggle it contains and how the actor or actress would reveal this struggle to the audience.

4. Is there a distinct turning-point to this story? If so, can you show that the fortunes of some character decrease after that point?

5. Compare the tournament in this idyll with the one in *Ivanhoe*, Chapters VII-XII.

6. What purpose did Arthur have in founding the justs? Why were the populace interested in them? What was Lancelot's purpose in entering them? Why does Lancelot worship Arthur? What opinion of Arthur does Guinevere express? What opinion do you hold? Do you find reason for supposing that Arthur suspects Guinevere? Do you find evidence for thinking that he does not? In "Gareth and Lynette" Arthur seemed most concerned for the outward and material safety of his kingdom. For what does he seem most concerned now? Do you think he lacks the "craft to rule"? Compare him with Malory's Arthur.

7. Is Guinevere's sickness of the body or of the mind? What is her chief preoccupation before the tournament? In what parts does she show her jealousy? How does she differ from Malory's Guinevere?

8. Had Arthur's court any influence on Elaine's family before Lancelot appeared in their hall? In what ways through the story does Elaine show her willfulness? Is there any family trait appearing in all the members of her family? Why did she fall in love with Lancelot? What features of the way in which she was brought up and of her mode of life account for her proposal to Lancelot? Why did she wish to be borne to Camelot after her death? Account for the remark of each character concerning her. What is the sequel to Elaine's dream in lines 210-214? Compare her with Malory's Elaine.

9. How has Gawain figured in earlier idylls? Exactly what commission did Arthur send him on? Why did he carry out the commission as he did? How does his wooing of Elaine differ from Lancelot's treatment of her? Which was the more courteous? What is your final estimate of Gawain's character?

10. Why does Lancelot go unknown to the diamond tournament? What falsehood is he guilty of? Trace step by step the way in which his deception causes the whole tragedy. Why does his disguising himself seem wrong, although Gareth's seems excusable? Do you think Lancelot did right to wear Elaine's favor? What "rough use" could he have employed to "help her from herself"? Do you think Lancelot was truly repentant? Do you admire him or condemn him utterly? Compare him carefully with the Lancelot of Malory. Do you like him better or less than Malory's knight?

11. In this idyll what signs do you find of the gradual decay of Arthur's kingdom? Are his knights less loyal to him than in "Gareth and Lynette"? Do they keep their vows less strictly? Is the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere working further harm?

12. Look up some definitions of romance. What elements of romance do you find in the events of this idyll? In the characters?

II. Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (lines 982-996).

1. Why is the case called an "empty labor"?

2. How could she hear and see him yet?

3. Why is Death like a friend's voice? Explain the whole figure.

4. What picture do you gain from the last two lines?

5. What notion of Elaine's character do you gain from this passage? Quote passages in support of your conception.

6. How does the passage make you *feel* about Elaine?

B. For oral reading in class.

Select some passage to read aloud to the class as the basis for discussion.

III. Modern Problems

1. What is true courtesy? See if you can find examples in modern life or among your acquaintances of the kind of courtesy shown by Gawain and also by Lancelot.

2. Lancelot's falsehood had tragic consequences. You have probably known of no case with equal results, but relate some case of falsehood that has come under your observation where the consequences were serious.

3. Elaine says, "He makes no friend who never made a foe." Do you think this true? Give instances to support your belief.

IV. Poetic Elements

1. This idyll is very rich in rhythmical passages, in picturesque descriptions, in fine figures of speech, in musical lines. For class work proceed as in the directions for "Gareth and Lynette," page 70.

V. Comparison with Malory

You have already read Malory's version of this same story (pages 11-29). It is very interesting to note in what ways the nineteenth century poet changed it. You can make a better report to the class if you look for specific differences; as, changes in events either by omission or by addition, with some guesses as to the reasons for the change. You may also study the changes in the characters, as Sir Gawain, Sir Lancelot, Elaine; note the omission of some characters, as Sir Bors. How do these changes in character affect the course of the story?

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is.
Perchance, because we see not to the close—
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I leaned in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death;
Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die."

Then, ere that last weird battle in the West,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain killed
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, King! tomorrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."

6. **march to westward**, i.e., to overthrow the traitor Modred

26. **Reels back**, etc., sinks into its former wretched condition. See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 5-38.
28. **I pass.** See "The Coming of Arthur," line 418-421.

And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrilled; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sacked by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and called,
"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? Or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
Forever; but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—
I hear the steps of Modred in the West,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Far other is this battle in the West,
Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him through the North. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Through this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever pushed Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled, no further fly the King;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burned at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the West.
A death-white mist slept over sand and sea,
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,

52. **glamour of the field**, fairies and other spirits of nature.

69. **Roman wall.** See note on line 511, page 41.
77. **One lying**, etc., Guinevere, who having fled to the nunnery at Almesbury, threw herself to the ground at Arthur's coming, and so heard his judgment and forgiveness. 78. **Hath folded**, etc., has caused a mistiness everywhere.

And friend slew friend, not knowing whom
he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single
fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard
mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands,
the crash
Of battle-axes on shattered helms, and
shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the
mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor
knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blas-
phemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the
lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or through
death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the
field
Of battle; but no man was moving there,
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and
down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shivered brands that once had fought
with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King:

"Hearest thou this great voice that shakes
the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we
move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as though they had not died for
me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King,
Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My
King,
King everywhere! and so the dead have
kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that
brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred unharmed, the traitor of thine
house."

Then spake the King: "My house hath
been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with
me.
My house are rather they who sware my
vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, owned
me King.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath
failed,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for
King.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of knighthood shalt thou
see
Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this, the King
Made at the man; then Modred smote his
liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen
sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea,

117. **voices**, echoes of the last cries.

139. **great voice**, the ocean. 153. **thine house**. See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 317-324. 161. **quick**, living.

"THOU THEREFORE TAKE MY BRAND EXCALIBUR"

Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall nevermore, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made—
Though Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known.
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stepped,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

206. **lightly**, quickly. 215. **mighty bones**, probably those of the early Danish invaders of Britain reputed to have been of "great stature."

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

248. lief, beloved.

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Someone might show it at a just of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying King,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick;
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

297. **for**, since. 307. **streamer**, etc., the aurora borealis. 308. **moving isles of winter**, icebergs. 315. **other**, Bedivere.

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three queens with crowns of gold; and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust;
Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?

366. **Three queens.** See note on line 275, page 37.

383. **dashed**, etc., spattered with blood from the battle. 401. **holy Elders**, the three wise men. 408. **The old order changeth.** Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," line 508.

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go,
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had passed for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groaned, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rime,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence marked the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shrieked and wailed, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

427. **Avilion.** See "Gareth and Lynette," line 492.
435. **fluting,** etc., an old belief.
445. **From the great deep,** etc. Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," line 410. 454. **high day.** See "The Coming of Arthur," lines 271-278.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The four idylls that intervene between "Lancelot and Elaine" and "The Passing of Arthur" trace the way in which the love of Lancelot and the Queen destroyed the ideals of Arthur's court and broke up the knighthood which he had gathered together. In "The Holy Grail" we learn that the times grew so evil that the Grail, or cup, from which Christ drank at the last supper and which had been brought to Glastonbury in England, disappeared. The knights of the Round Table, though most of them did not have sufficient purity for such a quest, set out to search for it. Of course they could not at the same time "ride abroad redressing human wrongs," as they had vowed to do on becoming Arthur's knights. Moreover, most of them never returned. In "Pelleas and Ettarre" we see one of the new knights misled by a woman who surpassed Guinevere in faithlessness. Pelleas does not kill his supplanter, Gawain, but he does bring home to the Queen and her lover the havoc their sin is working. "The Last Tournament" sketches the very famous story of Tristram and Iseult—a story similar to that of Lancelot and Guinevere. The husband of Iseult, Mark, who was not admitted to the Table Round, takes revenge by slipping up stealthily on Tristram and murdering him. "Guinevere" shows how sin finally drives the Queen to a nunnery. You should read the speech in "Guinevere" (lines 529-577) in which King Arthur bids her farewell, for it sums up her influence in destroying the Order of the Round Table. In the present idyll we see that destruction accomplished. Evil seems to be victorious, but there is a faint promise that Arthur will return to restore the reign of goodness and virtue.

Questions and Topics

I. The Story

1. Why is Arthur despondent? State definitely what aims of his he has failed to achieve. What details of the scene and of the times are in keeping with his despondency?

2. Do you think of the battle as a series of events or as a picture? Why was not Arthur able, as in previous times, to win a complete victory over his enemies? Why did he feel that he had to give up Excalibur?

3. Why does Bedivere disobey Arthur? Would he have done so earlier? What does Arthur mean in line 289? When does a ruler have authority? How does Bedivere finally make sure that he will obey Arthur?

4. Is there any significance in the fact that Arthur leaves by the sea, as he came? Do you think the conclusion sad or hopeful?

5. In comparing this, the last of the idylls, with the first, "The Coming of Arthur," we may bear certain topics in mind. What is the season of the year in each? Is the season appropriate to the events of each idyll? How does the scene of this idyll differ from the scene of the first? Is each scene appropriate? Do you think the scene after the battle is intended to correspond in any way with "The Coming of Arthur," lines 5-33? Is the part of Gawain here in keeping with his appearance there and in other idylls? Compare the finding of Excalibur with the return of it. What plans had Arthur in the beginning? How does Arthur here explain the failure of his work? What knights had most to do with destroying his kingdom? Is the departure of his barge intended to correspond with his coming on a wave of the sea?

6. Reviewing the idylls that you have read, set down the characters that stand out most clearly in your memory. Which one do you admire most, and why? (In giving your reasons you should cite definite actions from more than one idyll.) Which woman character stands out most distinctly and for what reasons? What combat is most thrilling? What deed is most noble? What event is most pathetic?

7. As idyll means "a little picture," you should expect many scenes to be so vividly presented that you will treasure them in your memory. Select two such scenes from each idyll, and be prepared to read each aloud to the class and explain why you like them best. The class can then vote for the one scene in each idyll that is best.

II. Modern Problems

1. From Tennyson's description of this last battle, do you gather that he thinks of war as heroic or horrible? Collect as many instances as you can from recent wars to show why you think him right or wrong.

2. Sir Bedivere thinks King Arthur wrong in wishing to throw Excalibur into the mere, yet he finally obeys. Collect instances from modern life to show why obedience to officials is necessary.

3. Among Arthur's last words are the famous lines:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Describe to the class (*a*) some social custom or business system that is "yielding place to new," and explain why you think the new better; (*b*) some other institution, (like chivalry) which once served a useful end, but has now disappeared.

4. In this idyll wrong seems to triumph over right, disloyalty over the desire to cleanse the world of evil, yet there is promise of better times in the future. From your observation of life or from your reading of history, do you find reason for agreeing or disagreeing with Tennyson, so far as our own times are concerned?

5. In looking back over the idylls as a whole, what cases do you find of the innocent suffering through no fault of their own? Who is really responsible in each case for the suffering? Can you find cases in your own experience or in that of your parents where disloyalty or envy or hatred has caused the innocent to suffer? Do you know of any community where the members trust each other and bear in mind the good of all? Is the world getting better or worse in this respect?

III. Poetic Elements

Bring to class at least five examples of phrases and lines where the sound echoes the sense and in fact helps to express the sense. You are familiar with this in such words as *hiss, buzz, moan, hum.* Poets often make lines and longer passages strikingly echo the meaning.

In his description of the battle Tennyson very frequently uses words of this kind. For example, the words in italics in the quotation which follows help very much to give a sense of the din of battle:

"And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the *splintering* spear, the *hard mail* hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the *clash* of brands, the *crash*
Of *battle-axes* on *shattered* helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist."

A few lines below he gives a sense of quiet and hush by the mere sound and movement of the verse. The many *s*-sounds have a soothing effect. Note how many *s*'s appear in lines 118-122.

"Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or through death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for that whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell."

Sometimes, as where the thought is melancholy, the poet wishes to make the movement of the lines run very slowly. He is then likely to bring in a good many *o*-sounds, with *l*'s, *m*'s, *n*'s, and *ng*'s among the consonants. Note these lines:

"And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be."

In the passages which you select as containing the most beautiful pictures, you should draw the attention of the class, when you read aloud, to the lines that suggest the idea by the sound or by the rhythm.

Perhaps you will wish to look back over the earlier idylls to see how often Tennyson has used this device before.

INTERESTING BOOKS ABOUT THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

One or more reports should be made to the class on each of these divisions:

I. Tales of Chivalry

Malory, Sir Thomas: *Le Morte D'Arthur.* *Everyman* edition in two volumes. This is easy to read. For the old words there is a glossary at the end of Volume II.
Morte Darthur, Globe edition. The language is a little antiquated, but you will soon get used to it. To get the real flavor of medieval romance, you ought to read Malory himself.

Guest, Lady Charlotte: *Mabinogion. Everyman* edition. This famous volume gives many Welsh tales of the same age as Malory's. The story you will like best (probably) is called "Kilhwch and Olwen." It wanders a good deal, but some passages are so charming you will wish to read them to the class for comparison with Tennyson.

Lanier, Sidney: *The Boy's King Arthur.* The stories are retold in modern English, and illustrated in color. You will have no difficulty in following the many adventures.

Pollard, Alfred W.: *The Romance of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table.* Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Pyle, Howard: *Story of King Arthur and His Knights. Story of Sir Lancelot and His Companions. Story of the Champions of*

the Round Table. Story of the Grail and the Passing of Arthur. These volumes are the most recent retelling of the stories in Malory. They are handsomely illustrated by the author.

Krapp, George Philip: *Tales of True Knights.* These delightful stories are just as old as many of those told by Malory, and the book is illustrated.

II. Medieval Life and Customs

Quennell, Marjorie, and C. H. B.: *A History of Everyday Things in England.* Volume I, 1066-1499; Volume II, 1500-1799. The first volume tells of the age of knighthood. The best way to find what you want is to turn the pages, looking at the title at the top of each and at the illustrations.

Tappan, Eva March: *When Knights Were Bold.* This is not only very interesting but is well illustrated. The first seven chapters are particularly important for Malory and the *Idylls,* but Chapters x and xv are also helpful.

Van Loon, Hendrik: *The Story of Mankind.* You will find Chapters 32-38 very brief but vivid accounts of the way people lived and worked in those far-off days.

III. Poems Dealing with Arthurian Legend

Arnold, Matthew: "Tristram and Iseult." This poem deals with a different branch of the Arthurian story, but it is a very beautiful poem. In reporting on it, you should read some of the passages that picture the medieval knight and castle, or the two Iseults, and so on.

Lowell, James Russell: "The Vision of Sir Launfal." This poem must be familiar to all the class, but some member should show how it differs from Malory and Tennyson.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington: "Lancelot: a Poem." The story begins as Lancelot is about to leave for France, with a conversation between Gawain and Lancelot.

"Merlin: A Poem." The story tells of Merlin's return to Lancelot as Arthur discovers the relations of Lancelot and Guinevere. It is a very interesting poem for comparison with Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien."

Scott, Sir Walter: "The Bridal of Triermain." This poem contains an Arthurian episode in which Merlin appears. The other characters are not to be found in Malory. It is very romantic.

IV. Editions of Tennyson

Poems: The Globe or the Cambridge edition is complete in one volume.

Idylls of the King: Vivien, Elaine, Enid, Guinevere, with sixty original decorations by G. W. Rhead and L. Rhead.

Elaine. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. This old book contains pictures of a style not seen very often in these days.

V. Books about Tennyson and His Work

Huckel, Oliver: *Through England with Tennyson.* Chapters xi-xv deal with the King Arthur country. If you are interested in learning the modern spots supposed to be referred to in the *Idylls of the King,* these chapters will hold your attention for several hours.

Lyall, Alfred: *Tennyson.* This biography in the *English Men of Letters Series* will give all the facts the ordinary reader wishes.

Tennyson, Hallam: *Life of Tennyson.* The two volumes contain many interesting details. You would need a long time to read the two books.

van Dyke, Henry: *The Poetry of Tennyson.* This commentary shows how Tennyson differs from other poets. You might be most interested in the account of the *Idylls.*

Reports

I. **Tales of Chivalry.** In reporting on any books under this heading, you should not attempt to retell the story. You can interest your classmates more by telling just enough to show the kind of story it is. Then pick out a passage you particularly like and read it to the class. You may wish to show how the story differs from Tennyson's *Idylls.* You may in many cases compare the Knight with Lancelot, as to the kind of adventure he meets and to the traits of character he displays. For example, was he as brave, or as courteous?

II. **Medieval Life and Customs.** Here you should select particular topics, as the castles of that time, the armor or the adventures of a knight, the government of towns and of the whole country. You should give enough specific details from the book to make your report interesting to the class. You should also make clear how far these topics appear in the *Idylls.*

III. **Poems Dealing with Arthur.** Your prime purpose here should be to show how the poem differs from the *Idylls.* Besides the notes under each title, observe the following suggestions. Robinson's "Lancelot": 1. How does Robinson bring out the conflict in Lancelot between his love for Guinevere and his spiritual

yearning? 2. How does the period of the Arthurian story covered in this poem differ from the *Idylls*? 3. Are Lancelot and Guinevere more, or less, modern than in Tennyson? Show why you think so by citing particular thoughts and speeches. 4. What was the light that haunted Lancelot? 5. What democratic ideas appear in the poem? Robinson's "Merlin": 1. Are Gawain and Modred different from Tennyson's picture of them? 2. Is there anyone in Tennyson like Lamorak? 3. Why does Merlin leave Vivien? 4. Why, according to the poem, was Camelot to be ruined? 5. Why does Merlin wish to roam over the earth? 6. Compare Robinson's treatment of Arthurian material with Tennyson's.

IV. **Tennyson.** In reading further in Tennyson, perhaps your first interest will be to dip into the other idylls. Or perhaps you will wish to report on some of his shorter poems. Look first at these to see which you like best: "The Dying Swan," "The Miller's Daughter," "Dora," "The Lotos-Eaters," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Locksley Hall," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "The Day Dream," "Break, Break, Break," "Enoch Arden," "The Brook," the songs in *The Princess*, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Revenge," "Crossing the Bar." You should dip into "In Memoriam" to see if you like it. In reporting to the class, you can speak of Tennyson's descriptions, or the beauty of his verse, or any ideas that especially appeal to you.

Particularly interesting will be the following short poems of Tennyson dealing with Arthurian material. If you will think out the answers to the questions, you will enjoy both the poems and the idylls more.

Sir Galahad

You will enjoy this poem about Arthur's purest knight more if you read from the idyll, "The Holy Grail," lines 134-337, 457-539. They tell of how he actually found the Grail. The Grail was fabled to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea, but because of the sinfulness of the times it disappeared. When King Arthur organized the Table Round and cleansed the world, it was thought the Grail might return. In the present poem Sir Galahad gives in each stanza a separate picture from his wanderings.

Questions

1. What stanzas show Galahad in the usual pursuits of chivalry? Even in those does he differ from other knights? In what stanzas do his adventures seem very different from those of other knights? What stanzas give the hope and ambition of Galahad?

2. How does Galahad's ambition differ from Gareth's or Arthur's? Which do you consider the higher? Are there persons in the world today who have a similar ideal or ambition?

3. As a poem, how does this differ from "The Holy Grail"? Why does Tennyson use so much rime here? Which of the pictures is most typical of Sir Galahad?

Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere

Questions

1. Have you ever seen a spring like the one described in the first two stanzas? What parts of the description seem to you the most lovely?

2. In the fourth stanza, why is Guinevere's speed compared to that of fairies?

3. What is there in the last stanza to explain the action of Sir Lancelot in the *Idylls*?

4. Compare this poem with "Guinevere," 376-397. Which do you think the more beautiful?

The Lady of Shalott

The story of this poem resembles that of Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, related at length in "Lancelot and Elaine." It was printed twenty-six years before the idyll was written, and shows how early the Arthurian story had interested Tennyson. You should compare this with the idyll to see the poet's purpose in each.

Questions

1. What notion do you gain from Part I concerning Shalott and the lady who lived there? What is her occupation, and why does she tire of it?

2. Do you feel that Sir Lancelot is handsome enough to make her forget the "curse"? What was the curse?

3. In what way does Tennyson make the autumn weather seem different in Part IV from that in the rest of the poem? Why does he? Why does the Lady wish to go to Camelot?

4. Why is Sir Lancelot interested in her?

5. Which story seems to you more pathetic, that of Elaine or of the Lady of Shalott?

ROMANCE IN MODERN LIFE

AN INTRODUCTION

In reading Tennyson you naturally think of the World of Chivalry as in the distant past. You think of it as a beautiful world, where lovely women and noble knights gather in flowery meads or ride through the green forest. Though sin and suffering enter that world, you see them through a mist that transforms and spiritualizes. You have probably wished you could have lived long ago instead of in the humdrum present.

The first two of the following poems make fun of this way of looking back at the world of chivalry. "Halcyon Days" is an ironic title. The poem points out the seamy side of medieval life when men actually rode about in mail. The poet has been reading historians rather than romancers. He has kept his mind on the facts rather than on the ideals of medieval life. "Miniver Cheevy" shows how futile, and even baneful, love of chivalry may become in an indolent and selfish character. It presents the not uncommon spectacle of a weak pessimist who finds satisfaction in imagining the beauty and delights of olden days. The more he deplores the departing of romance, the more clearly he shows his lack of all manful qualities.

The power of romance in modern life cannot be denied, however. It appeals to young and old. In "Romance" you see how it fills the whole mind of a boy. His imagination is taken captive. In "Old Susan" you see an ignorant old servant or nurse, one whose days are spent in commonplace duties, steal away at night into the pathetic misfortunes of devoted young lovers. Romance to her is an escape from the dull reality of her everyday life.

Romance need not be such an escape. It may be a spirit that guides one to noble deeds. One need not wear armor to be a true knight. "Jim Bludso" and "Flynn of Virginia" tell of men who had never heard of King Arthur. They were not trying to imitate knights of romance. They were merely living up to their own code of conduct, but they acted in as chivalrous a way as did any knight of the Round Table. In "The Wild Ride" this inner spirit that haunts one and drives one on to noble achievement is very beautifully expressed. It is the chief service of romance that it awakens in many minds this chivalric ideal which keeps one from any unworthy action.

HALCYON DAYS

EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON

Ere yet the giants of modern science had
gone a-slumming in smelly slums,
And through the Ghettos and lazarettos
had put in plumbing (and pulled out
plums!);
When wily wizards in inky vizards em-
ployed their talents at homicide,
And poisoned goblets for faithless squab-
lets by knightly gallants were jus-
tified;
When maids were fairest, and baths were
rarest, and thaumaturgy was wrought
by dames;
When courts were rotten and faith forgot-
ten, and none but clergy could write
their names—
When he who flouted the Church, or
doubted, would find his neck fast in
hempen ruff,
And saint and sinner thought eggs for
dinner and beer for breakfast the
proper stuff;
When men were scary of witch and fairy,
of haunted castle, of spook and elf;

2. **lazaretto**, pesthouse. 3. **vizard**, visor. 4. **squablet**, woman. 5. **thaumaturgy**, magic.

When every mixer of cough-elixir was thought a vassal of Nick himself;
When income taxes and prophylaxis and Comic Sections were yet unborn;
When Leagues of Nations and Spring Vacations and Fall Elections were held in scorn—
When all brave fellows would fight duellos with sword and dagger, with lance and mace;
When good men guzzled until, clean fuzzled, they'd reel and stagger about the place;
When pious journeys and justs and tourneys brought high adventure and secret tryst;
When knives were many, but forks not any—'twas fist to trencher, and mouth to fist!—
Oh, men had chances for true romances, for fame and glory, and knightly acts . . .
(And childish quarrels and beastly morals, if song and story would stick to facts!)

11. **prophylaxis**, observance of the rules necessary to preserve health. 13. **duello**, old word for *duel*.

MINIVER CHEEVY*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

17. **Medici**, a powerful Florentine family of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, some members of which were noted for their wickedness.

*From *The Town Down the River;* copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

11. **Thebes**, an ancient city of Egypt. 12. **Priam**, the last king of Troy, killed in the Trojan War. His neighbors were the conquering Greeks. 15. **on the town**, a pauper.

ROMANCE*

W. J. TURNER

When I was but thirteen or so
I went into a golden land;
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand.

My father died, my brother too,
They passed like fleeting dreams;
I stood where Popocatapetl
In the sunlight gleams.

I dimly heard the master's voice
And boys far-off at play—
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away.

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatapetl
The dusty streets did rule.

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say—
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away.

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3. **Chimborazo**, a mountain in Ecuador. **Cotopaxi**, a volcano in Ecuador. 7. **Popocatapetl**, a volcano in Mexico.

I gazed entranced upon his face
  Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatapetl
  It was thy magic hour.

The houses, people, traffic seemed
  Thin fading dreams by day;
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi,
  They had stolen my soul away!

OLD SUSAN

WALTER DE LA MARE

When Susan's work was done, she'd sit
With one fat guttering candle lit,
And window opened wide to win
The sweet night air to enter in;
There, with a thumb to keep her place,
She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,
Her mild eyes gliding very slow
Across the letters to and fro,
While wagged the guttering candle flame
In the wind that through the window came.
And sometimes in the silence she
Would mumble a sentence audibly,
Or shake her head as if to say,
"You silly souls, to act this way!"
And never a sound from night I'd hear,
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
Another page; and rapt and stern,
Through her great glasses bent on me
She'd glance into reality;
And shake her round old silvery head,
With, "You! I thought you was in bed!"—
Only to tilt her book again,
And rooted in Romance remain.

JIM BLUDSO*

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

JOHN HAY

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
  The night of the Prairie Belle?

He war'n't no saint—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
  And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle again the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
  And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
  But Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
  The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clar'd the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
  For the willer-bank on the right.
Thar was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yelled out,
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle again the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He warn't no saint—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

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FLYNN OF VIRGINIA

BRET HARTE

Didn't know Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
  Long as he's been 'yar?
  Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar hev you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn—
  Working together,
  In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
  Well, that is queer.
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn—
  Tom, with his cheer;
  Tom, without fear—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
  Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
  Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
  I heard him call:
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."
And that was all
  Heard in the din,
  Heard of Tom Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia.

That lets me out,
  Here in the damp—
Out of the sun—
  That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there—I'm done.

But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn—
Flynn of Virginia—
  Just you chip in,
  Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

THE WILD RIDE

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back! But alert to the saddle,
Weatherworn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall or entice us—
What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam;
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty;
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with The troopers that follow.

9. Knights of the Grail. See "Explanatory Notes," lines 6-17, page 102.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Halcyon Days. 1. What crimes are found in the medieval world? What unhealthy features of life are mentioned? What evidences of superstition in that age are referred to? What manners and customs of long ago are satirized? What undesirable features of modern life are ridiculed?

2. This poem alludes to *facts* which historians have discovered about daily life in the age of chivalry. Do facts always give a true picture? Do you think that Tennyson or Robinson is nearer the *truth*? Try to think this out by writing two accounts of your school, one trying to give its ideals and the other emphasizing its unpleasant features. If this is too hard, try to write about yourself in this way.

3. The poem is a very remarkable example of rime. (See "Poetic Elements," p. 43). The end-rimes, as *slums* and *plums*, are skillful, but the mastery is shown in the interior rime, as *giants* and *science*. In which lines does this hidden riming please you most? You will also find a good deal of alliteration, as *wily wizards*. In what lines is the alliteration most effective? What is the general effect of the riming and alliteration: solemn, commonplace, light, rich, gay, sardonic? Do you think Robinson or Tennyson the more skillful in employing these elements of poetry? In your reply point out passages in Tennyson for comparison.

Miniver Cheevy. 1. Why is Miniver called a "child of scorn"? Is he industrious or indolent? Is he happy or pessimistic? What beauty did he find in the age of chivalry? Did he admire it for the same reasons you do? Be specific. What other periods in the past did he admire and why?

2. Has his acquaintance with periods of romance done Miniver any good? Why? Does reading Tennyson make you impatient with life about you, or does it give you higher notions of how to act in the world today? Point out particular parts of Tennyson to support your statements.

3. Both "Miniver Cheevy" and "Halcyon Days" are very critical of romance. For what does each criticize it? Do you think the criticism is just? Does poetry give you a false notion of the past? Does the reading of romance make one discontented and averse to work? Be very specific in your illustrations.

4. How does the riming in this poem differ from that in the preceding? In which does the diction fit the thought more closely? Make comparison of specific expressions.

Romance and *Old Susan.* 1. What kind of book was the boy reading? What kind was the old nurse reading? What phrases give you the clue in each case? In what way was the effect on the reader the same? Can you relate any similar effect of romance on you? How does this effect differ from the one produced on Miniver Cheevy? What is the reason for the difference?

2. Which of the poems is the more picturesque? Point out particular passages. Point out specific and concrete words in these passages.

Jim Bludso. 1. Who is the inquirer? Who is giving the information? Where does the speaker live? How long ago did the events mentioned in the poem take place? What does the speaker mean by calling Jim "keerless" and "awkward"? In what ways was Jim like a knight of King Arthur? Describe some act of heroism you have heard of in everyday life. What impelled your hero to his act?

2. How does the language of this poem differ from Tennyson's?

Flynn of Virginia. 1. Who is the speaker? What sort of man is he? What does he mean by saying that the lamp makes his eyes run? Are there other indications that the speaker forgets the man to whom he is telling the story while thinking of his comrade's brave death?

2. Rewrite the story as if you were reporting it for a daily paper.

The Wild Ride. 1. What kind of obstacles do these riders overcome? What ordinary objects in human life do they disregard? What purpose guides them? What is the meaning of the hoofs and the neighing which the speaker hears?

2. How does the meter of this poem differ from that of the four preceding poems? How does it resemble that of "Halcyon Days"? Does it produce the same impression as in that poem: solemn, commonplace, light, rich, gay, sardonic? Can you account for the effect of this poem? Pick out the most suggestive words in it.

3. Which of these seven poems seems to you the most significant? Why?

PART II

FINDING NEW WORLDS

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, and the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I myself am good-fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing;
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

—Whitman

Millais

THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH

FINDING NEW WORLDS

AN INTRODUCTION

If you have grown up in the country, you know what exploration is. You know how eager one is to see what is around the bend of the road. You have felt the mystery that surrounds a tree-fringed brook, and have wanted to follow it up to the place where it trickles from among the rocks or down to the point where it sweeps out into the river. You have probably been all the better pleased if you had to break your way through the underbrush. It is exhilarating to imagine that your foot is the first that has ever followed the course of this stream. If you have had to clamber up a steep and rocky ledge past a waterfall, you have glowed with pride as you told about the peril of the ascent and the splash and leap of the water.

This desire to explore the world men have felt from the beginning. For ages, however, it was held in check by fear. People pictured the unknown as occupied by savage tribes or monsters, which made them quite content to stay at home. Before the age of Columbus, sailors thought the waters of the Atlantic Ocean in the regions of the equator boiled. Men thought that much of Africa was a Sahara Desert. It was only when an unusually venturesome mariner went as far south as Cape Verde and found the vegetation green that this belief began to be dissipated. The age of Columbus was a thrilling one, for every few years some marvelous discovery was made. Columbus proved that one could sail straight west to land. Vasco de Gama sailed around the south of Africa to India. Magellan sailed all the way around the world—at least, his ship did. He was killed in the Philippines, but one of his vessels returned to Spain to bear witness to the adventures of the voyage. In that age so many marvels were reported that hardly anything was too wonderful to be believed.

Of course there were other motives for these explorations than the desire to find what the world contained. One of the strongest was the hope of finding a new way to India. The spices and silks and curious luxuries of the East had long been brought across the deserts by caravans. That was rather slow and expensive. Besides, the Spaniards and the Portuguese had no part in this trade because the Italian cities had a monopoly of the commerce in the Mediterranean and the Black Seas. In addition, the Turks, a little later, put such a heavy tax on the caravans that even for the Italians the trade was not very profitable.

The discovery of America, when explorers found that the new continent really was not India, gave a new reason for voyages of discovery and exploration. Cortes in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru brought back to Spain such immense sums of gold that the treasures of the West Indies, as the new regions were called, outshone the splendors of the East Indies. Gold became more highly prized. The prosperous towns of Europe, whose citizens bought the Eastern luxuries, had very little to barter for them. Consequently the rich men had to pay in gold. By the time America was discovered, gold and silver coins were very scarce indeed in Europe. So precious was gold that other nations ascribed the sudden and great growth of Spain to the quantities of the yellow metal which her adventurers sent home from the Americas.

England also had a long list of explorers. Among them was one whose name is especially familiar. Everyone has heard of Sir Walter Raleigh, who spread his rich coat upon the ground that Queen Elizabeth might walk over a muddy patch without soiling her shoes. He desired particularly to check the growth of Spain. He sent out the expedition which discovered the southeastern coast of North America. Twice he tried to colonize that coast in the region which was named Virginia in honor of the virgin queen, Elizabeth.

These attempts failed, partly because the colonists were more interested in finding gold than in cultivating the soil. Raleigh read all the Spanish accounts of South America and became convinced that there was a nation, called Guiana, of untold wealth, in the interior. He tried to find that country in order to make a present of its stores of gold to Elizabeth.

After his return, he published a sketch of it, which is one of the finest accounts of exploration from that adventurous age. It was read wherever people read English and was immediately translated into German. Six translations into Dutch were made, for the Dutch had become even greater merchants than the Spanish. It was even translated into Latin. Our selection will show us how those stout-hearted men more than three hundred years ago went into unknown parts of the world, the hardships that they endured, and the strange native races which they found.

Raleigh's story of his travels is but one of many that were written in that adventurous age. A large number of such stories were collected by Richard Hakluyt and published under the title of *Voyages*. Since Hakluyt was very patriotic, he hoped that by publishing such wonderful tales he would inspire men to add new territories to the British realm. Other men wrote to the same effect. You have read of Captain John Smith, who did so much to establish the first permanent English settlement in America, and of his efforts to persuade men and women to seek homes in this new land. A little later the Pilgrims settled at Plymouth, and from that time England, as well as Spain and France, began to colonize the new world.

The impulse to learn the wonders of the world, to find new regions, to find gold, thus passed into a great movement toward colonization. The process has continued from the sixteenth century to the present time. "Finding New Worlds" thus meant, in effect, filling the earth with cities and farms and homes for men to dwell in.

During the sixteenth century another kind of exploration made great advances. Copernicus, who lived in a Polish village, published in 1543 a new theory of the relation of the earth to the sun. For centuries it had been supposed that the earth was the center of the universe; Copernicus held that the earth was one of a group of planets and that the whole system revolved about the sun. With the invention of the telescope, a few years later, Galileo, the great Italian astronomer, confirmed the theories of Copernicus and laid the foundations for a series of discoveries as wonderful as those made by the explorers of lands beyond the sea. At about the same time, also, men began to study animals and plants, to explore the wonders of the human body, and to turn their attention to the study of nature in an effort to make nature serve man. The great scientific movement out of which has grown man's mastery of the physical forces of nature dates from this time of exploration and discovery.

"Finding New Worlds," therefore, includes any expansion of men's interests beyond their ordinary pursuits. It means broader horizons. Whether it brings one to the first sight of a new continent, makes a path across an untraveled sea, sends the thought of man across the infinite spaces of the heavens; or whether it explores the wonder of a flower, or finds a way by which a desert may become a fertile land in which men may dwell, or develops a giant industry, the impulse is the same. Thus to the ideals of conduct and service and loyalty that the Age of Chivalry supplied to the modern man we add that great hunger for discovery and invention characteristic of Raleigh's period, but a powerful motive in modern life as well.

From THE DISCOVERY OF GUIANA

Sir Walter Raleigh

I. THE HISTORY OF GUIANA

On Thursday, the sixth of February, in the year 1595, we departed England. We arrived at Trinidad the twenty-second of March, casting anchor at Point Curiapan. I sent Captain Whiddon the year before to get what knowledge he could of Guiana, and the end of my journey at this time was to discover and enter the same. My intelligence was far from truth, for the country is situated above six hundred English miles farther from the sea than I was made believe it had been, which afterwards understanding to be true by Berreo, I kept it from the knowledge of my company, who else would never have been brought to attempt the same. Of these six hundred miles I passed four hundred, leaving my ships so far from me at anchor in the sea, which was more of desire to perform that discovery than of reason, especially having such poor and weak vessels to transport ourselves in. In a galley, and in one barge, two wherries, and a ship's boat of the *Lion's Whelp*, we carried one hundred persons and their victuals for a month, being all driven to lie in the rain and weather in the open air, in the burning sun, and upon the hard boards, and to dress our meat and to carry all manner of furniture in them. Consequently they were so pestered and unsavory that what with victuals being mostly fish, with the wet clothes of so many men thrust together, and the heat of the sun, I will undertake there was never any prison in England more unsavory and loathsome, especially to myself, who had for many years before been dieted and cared for in a sort far differing.

If Captain Preston had not been persuaded that he should have come too late to Trinidad to have found us there—for the month was expired which I promised to tarry for him there—but that it had pleased God he might have joined with us, and that we had entered the country but some ten days sooner, ere the rivers were overflowed, we had adventured either to have gone to the great city of Manoa, or at least taken so many of the other cities and towns nearer at hand as would have made a royal return. But it pleased not God so much to favor me at this time; if it shall be my lot to prosecute the same, I shall willingly spend my life therein. If any else shall conquer the same, I assure him he shall perform more than ever was done in Mexico by Cortes, or in Peru by Pizarro, whereof the one conquered the Empire of Montezuma, the other of Huascar and Atahualpa. Whatsoever prince shall possess it, that prince shall be lord of more gold and of a more beautiful empire, and of more cities and people, than either the King of Spain or the great Turk.

The Empire of Guiana is directly east from Peru toward the sea, and

Title. **Discovery**, exploration. 5. **Point Curiapan**, the southwestern point, which helps to form the Serpent's Mouth. See map, page 118. 15. **Berreo**, the Spanish governor of Trinidad, whom Raleigh took prisoner. 19. **four hundred.** Raleigh actually covered about 125 miles. 44. **Captain Preston**, with another ship, was to have accompanied Raleigh. 55. **Manoa**, a fabled city supposed to be west of the region shown in the map on page 118. 64. **Cortes**, Hernando (1485-1547), Spanish conqueror of Mexico. The Mexican Emperor was Montezuma (1480-1520). 65. **Peru.** At this time the name included (roughly) what is now Peru, Chile, Bolivia, and Ecuador. **Pizarro**, Francisco (1471-1541), Spanish conqueror of Peru, two rulers of which were Huascar and Atahualpa. 72. **great Turk**, the Sultan.

lieth under the equinoctial line. It hath more abundance of gold than any part of Peru, and as many or more great cities than ever Peru had when it flourished most. It is governed by the same laws, and the Emperor and people observe the same religion and the same form and policies in government as were used in Peru. As I have been assured by such Spaniards as have seen Manoa, the imperial city of Guiana, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, that for the greatness, for the riches, and for the excellent seat, it far exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation. It is founded upon a lake of salt water of two hundred leagues long, like unto *Mare Caspiu.* And if we compare it to that of Peru, and but read the report of Francisco Lopez and others, it will seem more than credible. Because we may judge of the one by the other, I thought good to insert part of the one hundred twentieth chapter of Lopez, in his *General History of the Indies*, wherein he describeth the court and magnificence of Huaina Capac, ancestor to the Emperor of Guiana:

All the vessels of his home, table, and kitchen were of gold and silver; and the meanest, of silver and copper for strength and hardness of the metal. He had in his wardrobe hollow statues of gold which seemed giants, and the figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs that the earth bringeth forth, and of all the fishes that the sea or waters of his kingdom breedeth. He had also ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold and silver, heaps of billets of gold, that seemed wood marked out to burn. Finally, there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold. Yea, and they say the Incas had a garden of pleasure in an island near Puná, where they went to recreate themselves when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kinds of garden herbs, flowers, and trees of gold and silver, an invention and magnificence till then never seen. Besides all this, he had an infinite quantity of silver and gold unwrought in Cuzco, which was lost by the death of Huascar, for the Indians hid it, seeing that the Spaniards took it and sent it into Spain.

Now, although these reports may seem strange, yet if we consider the many millions which are daily brought out of Peru into Spain, we may easily believe the same, for we find that by the abundant treasure of that country the Spanish King vexeth all the princes of Europe, and is become in a few years, from a poor king of Castille, the greatest monarch of this part of the world, and likely every day to increase if other princes suffer him to add this empire to the rest, which by far exceedeth all the rest. If his gold now endanger us, he will then be unresistible. Such of the Spaniards as afterwards endeavored the conquest thereof—whereof there have been many, as shall be declared hereafter—thought that this Inca—of whom this Emperor now living is descended—took his way by the River Amazon; for by that way followed Orellana—by the commandment of the Marquis Pizarro in the year 1542—whose name the river also beareth this day, which is also by others called Marañon. It was also attempted by Diego de Ordaz. It is now little less than seventy years since that Ordaz, a knight of the order of Santiago, attempted the same. It was in the year 1542 that Orellana discovered the River Amazon; but the first that ever

18. **El Dorado**, the golden. 20. **Mare Caspiu**, the Caspian Sea. 27. **Lopez de Gomara**, Francisco (1510-c. 1559), secretary to Cortes. 29. **Huaina Capac**, ruler of Peru before Pizarro conquered it. His two sons were Huascar and Atahualpa.

47. **Puná**, an island of Ecuador. 54. **Cuzco**, capital of the empire of the Incas. 66. **Castille**, then a small separate kingdom, now part of Spain. 80. **Orellana**, Francisco de (c.1500-1549), first explorer of the Amazon. 84. **Marañon**, the upper Amazon is still so called. 87. **Ordaz** (c.1480-1553), Spanish explorer, who spread the El Dorado myth.

saw Manoa was Juan Martinez, master of the munition to Ordaz. At a port called Morequito, in Guiana, there lieth at this day a great anchor of Ordaz's ship, and this port is some three hundred miles within the land, upon the great River Orinoco. I rested at this port four days, twenty days after I left the ships at Curiapan.

Upon the River Amazon Thevet writeth that the people wear croissants of gold, for of that form the Guianians most commonly make them. From Dominica to Amazon, which is above two hundred fifty leagues, all the chief Indians in all parts wear of those plates of Guiana. Undoubtedly those that trade with the Amazons return much gold, which, as is aforesaid, cometh by trade from Guiana, by some branch of a river that falleth from the country into the Amazon, and either it is by the river which passeth by the nations called Tisnados, or by Carepuna. I made inquiries amongst the most ancient and best traveled of the Orinocoponi, and I had knowledge of all the rivers between Orinoco and Amazon, and was very desirous to understand the truth of those warlike women, because of some it is believed, of others not. Though I digress from my purpose, yet I will set down what hath been delivered me for truth of those women. I spoke with a cacique, or lord of people, that told me he had been in the river, and beyond it also. The nations of these women are on the south side of the river, in the provinces of Topago, and their chiefest strengths and retreats are in the islands situated on the south side of the entrance, some sixty leagues within the mouth of the said river. The memories of the like women are very ancient as well in Africa as in Asia; in Africa those that had Medusa for queen, others in Scythia, near the rivers of Tanais and Thermadon. We find also that Lampedo and Marthesia were Queens of the Amazons. In many histories they are verified to have been, and in divers ages and provinces. They which are not far from Guiana do meet men but once in a year, and for the time of one month, which I gather by their relation to be in April. At that time all the Kings of the borders assemble, and the Queens of the Amazons. This one month they feast, dance, and drink of their wines in abundance, and the moon being done, they all depart to their own provinces.

II. THE VOYAGE UP THE RIVER

After I had learned of Berreo's proceedings past and purposed, I told him that I had resolved to see Guiana, and that it was the end of my journey, and the cause of my coming to Trinidad, as it was indeed (and for that purpose I sent James Whiddon the year before to get intelligence, with whom Berreo himself had speech at that time, and remembered how inquisitive James Whiddon was of his proceedings, and of the country of Guiana). Berreo was stricken into a great melancholy and sadness, and used all the arguments he could to dissuade me, and also assured the gentlemen of my company that it would be labor lost, and that they should suffer many miseries if they proceeded. First, he delivered that I could not enter any of the rivers with any bark or pinnace, nor hardly with any ship's boat, it was so low, sandy, and full of flats, and that his companions were daily grounded in their canoes, which drew but twelve inches

3. **Morequito**, a native settlement, where the River Caroni enters the Orinoco. It is only 170 miles from the sea. 10. **Thevet**, a French traveler. 11. **croissants**, crescents. 14. **Dominica**, an island of the West Indies. 24. **Tisnados**, south of the region shown in the map on page 118. 31. **of**, by.

MAP SHOWING RALEIGH'S JOURNEY

water. He further said that none of the country would come to speak with us, but would all fly, and if we followed them to their dwellings they would burn their own towns, and besides that, the way was long, the winter at hand, and that the rivers beginning once to swell, it was impossible to stem the current, and that we could not in those small boats by any means carry victuals for half the time; and that—which indeed most discouraged my company—the kings and lords of all the borders and of Guiana had decreed that none of them should trade with any Christian for gold, because the same would be their own overthrow, and that for the love of gold the Christians meant to conquer and dispossess them of all together.

Many and the most of these I found to be true, but yet I, resolving to make trial of all whatsoever happened, directed Captain George Gifford, my Vice-admiral, to take the *Lion's Whelp*, and Captain Calfield his bark, to turn to the eastward, against the breeze what they could possible, to recover the mouth of a river called Capuri. This entrance I had before sent Captain Whiddon and John Douglas, the master, to discover, who found some nine foot water or better upon the flood, and five at low water. To them I had given instructions that they should anchor at the edge of the shoal, and upon the best of the flood to thrust over, which shoal John Douglas buoyed and beckoned for them before. But they labored in vain, for neither could they turn it up altogether so far to the east, neither did the flood continue so long, but the water fell ere they could have passed the sands, as we after found by a second experience. So as now we must either give over our enterprise, or leaving our ships at adventure four hundred miles behind us, run up in our ship's boats, one barge, and two wherries. But, being doubtful how to carry victuals for so long a time in such baubles, or any strength of men, especially for that Berreo assured us that his son must be by that time come down with many soldiers, I sent away one King, master of the *Lion's Whelp*, with his ship's

40. **beckoned**, placed a beacon upon the buoy.

boat, to try another branch of a river in the bottom of the Bay of Guanipa, which was called Amana, to prove if there were water to be found for either of the small ships to enter. But when he came to the mouth of Amana, he found it as the rest, but stayed not to discover it thoroughly, because he was assured by an Indian, his guide, that the cannibals of Guanipa would assail them with many canoes, and that they shot poisoned arrows, so as if he hasted not back they should all be lost.

In the meantime, fearing the worst, I caused the carpenters to cut down a gallego boat, and to fit her with banks to row on, and in all things to prepare her the best they could, so as she might be brought to draw but five foot, for so much we had on the bar of Capuri at low water. And doubting of King's return, I sent John Douglas again in my long barge, as well to relieve him as also to make a perfect search in the bottom of that bay, for it hath been held for infallible that whatsoever ship or boat shall fall therein can never disembark again by reason of the violent current which setteth into the said bay, as also for that the breeze and easterly wind bloweth directly into the same.

I sent with John Douglas an old cacique of Trinidad for a pilot, who told us that we could not return again by the bay or gulf, but that he knew a by-branch which ran within the land to the eastward, and that he thought by it we might fall into Capuri, and so return in four days. John Douglas searched those rivers and found four goodly entrances, whereof the least was as big as the Thames at Woolwich, but in the bay thitherward it was shoal and but six-foot water, so as we were now without hope of any ship or bark to pass over. Therefore we resolved to go on with the boats, and the bottom of the gallego, in which we thrust sixty men; in the *Lion's Whelp's* boat and wherry we carried twenty. Captain Calfield, in his wherry, carried ten more, and in my barge another ten, which made up a hundred. We had no other means but to carry victuals for a month in the same, and also to lodge therein as we could, and to boil and dress our meat. Captain Gifford had with him Master Edward Porter, Captain Eynos, and eight more in his wherry, with all their victuals, weapons, and provisions. Captain Calfield had with him my cousin Butshead Gorges, and eight more. In the galley, of gentlemen and officers myself had Captain Thyn, my cousin John Greenville, my nephew John Gilbert, Captain Whiddon, Captain Keymis, Edward Hancock, Captain Clarke, Lieutenant Hewes, Thomas Upton, Captain Facy, Jerome Ferrar, Anthony Wells, William Connock, and about fifty more.

We could not learn of Berreo any other way to enter but in branches so far to the windward as it was impossible for us to recover. for we had as much sea to cross over in our wherries as between Dover and Calais, and in a great billow, the wind and current being both very strong, so as we were driven to go in those small boats directly before the wind into the bottom of the Bay of Guanipa, and from thence to enter the mouth of some one of those rivers which John Douglas had last discovered. We had with us for pilot an Indian of Barema, a river to the south of Orinoco, between that and the Amazon, whose canoes we had formerly taken as he was going from the said Barema, laden with cassava bread to sell at Margarita.

45. **Woolwich**, now part of London, then a city south-east of London, and so, nearer the mouth of the Thames.

80. **between Dover and Calais**, about twenty-seven miles. 94. **Margarita**, an island in the West Indies.

This Arwacan promised to bring me into the great River Orinoco, but indeed of that which we entered he was utterly ignorant, for he had not seen it in twelve years before, at which time he was very young, and of no judgment. If God had not sent us another help, we might have wandered a whole year in that labyrinth of rivers, ere we had found any way, either out or in, especially after we were past the ebbing and flowing, which was in four days. For I know all the earth doth not yield the like confluence of streams and branches, the one crossing the other so many times, and all so fair and large, and so like one to another, as no man can tell which to take. If we went by the sun or compass, hoping thereby to go directly one way or other, yet that way we were also carried in a circle amongst multitudes of islands, and every island so bordered with high trees, as no man could see any farther than the breadth of the river or length of the breach.

But thus it chanced that entering into a river—which because it had no name we called the River of the Red Cross, ourselves being the first Christians that ever came therein—the twenty-second of May, as we were rowing up the same, we espied a small canoe with three Indians, which, by the swiftness of my barge, rowing with eight oars, I overtook ere they could cross the river. The rest of the people on the banks, shadowed under the thick wood, gazed on with a doubtful conceit what might befall those three which we had taken. But when they perceived that we offered them no violence, neither entered their canoe with any of ours, nor took out of the canoe any of theirs, they then began to show themselves on the bank's side, and offered to traffic with us for such things as they had, and as we drew near they all stayed, and we came with our barge to the mouth of a little creek, which came from their town into the great river.

As we abode there a while, our Indian pilot, called Ferdinando, would needs go ashore to their village to fetch some fruits, and to drink of their artificial wines, and also to see the place, and to know the lord of it against another time, and took with him a brother of his which he had with him in the journey. When they came to the village of these people, the lord of the island offered to lay hands on them, purposing to have slain them both, yielding for reason that this Indian of ours had brought a strange nation into their territory to spoil and destroy them. But the pilot, being quick and of a disposed body, slipped their fingers, and ran into the woods, and his brother being the better footman of the two, recovered the creek's mouth, where we stayed in our barge, crying out that his brother was slain. With that we set hands on one of them that was next us, a very old man, and brought him into the barge, assuring him that if we had not our pilot again, we would presently cut off his head. This old man, being resolved that he should pay the loss of the other, cried out to those in the woods to save Ferdinando, our pilot. But they followed him notwithstanding, and hunted after him upon the foot with their deer dogs, and with so main a cry that all the woods echoed with the shout they made. At last this poor chased Indian recovered the river side, and got upon a tree, and as we were coasting, leaped down and swam to the barge, half dead with fear. Our good hap was that we kept the other old Indian, which we handfasted to redeem our pilot withal, for, being

30. **River of the Red Cross**, Manamo. 41. **conceit**, thought. 45, 46. **ours, theirs**, men.

natural of those rivers, we assured ourselves he knew the way better than any stranger could. Indeed, but for this chance I think we had never found the way either to Guiana or back to our ships; for Ferdinando, after a few days, knew nothing at all, nor which way to turn; yea, and many times the old man himself was in great doubt which river to take. Those people which dwell in these broken islands and drowned lands are generally called Tivitivas; there are of them two sorts, the one called Ciawani, and the other Waraweete.

The great river of the Orinoco, or Baraquan, hath nine branches, which fall out on the north side of his own main mouth; on the south side it hath seven other fallings into the sea, so it disembogueth by sixteen arms in all, between islands and broken ground, but the islands are very great, many of them as big as the Isle of Wight and bigger, and many less. From the first branch on the north to the last of the south it is at least a hundred leagues, so as the river's mouth is no less than three hundred miles wide at its entrance into the sea, which I take to be far bigger than that of the Amazon. All those that inhabit in the mouth of this river upon the several north branches are these Tivitivas, of which there are two chief lords, which have continual wars one with the other. The islands which lie on the right hand are called Pallamos, and the land on the left Hororotomaka, and the river by which John Douglas returned within the land from Amana to Capuri, they call Macuri.

These Tivitivas are a very goodly people and very valiant, and have the most manly speech and most deliberate that ever I heard, of what nation soever. In the summer they have houses on the ground, as in other places; in the winter they dwell upon the trees, where they build very artificial towns and villages, as it is written in the Spanish story of the West Indies, that those people do in the low lands near the Gulf of Uraba; for between May and September the River of the Orinoco riseth thirty foot upright, and then are those islands overflowed twenty foot high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them; and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner. They never eat of anything that is set or sown, and as at home they use no planting, so when they come abroad they refuse to feed of aught but of that which Nature without labor bringeth forth. They use the tops of palmettos for bread, and kill deer, fish, and pork for the rest of their sustenance; they have also many sorts of fruits that grow in the woods, and great variety of birds and fowl. And if to speak of them were not tedious and vulgar, surely we saw in those passages of very rare colors and forms, not elsewhere to be found, forasmuch as I have either seen or read.

Of these people, those that dwell upon the branches of the Orinoco called Capuri and Macureo are for the most part carpenters of canoes, for they make the most and fairest canoes and sell them into Guiana for gold, and into Trinidad for tobacco, in the excessive taking whereof they exceed all nations; and notwithstanding the moistness of the air in which they live, the hardness of their diet, and the great labors they suffer to hunt, fish, and fowl for their living, in all my life, either in the Indies or in Europe, did I never behold a more goodly or better favored people, or a more manly.

After we departed from the port of these Ciawani we passed up the river

1. natural, native.

54. Gulf of Uraba, in Colombia. 74. in those, among them. 75. passages, birds.

with the flood, and anchored the ebb, and in this sort we went onward. The third day that we entered the river our galley came on ground, and stuck so fast as we thought that even there our discovery had ended, and that we must have left sixty of our men to have inhabited like rooks upon trees with those nations; but the next morning, after we had cast out all her ballast, with tugging and hauling to and fro, we got her afloat, and went on. At four days' end we fell into a river called the great Amana, which ran more directly without windings and turnings than the other. But soon after, the flood of the sea left us, and we were enforced either by main strength to row against a violent current, or to return as wise as we went out; we had then no shift but to persuade the companies that it was but two or three days' work, and therefore desired them to take pains, every gentleman and others taking their turns to row, and to spell one the other at the oar's end. Every day we passed by goodly branches of rivers, some falling from the west, others from the east, into Amana, but those I leave to the description in the chart of discovery, where every one shall be named, with his rising and descent. When three days more were overgone, our companies began to despair, the weather being extremely hot, the river bordered with very high trees that kept away the air, and the current against us every day stronger than other. But we evermore commanded our pilots to promise an end the next day, and used it so long as we were driven to assure them from four reaches of the river to three, and so to two, and so to the next reach. But so long we labored as many days were spent, and so driven to draw ourselves to harder allowance, our bread even at the last, and no drink at all; and our men and ourselves so wearied and scorched, and doubtful withal whether we should ever perform it or no, the heat increasing as we drew toward the line; for we were now in five degrees.

The farther we went on—our victuals decreasing and the air breeding great faintness—we grew weaker and weaker when we had most need of strength and ability, for hourly the river ran more violently than other against us, and the barge, wherries, and ship's boat of Captain Gifford and Captain Calfield had spent all their provisions, so as we were brought into despair and discomfort, had we not persuaded all the company that it was but only one day's work more to attain the land where we should be relieved of all we wanted, and if we returned that we were sure to starve by the way, and that the world would also laugh us to scorn. On the banks of these rivers were divers sorts of fruits good to eat, flowers and trees of that variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of herbals; we relieved ourselves many times with the fruits of the country, and sometimes with fowl and fish; we saw birds of all colors, some carnation, some crimson, orange tawny, purple, green, watchet, and of all other sorts both simple and mixed, as it was unto us a great good passing of the time to behold them, besides the relief we found by killing some store of them with our fowling pieces, without which, having little or no bread and less drink, but only the thick and troubled water of the river, we had been in a very hard case.

Our old pilot of the Ciawani—whom, as I said before, we took to redeem Ferdinando—told us that if we would enter a branch of a river on the right

44. **reach**, bend in the river.

55. **five degrees.** Raleigh was actually about 9 degrees north of the equator. 69. **relieved . . . wanted**, supplied with all we lacked. 80. **birds**, chiefly macaws, parrots, curassows, and tree ducks. 82. **watchet**, light blue.

hand with our barge and wherries, and leave the galley at anchor the while in the great river, he would bring us to a town of the Arwacas where we should find store of bread, hens, fish, and of the country wine, and persuaded us that departing from the galley at noon, we might return ere night. I was very glad to hear this speech, and presently took my barge, with eight musketeers, Captain Gifford's wherry with himself and four musketeers, and Captain Calfield with his wherry and as many, and so we entered the mouth of this river, and because we were persuaded that it was so near, we took no victuals with us at all. When we had rowed three hours we marveled we saw no sign of any dwelling, and asked the pilot where the town was; he told us a little farther. After three hours' more, the sun being almost set, we began to suspect that he led us that way to betray us, for he confessed that those Spaniards which fled from Trinidad, and also those that remained with Carapana in Emeria, were joined together in some village upon that river. But when it grew toward night, and we demanding where the place was, he told us but four reaches more. When we had rowed four and four, we saw no sign, and our poor watermen, heartbroken and tired, were ready to give up the ghost; for we had now come from the galley near forty miles.

At the last we determined to hang the pilot, and if we had well known the way back again by night, he had surely gone, but our own necessities pleaded sufficiently for his safety; for it was as dark as pitch, and the river began so to narrow itself, and the trees to hang over from side to side, as we were driven with arming swords to cut a passage through those branches that covered the water. We were very desirous to find this town, hoping of a feast, because we made but a short breakfast aboard the galley in the morning, and it was now eight o'clock at night, and our stomachs began to gnaw apace; but whether it was best to return or go on, we began to doubt, suspecting treason in the pilot more and more. But the poor old Indian ever assured us that it was but a little farther, and but this one turning, and that turning. At last about one o'clock after midnight we saw a light, and rowing toward it, we heard the dogs of the village. When we landed we found few people, for the lord of that place was gone with divers canoes above four hundred miles off, upon a journey toward the head of the Orinoco to trade for gold. In his house we had good store of bread, fish, hens, and Indian drink, and so rested that night; and in the morning, after we had traded with such of his people as came down, we returned toward our galley, and brought with us a quantity of bread, fish, and hens.

On both sides of this river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld; and whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labor in the world so made of purpose; and still as we rowed, the deer came down feeding by the water side, as if they had been used to a keeper's call. Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts; we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvelous bigness; but for lagartos it exceeded, for there were thousands of those ugly serpents, and the people call it, for the abundance of them, the river of lagartos in their language. I had a

27. **Carapana**, a native ruler.

92. **lagartos**, alligators and caymans.

negro, a very proper young fellow, who leaping out of the galley to swim in the mouth of this river, was in all our sights taken and devoured by one of those lagartos. In the meanwhile our companies in the galley thought we had been all lost (for we promised to return before night), and sent the *Lion's Whelp's* ship's boat with Captain Whiddon to follow us up the river; but the next day after we had rowed up and down some four-score miles we returned, and went on our way up the great river. When we were even at the last cast for want of victuals, Captain Gifford being before the galley and the rest of the boats, seeking out some place to land upon the banks to make fire, espied four canoes coming down the river, and with no small joy caused his men to try the uttermost of their strength. After a while two of the four gave over, and ran themselves ashore, every man betaking himself to the fastness of the woods; the two other lesser got away, while he landed to lay hold of these, and so turned into some by-creek, we knew not whither. Those canoes that were taken were laden with bread, and were bound for Margarita in the West Indies, which those Indians—called Arwacas—purposed to carry thither for exchange. But in the lesser there were three Spaniards, who having heard of the defeat of their governor in Trinidad, and that we purposed to enter Guiana, came away in those canoes. One of them was a cavallero, as the captain of the Arwacas after told us, another a soldier, and the third a refiner.

In the meantime, nothing on the earth could have been more welcome to us next unto gold than the great store of very excellent bread which we found in these canoes, for now our men cried, "Let us go on, we care not how far." After that Captain Gifford had brought the two canoes to the galley, I took my barge and went to the bank side with a dozen shot, where the canoes first ran themselves ashore, and landed there, sending out Captain Gifford and Captain Thyn on one hand, and Captain Calfield on the other, to follow those that were fled into the woods, and as I was creeping through the bushes, I saw an Indian basket hidden, which was the refiner's basket, for I found in it his quicksilver, saltpeter, and divers things for the trial of metals, and also the dust of such ore as he had refined; but in those canoes which escaped there was a good quantity of ore and gold. I then landed more men, and offered £500 to what soldier soever could take one of those three Spaniards that we thought were landed. But our labors were in vain in that behalf, for they put themselves into one of the small canoes, and so while the greater canoes were in taking, they escaped.

Seeking after the Spaniards, we found the Arwacas hidden in the woods which were pilots for the Spaniards, and rowed their canoes; of which I kept the chiefest for a pilot, and carried him with me to Guiana, by whom I understood where and in what countries the Spaniards had labored for gold. I made not the same known to all, for when the springs began to break, and the rivers to raise themselves so suddenly as by no means we could abide the digging of any mine (especially for that the richest are defended with rocks of hard stone, which we call the white spar, and that it required both time, men, and instruments fit for such a work), I thought it best not to hover thereabouts. For if the same had been perceived by the company, there would have been by this time many barks and ships set

15. **cast**, extremity. 31. **bread**, cassava or tapioca. 40. **cavallero**, cavalryman. 42. **refiner**, one who extracts the pure gold from the ore.

out, and perchance other nations would also have gotten of ours for pilots, so as both ourselves might have been prevented, and all our care taken for good usage of the people been utterly lost by those that only respect present profit, and such violence or insolence offered as the nations which are borderers would have changed their desire of our love and defense into hatred and violence.

This Arwacan pilot, with the rest, feared that we would have eaten them, or otherwise have put them to some cruel death, for the Spaniards, to the end that none of the people in the passage toward Guiana or in Guiana itself might come to speech with us, persuaded all the nations that we were men-eaters and cannibals; but when the poor men and women had seen us, and that we gave them meat, and to everyone something or other, which was rare and strange to them, they began to conceive the deceit and purpose of the Spaniards.

After we had taken in this supply of bread, with divers baskets of roots, which were excellent meat, I gave one of the canoes to the Arwacas, which belonged to the Spaniards that were escaped. When I had dismissed all but the captain (who by the Spaniards was christened Martin), I sent back in the same canoe the old Ciawani, and Ferdinando, my first pilot, and gave them both such things as they desired, with sufficient victuals to carry them back, and by them wrote a letter to the ships, which they promised to deliver, and performed it, and then I went on with my new hired pilot, Martin the Arwacan.

The fifteenth day we discovered afar off the mountains of Guiana to our great joy, and toward the evening had a slant of a northerly wind that blew very strong, which brought us in sight of the great River of the Orinoco, out of which this river descended wherein we were. We descried afar off three other canoes as far as we could discern them, after whom we hastened with our barge and wherries, but two of them passed out of sight, and the third entered up the great river, on the right hand to the westward, and there stayed out of sight. They thought that we meant to take the way eastward toward the province of Carapana, for that way the Spaniards keep, not daring to go upwards to Guiana, the people in those parts being all their enemies, and those in the canoes thought us to have been those Spaniards that were fled from Trinidad, and had escaped killing. When we came so far down as the opening of that branch into which they slipped, being near them with our barge and wherries, we made after them, and ere they could land, came within call, and by our interpreter told them what we were, wherewith they came back willingly aboard us. Of such fish and tortugas' eggs as they had gathered, they gave us, and promised in the morning to bring the lord of that part with them, and to do us all other services they could.

III. NATIVE CHIEFTAINS

That night we came to an anchor at the parting of three goodly rivers; the one was the River of Amana, by which we came from the north, and ran athwart toward the south, the other two were of the Orinoco, which crossed from the west and ran to the sea toward the east, and landed upon a fair sand, where we found thousands

28. **roots**, yams and sweet potatoes. 29. **meat**, food. 45. **mountains of Guiana**, probably the Piacoa and the Imataca Mountains.

76. **tortugas**, turtles. 82. **parting of three goodly rivers**, near Barrancos, opposite the Island Tortola, past which two branches of the main stream of the Orinoco flow.

ALONG A BRANCH OF THE ORINOCO

of tortugas' eggs, which are very wholesome meat, and greatly restoring, so as our men were now well filled and highly contented both with the fare and nearness of the land of Guiana, which appeared in sight. In the morning there came down according to promise the lord of that border, called Toparimaca, with some thirty or forty followers, and brought us divers sorts of fruits, and of his wine, bread, fish, and flesh, whom we also feasted as we could. At least he drank good Spanish wine, whereof we had a small quantity in bottles. I conferred with this Toparimaca of the next way to Guiana, who conducted our galley and boats to his own port, and carried us from thence some mile and a half to his town, where some of our captains caroused of his wine, for it is very strong with pepper, and the juice of divers herbs and fruits.

The next day we hastened thence, and having an easterly wind to help us, we spared our arms from rowing; for after we entered the Orinoco, the river lieth for the most part east and west, even from the sea unto Quito in Peru. This river is navigable with ships little less than one thousand miles, and from the place where we entered it, may be sailed up in small pinnaces to many of the best parts of Nuevo Reyno de Granada, and of Popayan; and from no place may the cities of these parts of the Indies be so easily taken and invaded as from hence. All that day we sailed up a branch of that river, having on the left hand a great island, which they call Assapana, which may contain some five and twenty miles in length, and six miles in breadth, the great body of the river running on the other side of this island; beyond that middle branch there is also another island in the river, called Iwana, which is twice as big as the Isle of Wight, and beyond it, and between it and the main of Guiana, runneth a third branch of the Orinoco called Arraroopana. All three are goodly branches, and all navigable for great ships. I judge the

35. **Neuvo Reyno de Granada**, New Province of Granada, now Colombia. It was conquered by Berreo's father-in-law (1636-40). 36. **Popayan**, now part of Colombia. 48. **Iwana**, now Tortola. It is thirty-three miles long.

river in this place to be at least thirty miles broad, reckoning the islands which divide the branches in it, for afterwards I sought also both the other branches.

After we reached to the head of this island called Assapana, a little to the westward on the right hand there opened a river which came from the north, called Europa, and fell into the great river. Beyond it, on the same side, we anchored for that night, by another island six miles long, and two miles broad, which they call Ocaywita. From hence in the morning we landed two Guianians, which we found in the town of Toparimaca, that came with us, who went to give notice of our coming to the lord of that country called Putyma, a follower of Topiawari, chief lord of Arromaia, who succeeded Morequito, whom, as you have heard before, Berreo put to death. His town being far within the land, he came not unto us that day, so as we anchored again that night near the banks of another island, of bigness much like the other, which they call Putapayma, on the mainland, over against which island was a very high mountain called Oecope. We coveted to anchor rather by these islands in the river than by the main, because of the tortugas' eggs, which our people found on them in great abundance, and also because the ground served better for us to cast our nets for fish. The main banks were for the most part stony and high, and the rocks of a blue metalline color, like unto the best steel ore, which I assuredly take it to be; of the same blue stone are also divers great mountains, which border this river in many places.

And so I will return again to our journey, which for this third day we finished, and cast anchor again near the continent, on the left hand between two mountains, the one called Aroamai, and the other Aio. I made no stay here but till midnight, for I feared hourly lest any rain should fall, and then it had been impossible to have gone any farther up, notwithstanding that there is every day a very strong breeze and easterly wind. I deferred the search of the country on the Guiana side till my return down the river. The next day we sailed by a great island in the middle of the river, called Manoripano, and as we walked a while on the island, while the galley got ahead of us, there came after us from the main a small canoe with seven or eight Guianians, to invite us to anchor at their port, but I deferred it till my return; it was that cacique to whom those Nepoios went which came with us from the town of Toparimaca; and so the fifth day we reached as high up as the province of Arromaia, the country of Morequito, whom Berreo executed, and anchored to the west of an island called Murrecotima, ten miles long and five broad; and that night the Cacique Aramiari—to whose town we made our long and hungry voyage out of the River of Amana—passed by us.

The next day we arrived at the port of Morequito, and anchored there, sending away one of our pilots to seek the King of Arromaia, uncle to Morequito, slain by Berreo as aforesaid. The next day following before noon he came to us on foot from his house, which was fourteen English miles—himself being one hundred ten years old—and returned on foot the same day, and with him many of the borderers, with many women and children, that came to wonder at our nation, and to bring us down victuals, which they did in great plenty, as venison, pork, hens, chickens, fowl,

1. **thirty miles broad.** It is actually about fourteen nautical miles 10. **Europa,** now Guaraguapo.

72. **country of Morequito,** near the point where the River Caroni enters the Orinoco.

fish, with divers sorts of excellent fruits, and roots, and great abundance of pines, the princess of fruits that grow under the sun, especially those of Guiana. They brought us also store of bread, and of their wine, and a sort of parakeets, no bigger than wrens, and of all other sorts both small and great; one of them gave me a beast called by the Spaniards armadillo, which they call cassacam, which seemeth to be all barred over with small plates somewhat like to a rhinoceros.

After this old king had rested a while in a little tent that I caused to be set up, I began by my interpreter to discourse with him of the death of Morequito, his predecessor, and afterwards of the Spaniards, and ere I went any further I made him know the cause of my coming thither, whose servant I was, and that the Queen's pleasure was I should undertake the voyage for their defense, and to deliver them from the tyranny of the Spaniards, dilating at large—as I had done before to those of Trinidad—her Majesty's greatness, her justice, her charity to all oppressed nations, with as many of the rest of her beauties and virtues as either I could express or they conceive. All this being with great admiration attentively heard, and marvelously admired, I began to sound the old man as touching Guiana and the state thereof, what sort of commonwealth it was, how governed, of what strength and policy, how far it extended, and what nations were friends or enemies adjoining, and finally of the distance, and way to enter the same. He told me that himself and his people, with all those down the river toward the sea, as far as Emeria, the province of Carapana, were of Guiana, but that they called themselves Orinocoponi, because they bordered the great river of the Orinoco, and that all the nations between the river and those mountains in sight called Wacarima were of the same cast and appellation; and that on the other side of those mountains of Wacarima there was a large plain—which after I discovered in my return—called the Valley of Amariocapana; in all that valley the people were also of the ancient Guianians.

After he had answered thus far, he desired leave to depart, saying that he had far to go, that he was old and weak, and was every day called for by death—which was also his own phrase. I desired him to rest with us that night, but I could not entreat him, but he told me that at my return from the country above he would again come to us, and in the meantime provide for us the best he could, of all that his country yielded. The same night he returned to Orocotona, his own town, so as he went that day twenty-eight miles, the weather being very hot, the country being situated between four and five degrees of the equinoctial. This Topiawari is held for the proudest and wisest of all the Orinocoponi, and so he behaved himself toward me in all his answers at my return, as I marveled to find of that gravity and judgment, and of so good discourse, that had no help of learning nor breeding.

The next morning we also left the port, and sailed westward up the river, to view the famous river called Caroli, as well because it was marvelous of itself, as also for that I understood it led to the strongest nations of all the frontiers, that were enemies to the Epuremei, which are subjects to Inca, Emperor of Guiana and Manoa. That night we anchored at another island called Caiama, of some five or

3. **pines**, pineapples.

59. **Wacarima**, the mountains near the confluence of the Caroni with the Orinoco, now called the Piacoa Mountains. 55. **Amariocapana**, between the Imataca Mountains and the Orinoco River.

six miles in length, and the next day arrived at the mouth of Caroli.

Upon this river one Captain George, that I took with Berreo, told me there was a great silver mine, and that it was near the banks of the said river. But by this time Orinoco and Caroli, as well as all the rest of the rivers, were risen four or five feet in height, so as it was not possible by the strength of any men, or with any boat whatsoever, to row into the river against the stream. I therefore sent Captain Thyn, Captain Greenville, my nephew John Gilbert, my cousin Butshead Gorges, Captain Clarke, and some thirty shot more, to coast the river by land, and to go to a town some twenty miles over the valley called Amnatapoi, and if they found guides there, to go farther toward the mountain foot to another great town, called Capurepana, belonging to a cacique called Haharacoa, that was a nephew to old Topiawari, King of Arromaia, our chiefest friend, because this town and province of Capurepana adjoined to Macureguarai, which was the frontier town of the empire. Meanwhile myself, with Captain Gifford, Captain Calfield, Edward Hancock, and some half a dozen shot, marched overland to view the strange overfalls of the River of Caroli, which roared so far off, and also to see the plains adjoining, and the rest of the province of Canuria. I sent also Captain Whiddon, W. Connocke, and some eight shot with them, to see if they could find any mineral stone along the river side. When we ran to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli; and might from that mountain see the river how it ran in three parts, about twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower, which fell with such fury that the rebound of waters made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town.

In this region are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders, which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuria affirms the same. They are called Ewaipanoma. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders. The son of Topiawari, which I brought with me into England, told me that they are the most mighty men of all the land, and use bows, arrows, and clubs thrice as big as any of Guiana or of the Orinocoponi, and that one of the Iwarawaqueri took a prisoner of them the year before our arrival there, and brought him into the borders of Arromaia, his father's country. And further, when I seemed to doubt of it, he told me that it was no wonder among them, but that they were as great a nation, and as common as any other in all the provinces, and had of late years slain many hundreds of his father's people, and of other nations their neighbors. It was not my chance to hear of them till I was come away, and if I had but spoken one word of it while I was there, I might have brought one of them with me to put the matter out of doubt. Such a nation was written of by Mandeville, whose reports were held for fables many

33. **overfalls**, cataracts.

61. **resolved**, convinced. 93. **Mandeville**, Sir John, an Englishman of the fourteenth century. The book of travels which bears his name was probably written by someone else.

years, and yet since the East Indies were discovered, we find his relations true of such things as heretofore were held incredible. Whether it be true or no the matter is not great; neither can there be any profit in the imagination. For mine own part I saw them not, but I am resolved that so many people did not all combine or forethink to make the report.

While we lay at anchor and had taken knowledge of all the nations upon the head and branches of this river, and had found out so many several people, which were enemies to the Epuremei and the new conquerors, I thought it time lost to linger any longer in that place, especially for that the fury of the Orinoco began daily to threaten us with dangers in our return, for no half-day passed but the river began to rage and overflow very fearfully, and the rains came down in terrible showers, and gusts in great abundance. Withal, our men began to cry out for want of shift, for no man had place to bestow any other apparel than that which he wore on his back, and that was thoroughly washed on his body for the most part ten times in one day. We had now been well near a month, every day passing to the westward farther and farther from our ships. We therefore turned toward the east, and spent the rest of the time in discovering the river toward the sea, which we had not yet viewed, and which was most material. The next day following we left the mouth of Caroli, and arrived again at the port of Morequito—for passing down the stream we went without labor, and against the wind, little less than one hundred miles a day.

As soon as I came to anchor, I sent away one for old Topiawari, with whom I much desired to have further conference, and also to deal with him for someone of his country to bring with us into England, as well to learn the language as to confer withal by the way, the time being now spent of any longer stay there. Within three hours after my messenger came to him, he arrived also, and with him such a rabble of all sorts of people, and everyone laden with something, as if it had been a great market or fair in England. Our hungry companies clustered thick and threefold among their baskets, everyone laying hands on what he liked.

After he had rested awhile in my tent, I shut out all but ourselves and my interpreter, and told him that I knew that both the Epuremei and the Spaniards were enemies to him, his country, and nations; that the one had conquered Guiana already, and that the other sought to regain the same from them both. And therefore I desired him to instruct me what he could, both of the passage into the golden parts of Guiana, and to the civil towns and appareled people of Inca. He gave me an answer to this effect: first, that he could not perceive that I meant to go onward toward the city of Manoa, for neither the time of the year served, nor could he perceive any sufficient numbers for such an enterprise; and if I did, I was sure with all my company to be buried there, for that the Emperor was of that strength as that many times so many men more were too few.

He therefore prayed us to defer it till the next year, when he would undertake to draw in all the borderers to serve us, and then also it would be more seasonable to travel, for at this time of the year we should not be able to pass any river, the waters were and would be so grown ere our return. He further told me that I could not desire so much to invade Macureguarai and

96. **Macureguarai**, said by the natives to be four days' journey from the place where they then were.

the rest of Guiana, but that the borderers would be more vehement than I, for he yielded for a chief cause that in the wars with the Epuremei they were spoiled of their women, and that their wives and daughters were taken from them, so as for their own parts they desired nothing of the gold or treasure for their labors, but only to recover women from the Epuremei. For he further complained very sadly that whereas they were wont to have ten or twelve wives, they were now enforced to content themselves with three or four, and that the lords of the Epuremei had fifty or one hundred.

After I received this answer of the old man, we fell into consideration, whether it had been of better advice to have entered Macureguarai, and to have begun a war upon Inca at this time, yea or no, if the time of the year and all things else had sorted. For mine own part—as we were not able to march it for the rivers, neither had any such strength as was requisite, and durst not abide the coming of the winter, or to tarry any longer from our ships—I thought it very evil counsel to have attempted it at that time, although the desire of gold will answer many objections.

IV. THE RETURN

Having learned what I could in Canuria and Arromaia, and received a faithful promise of the principalest of those provinces to become servants to her Majesty, and to resist the Spaniards, if they made any attempt in our absence, and that they would draw in the nations about the Lake of Cassipa, and those Iwarawaqueri, I then parted from old Topiawari, and received his son for a pledge between us, and left with him two of ours. To Francis Sparrow I gave instructions to travel to Macureguarai, with such merchandise as I left with him, thereby to learn the place, and if it were possible to go on to the great city of Manoa; which being done, we weighed anchor, and coasted the river on Guiana side, because we came up on the north side, by the lanes of the Saima and Wikiri.

But our hearts were cold to behold the great rage and increase of the Orinoco. The next day we landed on the Island of Assapana, and there feasted ourselves with that beast which is called armadillo, presented unto us before at Winicapora, and the day following we recovered the galley at anchor at the port of Toparimaca, and the same evening departed with very foul weather, and terrible thunder and showers, for the winter was come on very far. The best was, we went no less than one hundred miles a day down the river, but by the way we entered, it was impossible to return, for that the River of Amana, being in the bottom of the Bay of Guanipa, cannot be sailed back by any means, both the breeze and current of the sea were so forcible. Therefore we followed a branch of the Orinoco called Capuri, which entered into the sea eastward of our ships, to the end we might bear with them before the wind. It was not without need, for we had by that way as much to cross of the main sea after we came to the river's mouth as between Gravelines and Dover, in such boats as your honors have heard.

To speak of what passed homeward were tedious, either to describe or name any of the rivers, islands, or villages of the Tivitivas, which dwell on trees; we will leave all those to the general map. To be short, when we were arrived at the seaside, then grew our greatest doubt and the bitterest of all

40. **Lake of Cassipa**, west of the region shown in our map.

83. **between Gravelines and Dover**, about thirty-six miles.

our journey forepassed, for I protest before God that we were in a most desperate state. The same night which we anchored in the mouth of the River of Capuri, where it falleth into the sea, there arose a mighty storm, and the river's mouth was at least a league broad, so as we ran before night close under the land with our small boats, and brought the galley as near as we could; but she had as much ado to live as could be, and there wanted little of her sinking and all those in her. For mine own part, I confess I was very doubtful which way to take, either to go over in the pestered galley, there being but six foot of water over the sands for two leagues together, and that also in the channel, and she drew five, or to adventure in so great a billow, and in so doubtful weather, to cross the seas in my barge. The longer we tarried the worse it was, and therefore I took Captain Gifford, Captain Calfield, and my cousin Greenville into my barge, and after it cleared up, about midnight we put ourselves to God's keeping and thrust out into the sea, leaving the galley at anchor, who durst not adventure but by daylight. And so being all very sober and melancholy, one faintly cheering another to show courage, it pleased God that the next day, about nine of the clock, we descried the Island of Trinidad, and steering for the nearest part of it, we kept the shore till we came to Curiapan, where we found our ships at anchor, than which there was never to us a more joyful sight.

Now that it hath pleased God to send us safe to our ships, it is time to leave Guiana to the sun, whom they worship, and steer away toward the north.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. These extracts are taken from the *Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*, published in 1596, soon after Raleigh's return from his expedition in search of the city of Manoa, in South America, called by the Spaniards "El Dorado." He failed to find the city, in which he seems firmly to have believed, but he explored the Orinoco and parts of Venezuela. He brought back specimens of gold and a story of a mine of fabulous wealth in the region which he had explored. After many years of confinement in prison on account of political charges, he was released in 1616 by King James in order to make another attempt to find the gold mine. His fleet was scattered by storms; his men attacked a Spanish settlement, against strict orders; his son Walter was killed; and the expedition ended in complete disaster in 1618. On his return he was again thrust into prison and was executed in October, 1618. Additional biographical material may be found in the Appendix at the end of this book.

2. The selections from Raleigh's book are so chosen as to present a connected narrative. From this story you may gain a clear idea of the dangers that attended this voyage of discovery, and of the wild and romantic adventures that were the reward of men who braved these dangers in order to find new worlds. Raleigh's style is that of a man of action. It has been said that in his sentences one may hear the rhythm of the surging waves. You should note the vivid descriptions of nature, the swift movement of the narrative, and the directness of the style. Raleigh took part in great actions, gave his life to large and noble projects, and was devoted to the service of his country. This greatness of mind is apparent in what he writes. It is no wonder that Shakespeare read this book.

Questions and Topics

I. The History of Guiana

1. What was the great motive for reaching Guiana? How does its situation as Raleigh describes it differ from that of modern Guiana? Why did the imagination of men in that age invent the fabulous city of gold?

2. The map on page 118 of this text gives in detail the section of the country described by Raleigh. For the relation of this small area to the rest of the country a complete map of South America should be consulted. Look up on a map of South America the Marañon in western Brazil and trace it to its source in Peru near Cerro de Pasco. Find out in the encyclopedia whether one could come down it from its source.

3. What is the literal meaning of El Dorado?

4. What proof did Raleigh have of the existence of the Amazons? Do you think that he was justified in believing in their existence?

5. Raleigh speaks of the "many millions which are daily brought out of Peru into Spain." What significance does he see in this wealth? What, then, was one motive back of his desire to encourage English exploration and colonization?

II. The Voyage up the River

1. Review the explorations by which Raleigh determined what river to enter. Review also his decision to go in small boats. Do you think he had ingenuity? Good judgment? Could he have foreseen these difficulties before he left England? Was he a good leader for an exploring party?

2. Compare the Tivitivas with any other primitive people you know about, for example, with the American Indians. Why do you suppose they continued to live in the delta under the conditions described?

3. What arguments were used to keep the sailors rowing? Why did they continue to believe their leaders? Why was Raleigh willing to undergo such hardships?

4. Why did the same arguments prevail upon the leaders to go up the side stream? Why was the pilot mistaken about the distance? Have you ever rowed or paddled along a winding stream and tried to count the miles?

5. Why does Raleigh defend himself so stoutly for not pausing in his voyage to hunt for gold?

III. Native Chieftains

1. Why did Toparimaca entertain Raleigh and his men?

2. Why was Raleigh very careful to acquaint the chieftains he met with the English hatred of the Spanish?

3. Did Raleigh have good reason to believe there were gold and precious stones in that region?

4. What were the most remarkable features of the cataract? Would it have seemed as wonderful to you? Give reasons.

5. Was Raleigh over-credulous to believe in the "people whose heads appear not above their shoulders"? What kind of evidence had he? Were the witnesses credible? Shakespeare refers to these people in *Othello*, I, iii, 143-145.

> "And of Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropaphagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Do you suppose that he believed Raleigh, whose account he read?

6. In the second conference with Topiawari, what advice did the old chieftain give Raleigh?

IV. The Return

1. With what understanding among the chief native provinces did Raleigh take his departure for England?

2. Contrast the explorers' arrival at the mouth of the Capuri River with their entrance into the River of the Red Cross.

3. What was Raleigh's chief purpose in writing *The History of Guiana*?

General Questions

1. If you were actually exploring, certain incidents and scenes would linger in your memory. Make a list of the three or four incidents in Raleigh's story that seem to you most noteworthy, either because they influenced the rest of the trip or because they were exciting in themselves. Make another list of the scenes which seem to you most beautiful or strange.

2. Would you call Raleigh's trip a success or a failure? What benefits did it bring to England? To Raleigh? To answer the latter, you should read a life of him. The account in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is good.

3. From Raleigh's experience, do you think you would like to be an explorer?

4. Raleigh's observations have been proved by later explorers to have been very accurate. He also gathered a good deal of fairly trustworthy information from the natives. What parts of the narration seem to you absolutely impossible? How do you account for his including them?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. Historical Works

Dawson, Thomas C.: *The South American Republics, Part II.* The story of Pizarro fills the first three chapters in the section on Peru. The whole history of Venezuela is given in pages 347-399.

Fiske, John: *The Discovery of America, with Some Account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest.* This is a fascinating book for anyone interested in explorations. Particularly interesting are Chapters VIII, IX, X, which deal with Mexico and Peru.

Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. In this interesting book Raleigh takes a stirring part. If you do not wish to read all of the first two chapters, at least read pages 28-55, which give Raleigh's various attempts at exploration and colonization.

Irving, Washington: *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.* Book X deals with his discovery of Trinidad and the Gulf of Paria. As Raleigh explored both of these, it is interesting to follow Columbus's discovery of the same region. Few have written more arrestingly about Columbus than Irving did.

Mandeville, Sir John: *Travels.* This romantic compilation was read in Raleigh's day, and was regarded as true history. Turn to the parts dealing with Cathay, and read of the marvels, as of the palace with its "twenty-four pillars of fine gold." If you can't find the book, look up Mandeville in the encyclopedia.

Morris, Charles: *Heroes of Discovery in America.* This volume gives a clear account of most of the explorations in this country. It contains a chapter on "Sir Walter Raleigh, the Prince of Colonizers."

Polo, Marco: *Travels.* Marco Polo was the most famous traveler before Columbus. A very good translation of his book, by William Marsden, appears in *Everyman's Library.* Read anywhere in the book, but particularly about Cipangu.

II. Literature Dealing with the Age of Raleigh

Cooper, J. Fenimore: *Mercedes of Castile.* This story of the discovery of America will show you something of the spirit of that age.

Haggard, Sir H. Rider: *Montezuma's Daughter.* This exciting story tells of Cortes in Mexico.

Johnston, Mary: *Sir Mortimer.* This novel will introduce you to the age of Raleigh. Drake and Hawkins appear in it.

Kingsley, Charles: *Westward Ho!* Raleigh appears in this novel, as do Drake, Hawkins, and Grenville. The story takes you through the tangles of the South American forest. You ought by all means to read it, for it will give you a fine understanding of Raleigh's age.

Noyes, Alfred: *Drake.* This epic poem deals with the exploits of the greatest Elizabethan seamen. The descriptions are vivid and the verse is sonorous.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. If you do not care to read all of this poem, read at least I, "A Knight of the Ocean-Sea," and IX, "Raleigh." They will give a memorable view of Raleigh's checkered life.

Scott, Sir Walter: *Kenilworth.* Raleigh appears in this novel, with Queen Elizabeth and other historical personages.

Wallace, General Lew: *The Fair God.* If you want a vivid picture of the high civilization in Mexico at the time of the conquest by Cortes, read this book.

III. The South American Wilderness Today

Beebe, William: *Edge of the Jungle* and *Jungle Peace.* These two books take you into the tropical jungle of British Guiana. They show what a modern scientist looks for and finds in the same region where Raleigh hunted gold. They introduce you to the jungle more delightfully than any other books of recent years.

Beebe, Mary Blair, and Beebe, William: *Our Search for a Wilderness.* This book begins at Port of Spain just as Raleigh's investigations did. It reveals how inviting a wilderness Venezuela possesses for those who are not looking for gold. It is very attractively illustrated to show the denizens of the jungle.

Bingham, Hiram: *Inca Land.* This traveler found the ruins of many ancient cities in the highlands of Peru. The book will give you very interesting glimpses of a vanished civilization.

Hudson, W. H.: *El Ombú.* There are four stories of the pampas in this volume. You might begin with the first, which tells a strange tale of the natives of the region.

Green Mansions. The hero of this romance of Guiana, like Raleigh, is lured into the wilderness by the gold plates of the natives. Hudson knows how to tell a story, and besides to show what a beautiful world the wilderness is.

Idle Days in Patagonia. This reveals the wild beauty of the Argentine, besides giving many unusual personal experiences. Few writers can recount incidents so delightfully.

The Purple Land. This leisurely romance deals with the country cut from Montevideo about 1860-1875. It is not only crowded with travel and incident, but shows you exactly how that part of South America differs from our Western plains, and how beautiful it is.

Roosevelt, Theodore: *Through the Brazilian Wilderness.* This gives a very interesting account of Roosevelt's perilous trip through the unexplored wilderness south of the Amazon in the region where Raleigh supposed El Dorado to be. It is richly illustrated with photographs of the queer animals of that region. It is interesting, too, to compare modern exploring with exploring in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

IV. Travel in Other Unsettled Regions

Burroughs, John. *Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt.* They were both great men, and they camped in interesting regions.

Kennan, George: *Tent Life in Siberia.* This will take you into the frozen North. Compare the kinds of adventure Kennan finds with those Raleigh meets. Compare the habits and customs of the people in the North with those in the tropics.

Mills, Enos A.: *Wild Life in the Rockies.* This man lived in the mountains for more than twenty years. He knows not only trees but lions and bears.

Remington, Frederic: *Pony Tracks.* All kinds of wild life, from Sioux outbreaks in Dakota to bear-catching in the Rocky Mountains, are to be found here.

Crooked Trails. These experiences in Texas and the Southwest show what life in the wilds and the open of our country once meant.

Roosevelt, Theodore: *African Game Trails.* Roosevelt calls Africa the world's greatest hunting-grounds. The book shows what a wonderful and beautiful place it is. There was plenty of excitement in the trip, too.

A Booklover's Holidays in the Open. This book tells of exciting hunts both in this country and in South America. It reveals how fascinating outdoor life is.

Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail. Illustrated by Frederick Remington. This tells all about cowboy life. Roosevelt had lived long enough on a ranch to know what he was talking about. The pictures by Remington are especially interesting.

Stanley, Henry M.: *How I Found Livingston. Travels, Adventures, and Discoveries in Central Africa.* The book is very long, but interesting. It takes you through jungles as impenetrable as any Raleigh skirted, and among more savage peoples. Compare Stanley's method of traveling and of dealing with the natives with Raleigh's methods.

Stefánsson, Vilhjálmur: *My Life with the Eskimo.* The people in the North are just as primitive as the people in the tropics. This fat volume will satisfy your curiosity on nearly every point.

White, Stewart Edward: *The Forest.* This tells of all kinds of outdoor living by one who knows from experience.

Whitney, Caspar: *Jungle Trails and Jungle People. Travel, Adventure, and Observation in the Far East.* This famous traveler tells in this book of his adventures in the jungles of the Malay Peninsula. He hunts elephants, tigers, and other beasts, and finds a people who live in trees. Compare these natives with the Tivitivas. How does his method of traveling differ from Raleigh's?

V. The North American Indian

Cooper, J. Fenimore: *Deerslayer, Last of the Mohicans,* and *Pathfinder.* These three from the "Leatherstocking" series will furnish a picture of the romantic side of Indian life. How do these Indians compare with Raleigh's chieftains?

Eastman, Charles A: *Indian Boyhood.* This book is a very interesting record of the wild life of the North American Indian. Does this picture agree with your impression from Cooper? How does the North American Indian differ from the South American?

Grinnell, George Bird: *Beyond the Old Frontier. Adventures of Indian-Fighters, Hunters, and Fur Traders.* This book will show the struggle of the pioneers who settled the great West from the Mississippi to the Pacific. How did their purpose differ from Raleigh's? Were their difficulties and perils greater or less than his? How did the Indians they met differ from the South American Indians?

Blackfoot Lodge Tales. The Story of a Prairie People. The last section is a full description of the Blackfoot tribe. Do these Indians resemble the South American in any way? Specify.

Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales, with Notes on the Origin, Customs, and Character of the Pawnee People. The stories will reveal something of Indian character, but the last part gives the information much

more directly and fully. In fact, it will answer nearly any question you can ask.

When Buffalo Ran. This simple story reveals most of the traits and customs of the North American Indians. How do they differ from Raleigh's Indians?

McLaughlin, James: *My Friend, the Indian.* The author lived among Indians for thirty-eight years, so he knows what he is talking about.

Parkman, Francis: *The Oregon Trail.* The author, who became one of America's famous historians, records vividly his experiences among the Indians in 1846. He reveals the Indian as he lived at that early date. For Indian warfare, read Parkman's historical works, particularly the *Conspiracy of Pontiac.*

Schultz, J. W.: *My Life As an Indian. The Story of a Red Woman and a White Man in the Lodges of the Blackfoot.* Here is a man who really knows the Indian. Instead of comparing these Indians with Raleigh's you should compare them with white people. How do they differ?

VI. Explorers in North America

Exploration in our own country contains as many thrilling chapters as does that in any region in the world.

Abbott, John S. C.: *Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky.* The truly adventurous life of this pioneer reflects the hardships and perils of early America.

Brooks, Noah: *First Across the Continent. The Story of the Exploring Expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804-5-6.* This is probably the most famous exploration in the history of the United States.

Ellis, Edward S.: *The Life and Times of Daniel Boone.* Daniel Boone was our most famous pioneer, but the book also tells of Kenton, Wetzel, and other explorers.

Gulliver, Lucile: *Daniel Boone.*

Haworth, Paul Leland: *Trail-Makers of the Northwest.* The picturesque and romantic story of the exploration of the Northwestern part of North America is here related by an enthusiast. If you want more after finishing it, turn to the list of books at the end.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth: *Young Folks' Book of American Explorers.* Chapter IX gives Raleigh's attempts.

Hough, Emerson: *The Story of the Cowboy.*

Laut, Agnes C.: *Pathfinders of the West. The Story of the Trapper.* The book is dedicated "To all who know the gipsy yearning for the wilds."

Leacock, Stephen: *Adventurers of the Far North. A Chronicle of the Frozen Seas.* The celebrated humorist here writes seriously of the romance of polar exploration.

Muir, John: *Tales in Alaska.* This great lover of nature could tell the exact truth, for he had unusually observing eyes.

Perry, Frances M., and Beebe, Katherine: *Four American Pioneers, Daniel Boone, David Crockett, George Rogers Clark, Kit Carson.* Which was the most like Raleigh? Which the most unlike?

Young, S. Hall: *Alaska Days with John Muir.* The author tells not only of the great naturalist but of the natives and of many rare experiences.

VII. Polar Exploration

In recent times the greatest heroism has been shown in polar exploration. How do the conditions to be met differ from Raleigh's? How does the equipment differ? How does the purpose differ? Which explorer do you admire most?

Bruce, William S.: *Polar Exploration.* The facts about the subject.

Nansen, Fridtjof: *The Farthest North. Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship "Fram" 1893-6 and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Ride.* You should begin this celebrated book, though the two volumes are too long for you to read all through.

Peary, Robert E.: *The North Pole. Its Discovery in 1909 Under the Auspices of the Peary Arctic Club. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt.* This is the greatest feat of exploration so far this century.

Secrets of Polar Travel. With this book as a guide, you could fit out a polar expedition yourself.

Roberts, Charles G. D.: *Discoveries and Explorations in the Century.* The author means the nineteenth century. The book is history, not literature.

Shackleton, Sir Ernest H.: *South.* This book gives a highly interesting account of Shackleton's 1917-1918 voyage to the Antarctic and explorations there.

Turley, Charles: *The Voyages of Captain Scott.* As moving a story of human daring as one could wish to read.

Wright, Helen S.: *The Great White North. Polar Exploration from the Earliest Times to the Discovery of the Pole.* This record of enterprise and endurance will make you think better of human nature.

The Seventh Continent. A history of the discovery and explorations of the Antarctic. From Cook's first voyage to Shackleton's latest expedition.

TYPEE

AN INTRODUCTION

About the middle of the last century an American sailor named Herman Melville published in rapid succession a series of romances of the sea and of primitive life on islands of the South Pacific then little known. *Typee*, the first of these romances, is the result of running away to sea. Melville had read Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. It might have put him out of conceit of such a life, but it had an entirely opposite effect. Go to sea he must. Go to sea he did, on a whaling vessel bound for the South Pacific. He got so thoroughly sick of life on the ocean wave that when his ship put into the Marquesas he deserted, falling into the hands of a cannibal tribe. On his escape from them he returned and wrote an account of his adventures in several of the most absorbing narratives in literature. You may judge of the quality of these romances from the two chapters from *Typee* that are given here. As you can see from these chapters, Melville lived as perilous a life as he could have found anywhere in the world.

The story of the eighteen months' voyage on the whaler *Acushnet*, which sailed from New Bedford, January 1, 1841, Melville relates in *Moby Dick*, which was published in 1851, five years after the appearance of *Typee*. *Omoo*, another romance, a sequel to *Typee*, appeared in 1847.

After a period of great popularity Melville's romances were almost forgotten for many years. Recently, however, they have been enjoying a return to popular favor. One reason for this renewed popularity is the interest created by Stevenson's romances of the South Seas, and the excellence of the work of several present-day writers of similar stories, notably Joseph Conrad, William McFee, and Frederick J. O'Brien. Another reason is that when civilization advances so that life has become conventional, many men and women long for change. One means of escaping the monotony of everyday life is through reading about the travels and adventures of men who have left cities and trains and dinner parties and dances far behind and have explored strange lands and lived among strange peoples.

Typee is a modern representative of a long list of poems and tales that present, to civilized readers, the romance of primitive life. Ulysses among the Phæacians, *Typee*, *Omoo*, and *Moby Dick*, Alfred Noyes's poem about the "Forty Singing Seamen," Raleigh's *Guiana*, and more recently, the stories of Conrad, McFee, and O'Brien, all belong to this series. The impulse to go in search of new worlds, either personally or through the imaginary experience that one gains from reading, is one of the most deeply implanted of human instincts.

TYPEE

HERMAN MELVILLE

CHAPTER VII

THE JOURNEY TOWARD THE VALLEY

Recovering from my astonishment at the beautiful scene before me, I quickly awakened Toby and informed him of the discovery I had made. Together we now repaired to the border of the precipice, and my companion's admiration was equal to my own. A little reflection, however, abated our surprise at coming so unexpectedly upon this valley, since the large vales of Happar and Typee, lying upon this side of Nukuheva and extending a considerable distance from the sea toward the interior, must necessarily terminate somewhere about this point.

The question now was which of those two places we were looking down upon. Toby insisted that it was the abode of the Happars, and I that it was tenanted by their enemies, the ferocious Typees. To be sure, I was not entirely convinced by my own arguments, but Toby's proposition to descend at once into the valley and partake of the hospitality of its inmates seemed to me to be risking so much upon the strength of a mere suspicion that I resolved to oppose it until we had more evidence to proceed upon.

The point was one of vital importance, as the natives of Happar were not only at peace with Nukuheva, but cultivated with its inhabitants the most friendly relations, and enjoyed besides a reputation for gentleness and humanity which led us to expect from them, if not a cordial reception, at least a shelter during the short period we should remain in their territory.

On the other hand, the very name of Typee struck a panic into my heart, which I did not attempt to disguise. The thought of voluntarily throwing ourselves into the hands of these cruel savages seemed to me an act of mere madness; and almost equally so the idea of venturing into the valley, uncertain by which of these two tribes it was inhabited. That the vale at our feet was tenanted by one of them was a point that appeared to us past all doubt, since we knew that they resided in this quarter, although our information did not enlighten us further.

My companion, however, incapable of resisting the tempting prospect which the place held out of an abundant supply of food and other means of enjoyment, still clung to his own inconsiderate view of the subject, nor could all my reasoning shake it. When I reminded him that it was impossible for either of us to know anything with certainty, and when I dwelt upon the terrible fate we should encounter were we rashly to descend into the valley and discover too late the error we had committed, he replied by detailing all the evils of our present condition and the sufferings we must undergo should we continue to remain where we then were.

Anxious to draw him away from the subject, if possible—for I saw that it would be in vain to attempt changing his mind—I directed his attention to a long, bright, unwooded tract of land which, sweeping down from the elevations in the interior, descended into the

11. **Happar**, valley inhabited by the friendly tribe of Happars. **Typee**, adjoining valley inhabited by the hostile cannibal Typees. 12. **Nukuheva**, the island to which he escaped. 32. **Nukuheva**, the chief city of the island.

valley before us. I then suggested to him that beyond this ridge might lie a capacious and untenanted valley, abounding with all manner of delicious fruits; for I had heard that there were several such upon the island, and proposed that we should endeavor to reach it, and if we found our expectations realized we should at once take refuge in it and remain there as long as we pleased.

He acquiesced in the suggestion; and we immediately, therefore, began surveying the country lying before us, with a view of determining upon the best route for us to pursue; but it presented little choice, the whole interval being broken into steep ridges, divided by dark ravines, extending in parallel lines at right angles to our direct course. All these we would be obliged to cross before we could hope to arrive at our destination.

A weary journey! But we decided to undertake it, though, for my own part, I felt little prepared to encounter its fatigues, shivering and burning by turns with the ague and fever—for I know not how else to describe the alternate sensations I experienced—and suffering not a little from the lameness which afflicted me. Added to this was the faintness consequent on our meager diet—a calamity in which Toby participated to the same extent as myself.

These circumstances, however, only augmented my anxiety to reach a place which promised us plenty and repose before I should be reduced to a state which would render me altogether unable to perform the journey. Accordingly we now commenced it by descending the almost perpendicular side of a steep and narrow gorge, bristling with a thick growth of reeds. Here there was but one mode for us to adopt. We seated ourselves upon the ground, and guided our descent by catching at the canes in our path. The velocity with which we thus slid down the side of the ravine soon brought us to a point where we could use our feet, and in a short time we arrived at the edge of the torrent, which rolled impetuously along the bed of the chasm.

After taking a refreshing draft from the water of the stream, we addressed ourselves to a much more difficult undertaking than the last. Every foot of our later descent had to be regained in ascending the opposite side of the gorge—an operation rendered the less agreeable from the consideration that in these perpendicular episodes we did not progress a hundred yards on our journey. But, ungrateful as the task was, we set about it with exemplary patience, and after a snail-like progress of an hour or more, had scaled perhaps one-half of the distance, when the fever which had left me for a while returned with such violence, and accompanied by so raging a thirst, that it required all the entreaties of Toby to prevent me from losing all the fruits of my late expedition by precipitating myself madly down the cliffs we had just climbed in quest of the water which flowed so temptingly at their base. At the moment all my hopes and fears appeared to be merged in this one desire, careless of the consequences that might result from its gratification. I am aware of no feeling, either of pleasure or of pain, that so completely deprives one of all power to resist its impulses as this same raging thirst.

Toby earnestly conjured me to continue the ascent, assuring me that a little more exertion would bring us to the summit, and that then in less than five minutes we should find ourselves at the brink of the stream which must necessarily flow on the other side of the ridge.

"Do not," he exclaimed, "turn back, now that we have proceeded thus far, for I tell you that neither of us will have the courage to repeat the attempt if once more we find ourselves looking up to where we now are from the bottom of these rocks!"

I was not yet so perfectly beside myself as to be heedless of these representations, and therefore toiled on, ineffectually endeavoring to appease the thirst which consumed me by thinking that in a short time I should be able to gratify it to my heart's content.

At last we gained the top of the second elevation, the loftiest of those I have described as extending in parallel lines between us and the valley we desired to reach. It commanded a view of the whole intervening distance; and, discouraged as I was by other circumstances, this prospect plunged me into the very depths of despair. Nothing but dark and fearful chasms, separated by sharp-crested and perpendicular ridges as far as the eye could reach. Could we have stepped from summit to summit of these steep but narrow elevations we could easily have accomplished the distance; but we must penetrate to the bottom of every yawning gulf, and scale in succession every one of the eminences before us. Even Toby, although not suffering as I did, was not proof against the disheartening influences of the sight.

But we did not long stand to contemplate it, impatient as I was to reach the waters of the torrent which flowed beneath us. With an insensibility to danger which I cannot call to mind without shuddering, we threw ourselves down the depths of the ravine, startling its savage solitudes with the echoes produced by the falling fragments of rock we every moment dislodged from their places, careless of the insecurity of our footing, and reckless whether the slight roots and twigs we clutched at sustained us for the while, or treacherously yielded to our grasp. For my part, I scarcely knew whether I was hopelessly falling from the heights above, or whether the fearful rapidity with which I descended was an act of my own volition.

In a few minutes we reached the foot of the gorge, and kneeling upon a small ledge of dripping rocks, I bent over to the stream. What a delicious sensation was I now to experience! I paused for a second to concentrate all my capabilities of enjoyment, and then immerged my lips in the clear element before me. Had the apples of Sodom turned to ashes in my mouth, I could not have felt a more startling revulsion. A single drop of the cold fluid seemed to freeze every drop of blood in my body; the fever that had been burning in my veins gave place on the instant to death-like chills, which shook me one after another like so many shocks of electricity, while the perspiration produced by my late violent exertions congealed in icy beads upon my forehead. My thirst was gone, and I fairly loathed the water. Starting to my feet, the sight of those dank rocks oozing forth moisture at every crevice, and the dark stream shooting along its dismal channel, sent fresh chills through my shivering frame, and I felt as uncontrollable a desire to climb up toward the genial sunlight as I before had to descend the ravine.

After two hours' perilous exertions we stood upon the summit of another ridge, and it was with difficulty I could bring myself to believe that we had ever penetrated the black and yawning chasm which then gaped at our feet. Again we gazed upon the prospect which the height commanded, but it was just as depressing as the one which

66. **apples of Sodom**, a mythical fruit described by ancient writers as beautiful externally, but ashes within.

had before met our eyes. I now felt that in our present situation it was in vain for us to think of ever overcoming the obstacles in our way, and I gave up all thoughts of reaching the vale which lay beyond this series of impediments, while at the same time I could not devise any scheme to extricate ourselves from the difficulties in which we were involved.

The remotest idea of returning to Nukuheva, unless assured of our vessel's departure, never once entered my mind, and indeed it was questionable whether we could have succeeded in reaching it, divided as we were from the bay by a distance we could not compute, and perplexed, too, in our remembrance of localities by our recent wanderings. Besides, it was unendurable to think of retracing our steps and rendering all our painful exertions of no avail.

There is scarcely anything when a man is in difficulties that he is more disposed to look upon with abhorrence than a right-about retrograde movement—a systematic going-over of the already trodden ground; and especially if he has a love of adventure, such a course appears indescribably repulsive, so long as there remains the least hope to be derived from braving untried difficulties.

It was this feeling that prompted us to descend the opposite side of the elevation we had just scaled, although with what definite object in view it would have been impossible for either of us to tell.

Without exchanging a syllable upon the subject, Toby and myself simultaneously renounced the design which had lured us thus far—perceiving in each other's countenances that desponding expression which speaks more eloquently than words.

Together we stood, toward the close of this weary day, in the cavity of the third gorge we had entered, wholly incapacitated for any further exertion until restored to some degree of strength by food and repose.

We seated ourselves upon the least uncomfortable spot we could select, and Toby produced from the bosom of his frock the sacred package. In silence we partook of the small morsel of refreshment that had been left from the morning's repast, and without once proposing to violate the sanctity of our engagement with respect to the remainder, we rose to our feet and proceeded to construct some sort of shelter under which we might obtain the sleep we so greatly needed.

Fortunately the spot was better adapted to our purpose than the one in which we had passed the last wretched night. We cleared away the tall reeds from a small but almost level bit of ground, and twisted them into a low basket-like hut, which we covered with a profusion of long, thick leaves, gathered from a tree near at hand. We disposed them thickly all around, reserving only a slight opening that barely permitted us to crawl under the shelter we had thus obtained.

These deep recesses, though protected from the winds that assail the summits of their lofty sides, are damp and chill to a degree that one would hardly anticipate in such a climate; and being unprovided with anything but our woolen frocks and thin, duck trousers to resist the cold of the place, we were the more solicitous to render our habitation for the night as comfortable as we could. Accordingly, in addition to what we had already done, we plucked down all the leaves within our reach and threw them in a heap over our little hut, into which we now crept, raking after us a reserve supply to form our couch.

That night nothing but the pain I suffered prevented me from sleeping

most refreshingly. As it was, I caught two or three naps, while Toby slept away at my side as soundly as though he had been sandwiched between two holland sheets. Luckily it did not rain, and we were preserved from the misery which a heavy shower would have occasioned us.

In the morning I was awakened by the sonorous voice of my companion ringing in my ears and bidding me rise. I crawled out from our heap of leaves, and was astonished at the change which a good night's rest had wrought in his appearance. He was as blithe and joyous as a young bird, and was staying the keenness of his morning's appetite by chewing the soft bark of a delicate branch he held in his hand, and he recommended the like to me as an admirable antidote against the gnawings of hunger.

For my own part, though feeling materially better than I had done the preceding evening, I could not look at the limb that had pained me so violently at intervals during the last twenty-four hours without experiencing a sense of alarm that I strove in vain to shake off. Unwilling to disturb the flow of my comrade's spirits, I managed to stifle the complaints to which I might otherwise have given vent, and calling upon him good-humoredly to speed our banquet, I prepared myself for it by washing in the stream. This operation concluded, we swallowed, or rather absorbed, by a peculiar kind of slow, sucking process, our respective morsels of nourishment, and then entered into a discussion as to the steps it was necessary for us to pursue.

"What's to be done now?" inquired I, rather dolefully.

"Descend into that same valley we descried yesterday," rejoined Toby, with a rapidity and loudness of utterance that almost led me to suspect he had been slyly devouring the broadside of an ox in some of the adjoining thickets. "What else," he continued, "remains for us to do but that, to be sure? Why, we shall both starve to a certainty if we remain here; and as to your fears of those Typees—depend upon it, it is all nonsense.

"It is impossible that the inhabitants of such a lovely place as we saw can be anything else but good fellows; and if you choose rather to perish with hunger in one of these soppy caverns, I for one prefer to chance a bold descent into the valley, and risk the consequences."

"And who is to pilot us thither," I asked, "even if we should decide upon the measure you propose? Are we to go again up and down those precipices that we crossed yesterday, until we reach the place we started from, and then take a flying leap from the cliffs to the valley?"

"Faith, I didn't think of that," said Toby; "sure enough, both sides of the valley appeared to be hemmed in by precipices, didn't they?"

"Yes," answered I, "as steep as the sides of a line-of-battle ship, and about a hundred times as high." My companion sank his head upon his breast and remained for awhile in deep thought. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, while his eyes lighted up with that gleam of intelligence that marks the presence of some bright idea.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "the streams all run in the same direction, and must necessarily flow into the valley before they reach the sea; all we have to do is just to follow this stream, and sooner or later it will lead us into the vale."

"You are right, Toby," I exclaimed, "you are right; it must conduct us thither, and quickly too; for see with what a steep inclination the water descends."

"It does, indeed," burst forth my companion, overjoyed at my verification of his theory; "it does indeed; why, it is as plain as a pike-staff. Let us proceed at once; come, throw away all those stupid ideas about the Typees, and hurrah for the lovely valley of the Happars!"

"You will have it to be Happar, I see, my dear fellow; pray Heaven you may not find yourself deceived," observed I, with a shake of my head.

"Amen to all that, and much more," shouted Toby, rushing forward; "but Happar it is, for nothing else than Happar can it be. So glorious a valley —such forests of bread-fruit trees— such groves of cocoanut—such wildernesses of guava-bushes! Ah, shipmate! don't linger behind; in the name of all delightful fruits, I am dying to be at them. Come on, come on; shove ahead, there's a lively lad; never mind the rocks; kick them out of the way, as I do; and tomorrow, old fellow, take my word for it, we shall be in clover. Come on"; and so saying, he dashed along the ravine like a madman, forgetting my inability to keep up with him. In a few minutes, however, the exuberance of his spirits abated, and, pausing for a while, he permitted me to overtake him.

CHAPTER XXXI

A Frightful Discovery

From the time of my casual encounter with Karky the artist, my life was one of absolute wretchedness. Not a day passed but I was persecuted by the solicitations of some of the natives to subject myself to the odious operation of tattooing. Their importunities drove me half wild, for I felt how easily they might work their will upon me regarding this or anything else which they took into their heads. Still, however, the behavior of the islanders toward me was as kind as ever. Fayaway was quite as engaging, Kory-Kory as devoted, and Mehevi, the king, just as gracious and condescending as before. But I had now been three months in their valley, as nearly as I could estimate; I had grown familiar with the narrow limits to which my wanderings had been confined; and I began bitterly to feel the state of captivity in which I was held. There was no one with whom I could freely converse; no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts, no one who could sympathize with my sufferings. A thousand times I thought how much more endurable would have been my lot had Toby still been with me. But I was left alone, and the thought was terrible to me. Still, despite my griefs, I did all in my power to appear composed and cheerful, well knowing that by manifesting any uneasiness, or any desire to escape, I should only frustrate my object.

It was during the period I was in this unhappy frame of mind that the painful malady under which I had been laboring—after having almost completely subsided—began again to show itself, and with symptoms as violent as ever. This added calamity nearly unmanned me; the recurrence of the complaint proved that without powerful remedial applications hope of cure was futile; and when I reflected that just beyond the elevations which bound me in was the medical relief I needed, and that, although so near, it was impossible to avail myself of it, the thought was misery.

In this wretched situation, every circumstance which evinced the sav-

35. **Karky**, a Typee who applied tattooing.

47. **Fayaway**, the beautiful daughter of his host, Marheyo. 48. **Kory-Kory**, the author's servant. 49. **Mehevi**, king of the Typees.. 74. **malady**, a swelling in one of his legs, which rendered walking difficult.

From a drawing made on the spot, in 1835.

A NATIVE HUT ON NUKUHEVA

age nature of the beings at whose mercy I was, augmented the fearful apprehensions that consumed me. An occurrence which happened about this time affected me most powerfully.

I have already mentioned that from the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house were suspended a number of packages enveloped in tapa. Many of these I had often seen in the hands of the natives, and their contents had been examined in my presence. But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay which, from their remarkable appearance, had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory-Kory to show me their contents; but my servitor, who in almost every other particular had acceded to my wishes, always refused to gratify me in this.

One day, returning unexpectedly from the Ti, my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats, and by the lines which extended from the roof to the floor I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were for some purpose or other under inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded. Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory to restrain me, I forced my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of the party were hurriedly enveloping in the coverings from which they had been taken.

One of the three I distinctly saw. It was in a state of perfect preservation, and, from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and

7. **Marheyo**, his host. 9. **tapa**, cloth made from bark. 23. **Ti**, temple.

mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into balls upon the crown of the head in the same way that the individual had worn them during life. The sunken cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets of the eyes —filled with oval bits of mother-of-pearl shell, with a black spot in the center—heightened the hideousness of its aspect.

Two of the three were heads of the islanders; but the third, to my horror, was that of a white man. Although it had been quickly removed from my sight, still the glimpse I had of it was enough to convince me that I could not be mistaken.

Gracious God! what dreadful thoughts entered my mind! In solving this mystery perhaps I had solved another, and the fate of my lost companion might be revealed in the shocking spectacle I had just witnessed. I longed to have torn off the folds of cloth and satisfied the awful doubts under which I labored. But before I had recovered from the consternation into which I had been thrown, the fatal packages were hoisted aloft and once more swung over my head. The natives now gathered round me tumultuously, and labored to convince me that what I had just seen were the heads of three Happar warriors who had been slain in battle. This glaring falsehood added to my alarm, and it was not until I reflected that I had observed the packages swinging from their elevation before Toby's disappearance that I could at all recover my composure.

But although this horrible apprehension had been dispelled, I had discovered enough to fill me, in my present state of mind, with the most bitter reflections. It was plain that I had seen the last relic of some unfortunate wretch who must have been massacred on the beach by the savages in one of those perilous trading adventures which I have before described.

It was not, however, alone the murder of the stranger that overcame me with gloom. I shuddered at the idea of the subsequent fate his inanimate body might have met with. Was the same doom reserved for me? Was I destined to perish like him—like him, perhaps, to be devoured, and my head to be preserved as a fearful memento of the event? My imagination ran riot in these horrid speculations, and I felt certain that the worst possible evils would befall me. But whatever were my misgivings, I studiously concealed them from the islanders, as well as the full extent of the discovery I had made.

Although the assurances which the Typees had often given me, that they never ate human flesh, had not convinced me that such was the case, yet, having been so long a time in the valley without witnessing anything which indicated the existence of the practice, I began to hope that it was an event of very rare occurrence, and that I should be spared the horror of witnessing it during my stay among them; but, alas! these hopes were soon destroyed.

It is a singular fact that in all our accounts of cannibal tribes we have seldom received the testimony of an eye-witness to the revolting practice. The horrible conclusion has almost always been derived either from the second-hand evidence of Europeans, or else from the admissions of the savages themselves, after they have in some degree become civilized. The Polynesians are aware of the detestation in which Europeans hold this custom, and therefore invariably deny its existence and, with the craft pe-

culiar to savages, endeavor to conceal every trace of it.

The excessive unwillingness betrayed by the Sandwich Islanders, even at the present day, to allude to the unhappy fate of Cook has been often remarked. And so well have they succeeded in covering that event with mystery that to this very hour, despite all that has been said and written on the subject, it still remains doubtful whether they wreaked upon his murdered body the vengeance they sometimes inflicted upon their enemies.

At Kealakekau, the scene of that tragedy, a strip of ship's copper nailed against an upright post in the ground used to inform the traveler that beneath reposed the "remains" of the great circumnavigator. But I am strongly inclined to believe not only that the corpse was refused Christian burial, but that the heart which was brought to Vancouver some time after the event, and which the Hawaiians stoutly maintained was that of Captain Cook, was no such thing, and that the whole affair was a piece of imposture which was sought to be palmed off upon the credulous Englishman.

A few years since, there was living on the Island of Maui (one of the Sandwich group) an old chief, who, actuated by a morbid desire for notoriety, gave himself out among the foreign residents of the place as the living tomb of Captain Cook's big toe!—affirming that at the cannibal entertainment which ensued after the lamented Briton's death, that particular portion of his body had fallen to his share. His indignant countrymen actually caused him to be prosecuted in the native courts, on a charge nearly equivalent to what we term defamation of character; but the old fellow persisting in his assertion, and no invalidating proof being adduced, the plaintiffs were cast in the suit, and the cannibal reputation of the defendant fully established. This result was the making of his fortune; ever afterwards he was in the habit of giving very profitable audiences to all curious travelers who were desirous of beholding the man who had eaten the great navigator's great toe.

About a week after my discovery of the contents of the mysterious packages I happened to be at the Ti when another war-alarm was sounded, and the natives, rushing to their arms, sallied out to resist a second incursion of the Happar invaders. The same scene was again repeated, only that on this occasion I heard at least fifteen reports of muskets from the mountains during the time that the skirmish lasted. An hour or two after its termination, loud pæans chanted through the valley announced the approach of visitors. I stood with Kory-Kory leaning against the railing of the pi-pi awaiting their advance, when a tumultuous crowd of islanders emerged with wild clamors from the neighboring groves. In the midst of them marched four men, one preceding the other at regular intervals of eight or ten feet, with poles of a corresponding length extended from shoulder to shoulder, to which were lashed with thongs of bark three long, narrow bundles, carefully wrapped in ample coverings of freshly plucked palm-leaves tacked together with slivers of bamboo. Here and there upon these green winding-sheets might be seen the stains of blood, while the warriors who carried the frightful burdens displayed upon their naked limbs similar

6. **Cook**, a British navigator (1728-1779), who met his death at Kealakekau in the Hawaiian Islands. 35. **Sandwich group**, former name of the Hawaiian Islands.

51. **cast**, defeated. 76. **pi-pi**, platform on which the building was built.

sanguinary marks. The shaven head of the foremost had a deep gash upon it, and the clotted gore which had flowed from the wound remained in dry patches around it. This savage seemed to be sinking under the weight he bore. The bright tattooing upon his body was covered with blood and dust; his inflamed eyes rolled in their sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the throng around him with wild cheers sought to encourage him. The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously displayed.

These four individuals, having been the most active in the late encounter, claimed the honor of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the Ti. Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me.

The royal Mehevi walked by the side of these heroes. He carried in one hand a musket, from the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him and regarded with fierce exultation. This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated champion of the Happars, who had ignominiously fled and was pursued by his foe beyond the summit of the mountain.

When within a short distance of the Ti, the warrior with the wounded head, who proved to be Narmonee, tottered forward two or three steps and fell helplessly to the ground, but not before another had caught the end of the pole from his shoulder and placed it upon his own.

The excited throng of islanders who surrounded the person of the king and the dead bodies of the enemy approached the spot where I stood, brandishing their rude implements of warfare, many of which were bruised and broken, and uttering continual shouts of triumph. When the crowd drew up opposite the Ti, I set myself to watch their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servitor, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm and proposed our returning to Marheyo's house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner. Still, however, I refused to comply, and was retreating before him, as in his importunity he pressed upon me, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful expression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo's house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount.

I declined this offer, but intimated my willingness to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piazza, wondering what could be the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the savages were about to celebrate some hideous rite in connection with their peculiar customs, at which they were determined I should not be present. I descended from the pi-pi, and attended by Kory-Kory, who on this occasion did not show his usual com-

miseration for my lameness, but seemed only anxious to hurry me on, walked away from the place. As I passed through the noisy throng, which by this time completely environed the Ti, I looked with fearful curiosity at the three packages, which were now deposited upon the ground; but although I had no doubt as to their contents, still their thick coverings prevented my actually detecting the form of a human body.

The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes assured me that the savages were on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible solemnity.

All the inmates of the house, with the exception of Marheyo, his son, and Tinor, after assuming their gala dresses, departed in the direction of the Taboo Groves.

Although I did not anticipate a compliance with my request, still, with a view of testing the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to Kory-Kory that, according to our usual custom in the morning, we should take a stroll to the Ti. He positively refused; and when I renewed the request, he evinced his determination to prevent my going there; and, to divert my mind from the subject, he offered to accompany me to the stream. We accordingly went and bathed. On our coming back to the house, I was surprised to find that all its inmates had returned, and were lounging upon the mats as usual, although the drums still sounded from the groves.

The rest of the day I spent with Kory-Kory and Fayaway, wandering about a part of the valley situated in an opposite direction from the Ti; and whenever I so much as looked toward that building, although it was hidden from view by intervening trees, and at the distance of more than a mile, my attendant would exclaim, "Taboo, taboo!"

At the various houses where we stopped, I found many of the inhabitants reclining at their ease, or pursuing some light occupation, as if nothing unusual were going forward; but amongst them all I did not perceive a single chief or warrior. When I asked several of the people why they were not at the "hoolah hoolah" (the feast), they uniformly answered the question in a manner which implied that it was not intended for them, but for Mehevi, Narmonee, Mow-Mow, Kolor, Womonoo, Kalow—running over, in their desire to make me comprehend their meaning, the names of all the principal chiefs.

Everything, in short, strengthened my suspicions with regard to the nature of the festival they were now celebrating, and which amounted almost to a certainty. While in Nukuheva I had frequently been informed that the whole tribe were never present at these cannibal banquets, but the chiefs and priests only, and everything I now observed agreed with the account.

The sound of the drums continued, without intermission, the whole day, and falling continually upon my ear, caused me a sensation of horror which I am unable to describe. On the following day, hearing none of those noisy indications of revelry, I concluded that the inhuman feast was terminated; and feeling a kind of morbid curiosity to discover whether the Ti might furnish any evidence of what had taken place there, I proposed to Kory-Kory to walk there. To this proposition he replied by pointing with his finger to the newly risen sun, and then up to the zenith, intimating that our visit must be

deferred until noon. Shortly after that hour we accordingly proceeded to the Taboo Groves, and as soon as we entered their precincts, I looked fearfully round in quest of some memorial of the scenes which had so lately been acted there; but everything appeared as usual. On reaching the Ti we found Mehevi and a few chiefs reclining on the mats, who gave me as friendly a reception as ever. No allusions of any kind were made by them to the recent events; and I refrained, for obvious reasons, from referring to them myself.

After staying a short time I took my leave. In passing along the piazza, previously to descending from the pi-pi, I observed a curiously carved vessel of wood, of considerable size, with a cover placed over it, of the same material, and which resembled in shape a small canoe. It was surrounded by a low railing of bamboos, the top of which was scarcely a foot from the ground. As the vessel had been placed in its present position since my last visit, I at once concluded that it must have some connection with the recent festival; and, prompted by a curiosity I could not repress, in passing it I raised one end of the cover; at the same moment the chiefs, perceiving my design, loudly ejaculated, "Taboo! taboo!" But the slight glimpse sufficed; my eyes fell upon the disordered members of a human skeleton, the bones still fresh with moisture, and with particles of flesh clinging to them here and there!

Kory-Kory, who had been a little in advance of me, attracted by the exclamations of the chiefs, turned round in time to witness the expression of horror on my countenance. He now hurried toward me, pointing at the same time to the canoe, and exclaiming rapidly, "Puarkee! puarkee!" (Pig, pig). I pretended to yield to the deception, and repeated the words after him several times, as though acquiescing in what he said. The other savages, either deceived by my conduct or unwilling to manifest their displeasure at what could not now be remedied, took no further notice of the occurrence, and I immediately left the Ti.

All that night I lay awake, revolving in my mind the fearful situation in which I was placed. The last horrid revelation had now been made, and the full sense of my condition rushed upon my mind with a force I had never before experienced.

Where, thought I, desponding, is there the slightest prospect of escape? The only person who seemed to possess the ability to assist me was the stranger Marnoo; but would he ever return to the valley? And if he did, should I be permitted to hold any communication with him? It seemed as if I were cut off from every source of hope, and that nothing remained but passively to await whatever fate was in store for me. A thousand times I endeavored to account for the mysterious conduct of the natives. For what conceivable purpose did they thus retain me a captive? What could be their object in treating me with such apparent kindness, and did it not cover some treacherous scheme? Or, if they had no other design than to hold me a prisoner, how should I be able to pass away my days in this narrow valley, deprived of all intercourse with civilized beings, and forever separated from friends and home?

Only one hope remained to me. The French could not long defer a visit to the bay; and if they should permanently locate any of their troops

71. **Marnoo**, an islander who had learned English and was regarded as taboo by the Typees.

in the valley, the savages could not for any length of time conceal my existence from them. But what reason had I to suppose that I should be spared until such an event occurred—an event which might be postponed by a hundred different contingencies?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. In the first six chapters of his story, Melville tells of his experiences on a whaler, the *Dolly*, six months at sea. Since the food supplies are getting low, the captain decides to make for the nearest land, the Marquesas, a group of islands in the South Seas. This news is received by the sailors with the greatest delight, both because they are thoroughly weary of the sea and also because they have heard many wild tales about the cannibal tribes. After some time the ship reaches land, anchors, and natives come aboard. For some days the crew enjoy shore leave, but at length the ship is provisioned, and the captain tells the men that after one more trip ashore they must be prepared to resume the cruise. Melville, thoroughly sick at the prospect of another long period at sea, plans to escape, taking into his confidence Toby, a young fellow better educated than most of the sailors, good-looking, and, as afterwards appears, gifted with humor and a carelessness of danger that render him an excellent companion. They know the risks they are running, and resolve to go directly into the interior of the island in order to make sure that the captain may not be able to find them. With only a little food, they climb the mountain ridge that surrounds the harbor, and pass the night upon the top. Melville is attacked by a fever on account of lack of food and exposure, and can proceed only with difficulty. They find themselves upon the top of a ridge from which they gain a magnificent view of a vast expanse of territory. At this point the story of the first selection begins.

2. The *Dolly* landed at Nukuheva. The inland portions of the island were inhabited by the Happars and the Typees. Both tribes were said to be cannibals, but the Typees had the reputation of being far more bloodthirsty and savage than their neighbors.

3. The following outline will enable you to understand the situation at the opening of the second selection. The descent to the head of the valley was one of great peril, several gigantic cataracts intervening. At length they come to a level and fertile tract, the border of an inhabited country. By a boy and a girl they are conducted to the village. Despite Toby's confidence, they find it to be a Typee village. They are treated kindly, however, and win the confidence of the chief, Mehevi, who assigns them to a house, with a native named Kory-Kory as attendant. In the house live Marheyo, his wife, several sons, and a lovely girl named Fayaway. For a long time there are few adventures, except for the mysterious disappearance of Toby. Melville describes the marriage customs of the natives; tells of his visits to the Taboo groves, sacred to their religious ceremonies; describes their food, their parties, their language, their fondness for tattooing, and the like. He meets Karky, official tattoo-artist, who is with difficulty dissuaded from trying his skill on the white man. The days are pleasant and idle; there is little to indicate any special savagery or cannibal-like propensities. Nevertheless, Melville is eager to escape, and for a time thinks that he will be able to do so through the aid of Marnoo, a native of another tribe, who understands a little English. He finds, however, that despite the kindness of the natives, they have no intention of letting him go.

Questions and Topics

1. Point out any differences between Toby and Melville that you observe in Chapter VII. If you have access to the complete story, you will find additional material for a character sketch of Toby. He is well worth studying.

2. Why were the natives so anxious to conceal their cannibal practices from Melville? Why had he been preserved so long? On what evidence does Melville conclude that they were really cannibals? Why was his position, outwardly secure, really desperate?

3. Subjects for oral or written reports, based on reading in the complete text: (*a*) The descent into the valley (Chapter VIII); (*b*) Fayaway; (*c*) Kory-Kory; (*d*) Marnoo (see especially Chapter XVII) ;(*e*) The bread-fruit tree (Chapter XIV); (*f*) The happy valley (Chapters XVI and XIX); (*g*) The battle of the pop-guns (Chapter XVII); (*h*) Some native customs; (*i*) The Feast of Calabashes (Chapter XXI).

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

Bullen, Frank: *Cruise of the Cachelot.* A true yarn, told by a real sailor.

Dana, Richard Henry: *Two Years Before the Mast.* This famous book, descriptive of a voyage beginning in 1834, had a marked influence on Melville, but you will enjoy it quite apart from that fact.

Hall, James Norman, and Nordhoff, Charles Bernard: *Faery Lands of the South Seas.* As interesting as a novel, this book tells about out-of-the-way islands in the Pacific.

Johnson, Martin: *Through the South Seas with Jack London.* The *Snark*, a boat only forty-five feet long, took the party, among other places, to Nukuheva. They visited the Typee valley. You will enjoy the whole book.

London, Jack: *The Cruise of the Snark.* The book narrates the famous voyage Jack London made in his forty-five foot ketch to many islands in the Southern Pacific. The tenth chapter tells of his visit to the Typee valley, which was sadly changed from the time when Melville was captive there.

Jerry of the Islands. Jerry is a dog as interesting as Buck in *The Call of the Wild.* He and his master have exciting adventures in the tropics, particularly in the Solomon Islands.

The Sea Wolf: There isn't very much of the South Seas in this novel, but the story reveals the brutality of the old life on board ship.

South Sea Tales. The eight stories in this volume will give you more adventure than even Melville ran into. Perhaps this is because they are fiction.

Masefield, John: *Dauber.* You will find this in a volume called *The Story of a Round House and Other Poems.* It is an extremely vivid story of the sea in modern times.

Salt Water Poems and Ballads. These ballads tell of sailor-life today. What elements of romance has it? Which poem do you like best? Can you explain why?

Melville, Herman: *Moby Dick.* This story is based on his voyage to the South Seas—the one from which he escaped into the Typee valley. It is considered by some to be one of the finest books in American literature, largely because it is so delightfully humorous.

Omoo. This story continues Melville's adventures immediately after his escape from the Typees. In some ways he got into even worse difficulties in Tahiti and its neighbors—but read it for yourself.

Stevenson, Robert Louis: *In the South Seas.* Part I deals with the Marquesas. Compare particularly his first impression of Nukuheva with Melville's.

The Wrecker, Island Nights' Entertainments, and *The Ebb Tide.* In the first the mystery of the sea is as tantalizing as in any account that you have read. The other stories will engross you with the superstitions of the South Seas and with the effect of the region on white men.

Stock, Ralph: *The Chequered Cruise.* Among other out-of-the-way places, this will take you to the Fiji Islands.

The Cruise of the Dream Ship. This voyage began in London, crossed the Atlantic, and ended in the Pacific. It is almost as interesting as taking the trip yourself.

Stockton, Frank R.: *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.* Here is a really amusing story of the sea.

Stoddard, Charles Warren: *South Sea Idylls.* This book, published in 1893, had a good deal to do with reviving interest in that little-known region of the world after Melville was forgotten.

THE OPEN ROAD

AN INTRODUCTION

The finding of new worlds is not limited to discoveries of continents. It is one of the joys of life that the land of romance lies, for anyone who looks for it, just around the corner. In his "Song of the Open Road," Walt Whitman speaks of the delight he found in walking:

> Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
> Healthy, free, the world before me,
> The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

In this section you will find a group of modern poems dealing in one way or another with the lure that is in wandering.

In the poem, "Merchants from Cathay," William Rose Benét tells how in the days of Marco Polo a visit from a troop of peddlers might have appeared to a group of superstitious villagers. But in spite of timid folk at home, men continued to wander away from civilized abodes. The hero of Kipling's poem, "The Explorer," might have led the way into the western part of our own country. Similar privations and sufferings have been endured by more than one dauntless adventurer in undiscovered lands. But the place doesn't matter. Kipling's poem expresses the resolute spirit with which some men, particularly since the day of Columbus and Raleigh, have faced the unknown perils of new and strange regions. The Whisper in this poem is another expression of that inner voice which in "The Wild Ride," (page 109) is spoken of as "the hoofs of invisible horses" and "importunate pawing and neighing." Raleigh felt some of this spirit, and you will find like impulses in Melville and Stevenson.

Among pioneers the lone explorer is not so common a figure as are bands of adventurers who fare forth into any new country. To be sure, in Kipling's poem, the explorer despises those who come after, but they display endurance equal to his. Besides, they share in a fellowship which is easier for us to understand than the solitary daring Kipling speaks of. "The Trail Makers" depicts in vivid language the hard conditions of early days in Arctic Alaska and the hardihood with which these bands met the conditions.

Today the lure away from civilization is felt strongly by those who love the sea. Masefield's poem, "Cargoes," in fifteen lines gives the whole history of seafaring. The first stanza pictures the seafarers of the ancient world. The second belongs to the adventurous days in which Raleigh lived. The third represents a time when only the corners of the world remain to be explored. Yet even today the poet feels the age-long impulse to wander, as we see from "Sea Fever." When you, too, have caught this fever for the sea, turn to "The Shell" and read another poet's picture of the sea—a forlorn coast that makes you shiver with a nameless fear.

The ocean may be too distant for you to wander upon it; its lure may be weak because its voice, though it be

> The voice of days of old and days to be

cannot be heard. But the woods are never very far away. The open road can be followed by anyone who feels the impulse to wander. No matter how good a time one may have indoors or at play, the desire to follow a winding road or path comes back. The joy which even grown men feel in tramping about has seldom been better expressed than in Stevenson's poem, "The Vagabond." The feeling usually comes over one most strongly in the spring, but Richard Hovey's poem, "Spring," will call it up in you at almost any time. Though the Age of Raleigh has gone forever, you may still feel something akin to its spirit by reading these poems expressive of the longing to wander and explore.

MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

How That They Came.

Their heels slapped their bumping mules; their fat chaps glowed.
Glory unto Mary, each seemed to wear a crown!
Like sunset their robes were on the wide, white road—
So we saw those mad merchants come dusting into town!

Of Their Beasts,

Two paunchy beasts they rode on and two they drove before.
May the Saints all help us, the tiger-stripes they had!
And the panniers upon them swelled full of stuffs and ore!
The square buzzed and jostled at a sight so mad.

And Their Boast,

They bawled in their beards, and their turbans they wried.
They stopped by the stalls with curvetting and clatter.
As bronze as the bracken their necks and faces dyed—
And a stave they sat singing, to tell us of the matter.

With Its Burthen

"For your silks, to Sugarmago! For your dyes, to Isfahan!
Weird fruits from the Isle o' Lamaree.
But for magic merchandise, for treasure-trove and spice,
Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Khan,
The King of the Kings across the sea!

And Chorus.

"Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Khan;
For we won through the deserts to his sunset barbican;
And the mountains of his palace no Titan's reach may span,
Where he wields his seignorie!

A First Stave Fearsome,

"Red-as-blood skins of panthers, so bright against the sun,
On the walls of the halls where his pillared state is set
They daze with blaze no man may look upon.
And with conduits of beverage those floors run wet.

And a Second Right Hard to Stomach,

"His wives stiff with riches, they sit before him there.
Bird and beast at his feast make song and clapping cheer.
And jugglers and enchanters, all walking on the air,
Make fall eclipse and thunder—make moons and suns appear!

And a Third, Which Is a Laughable Thing.

"Once the Khan, by his enemies sore-pressed, and sorely spent,
Lay, so they say, in thicket 'neath a tree,
Where the howl of an owl vexed his foes from their intent;
Then that fowl for a holy bird of reverence made he!

We Gape to Hear the End,

"A catch and a carol to the great, grand Khan!
Past-masters of disaster, our desert caravan
Won through all peril to his sunset barbican,
Where he wields his seignorie!
And crowns he gave us! We end where we began:
A catch and a carol to the great, grand Khan,
The King of all the Kings across the sea!"

And Are in Terror.

Those mad, antic merchants! . . .
Their stripéd beasts did beat
The market-square suddenly with hooves of beaten gold!
The ground yawned gaping and flamed beneath our feet!
They plunged to pits abysmal with their wealth untold!

And Dread It Is Devil's Work!

And some say the Khan himself in anger dealt the stroke—
For sharing of his secrets with silly, common folk:
But Holy, Blessed Mary, preserve us as you may,
Lest once more those mad merchants come chanting from Cathay!

*From *Merchants from Cathay* by William Rose Benét; by permission of the author and the publishers, The Yale University Press.

Title. **Cathay**, old name for northern China.

1. **chaps**, cheeks.

THE EXPLORER*

RUDYARD KIPLING

"There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in the town;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labors
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked bowlders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap today, though).
Then my Whisper waked to hound me—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had died—
I could reach the township living, but . . .
He knows what terrors tore me . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes,
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows—
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth and blasting sky . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by them;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;
I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Ranges," was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
Very full of dreams that desert. But my two legs took me through it . . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country past disputing—
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind—
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting,
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em—
Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my findings grew.
Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snowslide shivers—
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed stains,

*From *The Five Nations*, by permission of the author and of the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company.

23. **township**, i.e., part of the country surveyed and settled.

27. **dwined**, dwindled. 43. **Saul**, etc. *I Samuel*, ix and x.

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the ax-ripe woods that screen 'em—
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to Me!

THE TRAIL-MAKERS*

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

North and west along the coast among the misty islands,
Sullen in the grip of night and smiling in the day;
Nunivak and Akutan, with Nome against the highlands,
On we drove with plated prow agleam with frozen spray.

Loud we sang adventuring and lustily we jested;
Quarreled, fought, and then forgot the taunt, the blow, the jeers;
Named a friend and clasped a hand—a compact sealed, attested;
Shared tobacco, yarns, and drink, and planned surpassing years.

Then—the snow that locked the trail where famine's shadow followed
Out across the blinding white and through the stabbing cold,
Past tents along the tundra over faces blotched and hollowed;
Toothless mouths that babbled foolish songs of hidden gold.

Wisdom, lacking sinews from the toil, gave over trying;
Fools, with thews of iron, blundered on and won the fight;
Weaklings drifted homeward; else they tarried—worse than dying—
With the painted lips and wastrels on the edges of the night.

Berries of the saskatoon were ripening and falling;
Flowers decked the barren with its timber scant and low;

*From *Riders of the Stars* by Henry Herbert Knibbs, by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

3. **Nunivak**, an island in the Bering Sea. **Akutan**, one of the Aleutian Islands, west of Alaska. **Nome**, a mining town in Alaska. **17. saskatoon**, service berry, or June berry.

All along the river-trail were many voices calling,
And e'en the whimpering Malemutes they heard—and whined to go.

Eyelids seared with fire and ice and frosted parka-edges;
Firelight like a spray of blood on faces lean and brown;
Shifting shadows of the pines across our loaded sledges,
And far behind the fading trail, the lights and lures of town.

So we played the bitter game nor asked for praise or pity;
Wind and wolf they found the bones that blazed out lonely trails . . .
Where a dozen shacks were set, today there blooms a city;
Now where once was empty blue, there pass a thousand sails.

Scarce a peak that does not mark the grave of those who perished
Nameless, lost to lips of men who followed, gleaning fame
From the soundless triumph of adventurers who cherished
Naught above the glory of a chance to play the game.

Half the toil—and we had won to wealth in other station;
Rusted out as useless ere our worth was tried and known.
But the Hand that made us caught us up and hewed a nation
From the frozen fastness that so long was His alone.

. . . . . .

Loud we sang adventuring and lustily we jested;
Quarreled, fought, and then forgot the taunt, the blow, the jeers;
Sinned and slaved and vanished—we, the giant-men who wrested
Truth from out a dream wherein we planned surpassing years.

20. **Malemutes**, Eskimo dogs. 21. **parka**, double fur coat cut like a shirt, worn in the arctic region.

CARGOES*

JOHN MASEFIELD

Quinquereme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack,
Butting through the channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

SEA-FEVER*

JOHN MASEFIELD

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the brown spume, and the seagulls crying.

*From John Masefield's *Salt Water Poems and Ballads*. Used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publisher.

1. **Quinquereme**, a vessel propelled by oars, with five rowers to a bench. **Ophir**, a region of antiquity which has never been positively located. It is famed for its wealth, *I Kings* x, 11. 10. **moidore**, a former gold coin of Portugal worth about $4.50.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant, gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

THE SHELL*

JAMES STEPHENS

And then I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
And listened well;
And straightway like a bell
Came low and clear
The slow, sad murmur of the distant seas,
Whipped by an icy breeze
Upon a shore
Wind-swept and desolate.
It was a sunless strand that never bore
The footprint of a man,
Nor felt the weight,
Since time began,
Of any human quality of stir
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
And in the hush of waters was the sound
Of pebbles rolling round,
Forever rolling with a hollow sound.
And bubbling sea-weeds as the waters go
Swish to and fro
Their long, cold tentacles of slimy gray.
There was no day,
Nor ever came a night
Setting the stars alight
To wonder at the moon;
Was twilight only and the frightened croon,
Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
And waves that journeyed blind—
And then I loosed my ear . . . Oh, it was sweet
To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

*From *Insurrections*, by permission of the author and of the publishers, the Macmillan Company.

THE VAGABOND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me;
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me,
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

SPRING*

RICHARD HOVEY

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass

2. **the lave**, all the rest.
*From *Along the Trail*, copyright, 1907, by Duffield and Company, publishers.

The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles today,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

When I got to the woods, I found out
What the Spring was about,
With her gypsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south
With the wander-lure of witch songs in her mouth.
For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a lover's eye
As she went by;
The air
Made love to all it touched, as if its care
Were all to spare;
The earth
Pricked with lust of birth;
The woodland streams
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of chestnut trees
I heard
The sky and the fields and the thicket find voice in a bird.
The golden-wing—hark!
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air!
I thrill to his cry in the leafage there;
I respond to the new life mounting under the bark.
I shall not be long
To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and swallow,
On the old trail.

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new!
There was never a note that whirled
In the nebular morn,
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncurled—
Not the first that grew—
Nor a bee-flight hurled,
Nor a bird-note skirled,
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu, more thoughtless and certain and free,
More a-shout with the glee
Of the Unknown new-burst of the wonder, than here, than here,
In the rewrought sphere
Of the new-born year—
Now, now,
When the greenlet sings on the redbud bough,
Where the blossoms are whispering "I and thou"—"I and thou,"
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad with a dawn on her brow,
And the world is just made—now!

50. **eft**, a kind of lizard. 70. **greenlet**, the vireo, a sweet-singing bird found in the eastern part of the United States.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Merchants from Cathay. 1. How did these merchants differ from the shopkeepers the villagers were accustomed to? What features in the description do you think are due to the startled imagination of these villagers?

2. In the song of the merchants, what are the most wonderful features of China? Are these any more wonderful than the tales Raleigh brought back from Guiana? In your answer pick out particular stories from Raleigh.

3. How is the simplicity and superstition of the villagers brought out in the conclusion?

4. The metrical form of this poem is very unusual. Some of the lines break up into iambs and anapæsts, as in:

× , × , × , × ×
Two paunch|y beasts | they rode | on, and
, × , × ,
two | they drove | before|

This is an iambic line of six stresses, with one foot, "on and two," an anapæst. If you are interested in puzzling out the pattern in the different stanzas, you will be surprised at the remarkable skill with which the poet varies the measure. What instances of internal rime can you find? What effect have these passages? The best way to enjoy the poem is to read it aloud several times. What is the impression produced on you: tripping, stately, light, serious, amazing, trite, fantastic, prosaic?

The Explorer. 1. Who tell the explorer to stop? Where is he at the time? Why did he not stay?

2. Why are the ranges called "sheer"? What are the shoulders? How did he know when he reached the pass? Why did he want to reach it?

3. What two decisions did he hover between? What didn't he do? On the other side of what did he go?

4. What faces and voices did he find? How did he get away from them? What made the new region "white man's country"? Of what was it worth two? What made it so?

5. Why does the explorer think himself superior to those who followed him? Why will these pioneers not find his cities? His rivers?

6. In what way has the explorer been paid? Have you ever done anything that was a sufficient reward in itself? Tell or write about it.

7. The meter here is different from any you have read so far in this book; it is not the usual kind of meter in English, for the accented syllable here comes first. For example, the first line should be scanned thus:

, × , × , × , × ,
There's no | sense in | going | further | it's
× , × , × , ×
the | edge of | culti|vation|

Notice, too, that the line has eight of these trochees in it. What is the effect of this meter on you: brisk, smooth, merry, mournful, exultant, downcast, jolly, grave, indifferent, zealous?

The Trail-Makers. 1. What object have these adventurers? What is the game they wish to play? What do they actually achieve? What is their feeling about God? Compare it with the explorer's feeling.

2. What are the most vivid scenes in this poem? Point out the specific or concrete words that make the picture stand out. Are the pictures or images here more or less vivid than in Kipling's poem?

3. The meter and rime here are very much like those in Kipling's poem. Scan some of the lines. How do they differ if at all? Is the effect of the meter the same as in Kipling's poem? You can test this only by reading aloud.

Cargoes; Sea Fever; and *The Shell.* 1. What features of the first picture in "Cargoes" do you think most striking? How does the second picture differ from the first? Is the cargo more or less attractive to you? Is the third picture characteristic of our civilization today? Do you think life is less romantic or beautiful now than in earlier ages? Draw your illustrations from Raleigh, for you there have first-hand information.

2. What features of life on the sea does the author of "Sea Fever" like? Would you like those features?

3. What details in "The Shell" contribute most to the feeling of desolateness? What part of the picture is clearest to you? Does your feeling about the sea agree with Masefield's or with Stephens's?

4. In which of these poems do you think the meter helps most to support or create the feeling the poet wishes to convey? Point out particular lines that are, you think, especially successful.

The Vagabond. 1. Observe the references to "the blow." What is meant? What other repetitions do you find in the poem?

2. Would this poem make a good song? What kind of music do you think would be appropriate? What kind of man do you imagine the vagabond to be? How should he be dressed, if you were to introduce him, and his song, into a little drama? Would any of the characters in Raleigh's story fit? Melville's?

Spring. 1. What features of spring here described would most strongly pluck *you* by the sleeve and nudge *you* away? What phrases in the poem call up pictures of spring most clearly in your mind?

2. The poem is an ode, a form of lyric poetry in which lines and stanzas are more irregular than in the usual lyric. Do you discover any increase in gladness by the use of the shorter lines? Do the long lines seem to you more sober? Give specimens in each case.

"CAMPING OUT" AS A GATEWAY TO A NEW WORLD

AN INTRODUCTION TO "TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY"

The desire to get away from civilization can be satisfied without going on a long voyage or running the chance of being eaten by a cannibal tribe. It can be satisfied merely by camping in the country. The green of spring or the glory of autumn can minister to it on walks among the woods. One may become a vagabond on any holiday.

Of all the accounts of this kind of outing probably the most delightful have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Perhaps this is because he was so interesting a man—one who charmed nearly everyone who knew him. The first of these outings, described as *An Inland Voyage,* was in northern France when he was twenty-six years old. It began at Antwerp in Belgium and extended almost to Paris in France. This district was made famous in August, 1914, by the stubbornly contested advance of the German armies, and for four years thereafter by their occupation of towns and villages through which Stevenson passed. His was a very peaceful canoe trip in company with a friend with whom he had taken similar trips in various parts of Scotland. It covered barely three weeks, in September, 1876. As they traveled along rivers and canals in a long-settled country, they saw no wild life, but they had many unexpected experiences in the out-of-the-way places they visited. It is always enlightening to compare a foreign people with those at home, to note how much alike all men are, yet to discover ways in which they differ. Stevenson's account is interesting for still another reason. He had a very active mind and very original views. A chance remark in a boating club or the receipt of letters at a stopping point would set him going. His story is filled with observations that stimulate our powers and make life a more various and curious spectacle forever after.

A second trip, described in *Travels with a Donkey,* was taken in southern France in a range of mountains called the Cévennes, almost exactly two years later. It began at Le Monastier, a town in the department of Haute-Loire near the source of the Loire, and wound around southward to Alais on the Gardon in the department of Gard. It extended from September 22 to October 4, 1878, barely two weeks. This time Stevenson traveled alone, except for a donkey. He could not get into the wild parts of the Cévennes, yet the people, the places, the author's comments and reflections, make this fully as rich a record as the *Inland Voyage.* The chapters on "The Monks," "A Camp in the Dark," and "A Night among the Pines" he thought well written. The story should show anyone how much there is in camping besides the frolic of setting up the tent and building the fire. To Stevenson his journey was a sort of exploration of unfamiliar scenes and places.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

MY DEAR SIDNEY COLVIN:

The journey which this little book is to describe was very agreeable and fortunate for me. After an uncouth beginning, I had the best of luck to the end. But we are all travelers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world—all, too, travelers with a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel, indeed, to find them. They are the end and the reward of life. They keep us worthy of ourselves; and, when we are alone, we are only nearer to the absent.

Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it. They alone take his meaning; they find private messages, assurances of love, and expressions of gratitude dropped for them in every corner. The public is but a generous patron who defrays the postage. Yet, though the letter is directed to all, we have an old and kindly custom of addressing it on the outside to one. Of what shall a man be proud, if he is not proud of his friends? And so, my dear Sidney Colvin, it is with pride that I sign myself affectionately yours,

R. L. S.

1. **Sidney Colvin** (1845-), an English literary and art critic; he was a close friend of Stevenson's and is the editor of his works. 6. **John Bunyan** (1628-1688), author of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

PART I

VELAY

THE DONKEY, THE PACK, AND THE PACKSADDLE

In a little place called Le Monastier, in a pleasant highland valley fifteen miles from Le Puy, I spent about a month of fine days. Monastier is notable for the making of lace, for drunkenness, for freedom of language, and for unparalleled political dissension. There are adherents of each of the four French parties—Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Republicans—in this little mountain-town; and they all hate, loathe, decry, and calumniate each other. Except for business purposes, or to give each other the lie in a tavern brawl, they have laid aside even the civility of speech. 'Tis a mere mountain Poland. In the midst of this Babylon I found myself a rallying-point; everyone was anxious to be kind and helpful to the stranger. This was not merely from the natural hospitality of mountain people, nor even from the surprise with which I was regarded as a man living of his own free will in Monastier, when he might just as well have lived anywhere else in this big world; it arose a good deal from my projected excursion southward through the Cévennes. A

9. **parties.** The Legitimists believed in a monarchy with a descendant of the elder line of Bourbons (kings of France before the French Revolution) on the throne; the Orleanists advocated a limited monarchy, and desired a ruler from a younger Bourbon line; the Imperialists wished a descendant of Napoleon to rule; the Republicans supported the Republic, which had been established a few years before Stevenson made his journey.

17. **mountain Poland,** a reference to the political dissensions of Poland. 18. **Babylon,** Babel, i.e., confusion. See *Genesis* xi, 4-9.

traveler of my sort was a thing hitherto unheard of in that district. I was looked upon with contempt, like a man who should project a journey to the moon, but yet with a respectful interest, like one setting forth for the inclement pole. All were ready to help in my preparations; a crowd of sympathizers supported me at the critical moment of a bargain; not a step was taken but was heralded by glasses round and celebrated by a dinner or a breakfast.

It was already hard upon October before I was ready to set forth, and at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for. I was determined, if not to camp out, at least to have the means of camping out in my possession; for there is nothing more harassing to an easy mind than the necessity of reaching shelter by dusk, and the hospitality of a village inn is not always to be reckoned sure by those who trudge on foot. A tent, above all for a solitary traveler, is troublesome to pitch, and troublesome to strike again; and even on the march it forms a conspicuous feature in your baggage. A sleeping-sack, on the other hand, is always ready—you have only to get into it; it serves a double purpose—a bed by night, a portmanteau by day; and it does not advertise your intention of camping out to every curious passer-by. This is a huge point. If the camp is not secret, it is but a troubled resting-place; you become a public character; the convivial rustic visits your bedside after an early supper; and you must sleep with one eye open, and be up before the day. I decided on a sleeping-sack; and after repeated visits to Le Puy, and a deal of high living for myself and my advisers, a sleeping-sack was designed, constructed, and triumphally brought home.

This child of my invention was nearly six feet square, exclusive of two triangular flaps to serve as a pillow by night and as the top and bottom of the sack by day. I call it "the sack," but it was never a sack by more than courtesy; only a sort of long roll, or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without and blue sheep's fur within. It was commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. There was luxurious turning room for one; and at a pinch the thing might serve for two. I could bury myself in it up to the neck; for my head I trusted to a fur cap, with a hood to fold down over my ears and a band to pass under my nose like a respirator; and in case of heavy rain I proposed to make myself a little tent, or tentlet, with my waterproof coat, three stones, and a bent branch.

It will readily be conceived that I could not carry this huge package on my own, merely human, shoulders. It remained to choose a beast of burden. Now a horse is a fine lady among animals, flighty, timid, delicate in eating, of tender health; he is too valuable and too restive to be left alone, so that you are chained to your brute as to a fellow galley-slave; a dangerous road puts him out of his wits; in short, he's an uncertain and exacting ally, and adds thirty-fold to the troubles of the voyager. What I required was something cheap and small and hardy, and of a stolid and peaceful temper; and all these requisites pointed to a donkey.

There dwelt an old man in Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as Father Adam. Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the color of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There

was something neat and high-bred, a Quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the center of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. The sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptized her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four casters.

I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the brandy. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

By the advice of a fallacious local saddler, a leather pad was made for me with rings to fasten on my bundle; and I thoughtfully completed my kit and arranged my toilet. By way of armory and utensils, I took a revolver, a little spirit-lamp and pan, a lantern and some halfpenny candles, a jack-knife, and a large leather flask. The main cargo consisted of two entire changes of warm clothing—besides my traveling wear of country velveteen, pilot-coat, and knitted spencer—some books, and my railway-rug, which, being also in the form of a bag, made me a double castle for cold nights. The permanent larder was represented by cakes of chocolate and tins of Bologna sausage. All this, except what I carried about my person, was easily stowed into the sheepskin bag; and by good fortune I threw in my empty knapsack, rather for convenience of carriage than from any thought that I should want it on my journey. For more immediate needs, I took a leg of cold mutton, a bottle of Beaujolais, an empty bottle to carry milk, an egg-beater, and a considerable quantity of black bread and white, like Father Adam, for myself and donkey, only in my scheme of things the destinations were reversed.

Monastrians, of all shades of thought in politics, had agreed in threatening me with many ludicrous misadventures, and with sudden death in many surprising forms. Cold, wolves, robbers, above all the nocturnal practical joker, were daily and eloquently forced on my attention. Yet in these vaticinations, the true, patent danger was left out. Like Christian, it was from my pack I suffered by the way. Before telling my own mishaps, let me, in two words, relate the lesson of my experience. If the pack is well strapped at the ends and hung at full length—not doubled, for your life—across the pack-saddle, the traveler is safe. The saddle will certainly not fit, such is the im-

20. **franc**, at normal exchange worth a little over nineteen cents.

70. **Beaujolais**, a kind of wine. 86. **Christian**, in *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

WHERE MODESTINE WAS BOUGHT

perfection of our transitory life; it will assuredly topple and tend to overset; but there are stones on every roadside, and a man soon learns the art of correcting any tendency to overbalance with a well-adjusted stone.

On the day of my departure I was up a little after five; by six, we began to load the donkey; and ten minutes after, my hopes were in the dust. The pad would not stay on Modestine's back for half a moment. I returned it to its maker, with whom I had so contumelious a passage that the street outside was crowded from wall to wall with gossips looking on and listening. The pad changed hands with much vivacity; perhaps it would be more descriptive to say that we threw it at each other's heads; and, at any rate, we were very warm and unfriendly, and spoke with a deal of freedom.

I had a common donkey packsaddle —a *barde*, as they call it—fitted upon Modestine; and once more loaded her with my effects. The doubled sack, my pilot-coat—for it was warm, and I was to walk in my waistcoat—a great bar of black bread, and an open basket containing the white bread, the mutton, and the bottles, were all corded together in a very elaborate system of knots, and I looked on the result with fatuous content. In such a monstrous deck-cargo, all poised *above* the donkey's shoulders, with nothing below to balance, on a brand-new packsaddle that had not yet been worn to fit the animal, and fastened with brand-new girths that might be expected to stretch and slacken by the way, even a very careless traveler should have seen disaster brewing. That elaborate system of knots, again, was the work of too many sympathizers to be very artfully designed. It is true they tightened the cords with a will; as many as three at a time would have a foot against Modestine's quarters, and be hauling with clenched teeth; but I learned afterwards that one thoughtful person, without any exercise of force, can make a more solid

job than half a dozen heated and enthusiastic grooms. I was then but a novice; even after the misadventure of the pad nothing could disturb my security, and I went forth from the stable-door as an ox goeth to the slaughter.

The Green Donkey-driver

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalize this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical, snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

I told him I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him we had but newly left Monastier.

"*Et vous marchez comme ça!*" cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You must have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to

6. **as an ox**, etc. See *Proverbs* vii, 22.

86. **Et vous**, etc., And you walk like that!

lace Modestine about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machina*, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry, or Masonic word, of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time he regarded me with a comical, incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonders for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath; the mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine; and as we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the church was crowded to the door, there were people kneeling without upon the steps; and the sound of the priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It gave me a home feeling on the spot; for I am a countryman of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scotch accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveler, hurrying by like a person from another planet, who can rightly enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast. The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. There is something better than music in the wide, unusual silence; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

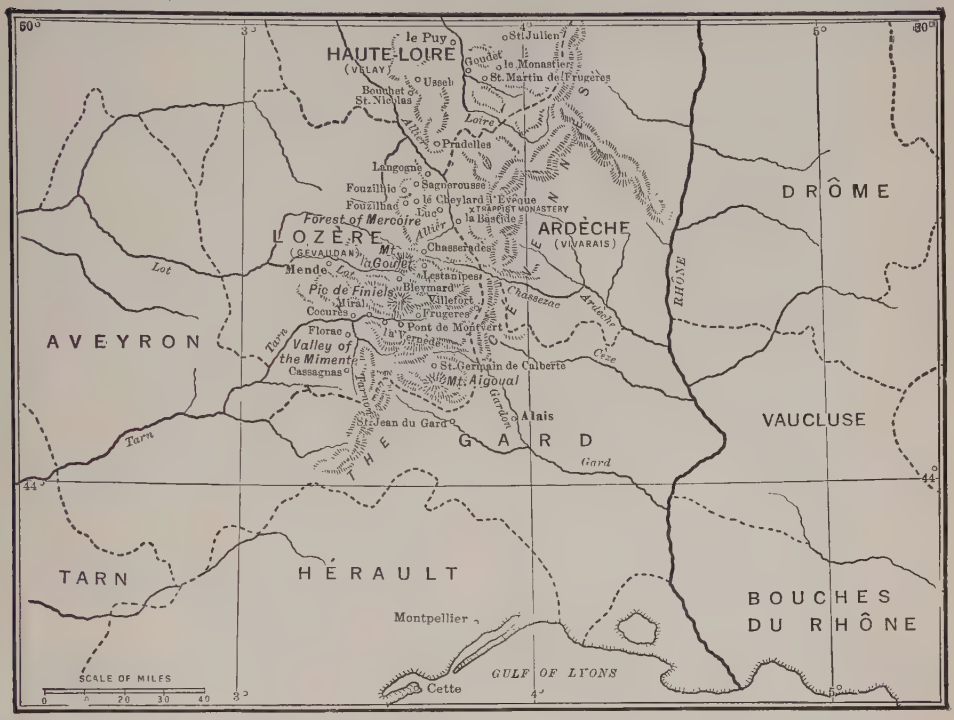
In this pleasant humor I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in a green end of a valley, with Château Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides, Goudet is shut in by mountains; rocky footpaths, practicable at best for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France; and the men and women drink and swear, in their green corner, or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would think, like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so; the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the railway at Le Puy; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, "Professor of Fencing and Champion of the Two Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on the tenth of April, 1876.

I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth again. But, alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot!" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated.

10. **deus ex machina**, the god from the machine. Sometimes in Greek drama a god was suddenly dropped on the stage by machinery, in order to get the characters out of difficulties.

72. **Cyclops**, Polyphemus, the one-eyed giant who lived alone with his flocks. See the *Odyssey*, Book IX, lines 131-172 and lines 200 ff.

She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belaboring. A He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado.



MAP SHOWING STEVENSON'S JOURNEY

moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. I think I never heard of anyone in as mean a situation. I must reach the Lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation— he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehement sun upon my shoulders; and I had to labor so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the other; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an

hour, to tug, push, shoulder, and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and groveled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased, incontinently drew up and seemed to smile; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage: a cane, a quart flask, a pilot-jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I may say I am not devoid of greatness of soul; for I did not recoil from this infamous burden. I disposed it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly portable, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every courtyard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties. A priest, with six or seven others, was examining a church in process of repair, and he and his acolytes laughed loudly as they saw my plight. I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But oh, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift up her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and a nip of brandy. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite, hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to carry milk; I threw away my own white bread, and, disdaining to act by general average, kept the black bread for Modestine; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton and the egg-whisk, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lakeside before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had

4. **hypothec**, in Scotch law a term meaning a lien upon property; here "lot."

gone down into a windy-looking mist; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black firwoods, all was cold and gray about our onward path. An infinity of little country by-roads led hither and thither among the fields. It was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back toward the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning color, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was traveling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle; I think every decent step that Modestine took must have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighborhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; and I was falling into something not unlike despair when I saw two figures stalking toward me over the stones. They walked one behind the other like tramps, but their pace was remarkable. The son led the way, a tall, ill-made, somber, Scotch-looking man; the mother followed, all in her Sunday's best, with an elegantly embroidered ribbon to her cap, and a new felt hat atop, and proffering, as she strode along with kilted petticoats, a string of obscene and blasphemous oaths.

I hailed the son and asked him my direction. He pointed loosely west and northwest, muttered an inaudible comment, and, without slacking his pace for an instant, stalked on, as he was going, right athwart my path. The mother followed without so much as raising her head. I shouted and shouted after them, but they continued to scale the hillside, and turned a deaf ear to my outcries. At last, leaving Modestine by herself, I was constrained to run after them, hailing the while. They stopped as I drew near, the mother still cursing; and I could see she was a handsome, motherly, respectable-looking woman. The son once more answered me roughly and inaudibly, and was for setting out again. But this time I simply collared the mother, who was nearest me, and, apologizing for my violence, declared that I could not let them go until they had put me on my road. They were neither of them offended—rather mollified than otherwise; told me I had only to follow them; and then the mother asked me what I wanted by the lake at such an hour. I replied, in the Scotch manner, by inquiring if she had far to go herself. She told me, with another oath, that she had an hour and a half's road before her. And then, without salutation, the pair strode forward again up the hillside in the gathering dusk. I returned for Modestine, pushed her briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mézenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one

17. **unhomely**, inhospitable looking.

broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a white, irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire, the Gazeille, or the Lausonne wandered in a gorge.

Soon we were on a highroad, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld a village of some magnitude close at hand; for I had been told that the neighborhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home cattle from the fields; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicolas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the auberge.

I Have a Goad

The auberge of Bouchet St. Nicolas was among the least pretentious I have ever visited; but I saw many more of the like upon my journey. Indeed, it was typical of these French highlands. Imagine a cottage of two stories, with a bench before the door; the stable and kitchen in a suite, so that Modestine and I could hear each other dining; furniture of the plainest, earthen floors, a single bedchamber for travelers, and that without any convenience but beds. In the kitchen cooking and eating go forward side by side, and the family sleep at night. Anyone who has a fancy to wash must do so in public at the common table. The food is sometimes spare; hard fish and omelet have been my portion more than once; the wine is of the smallest, the brandy abominable to man; and the visit of a fat sow, grouting under the table and rubbing against your legs, is no impossible accompaniment to dinner.

But the people of the inn, in nine cases out of ten, show themselves friendly and considerate. As soon as you cross the doors, you cease to be a stranger; and although this peasantry are rude and forbidding on the highway, they show a tincture of kind breeding when you share their hearth. At Bouchet, for instance, I uncorked my bottle of Beaujolais, and asked the host to join me. He would take but little.

"I am an amateur of such wine, do you see," he said, "and I am capable of leaving you not enough."

In these hedge-inns the traveler is expected to eat with his own knife; unless he ask, no other will be supplied; with a glass, a whang of bread, and an iron fork, the table is completely laid. My knife was cordially admired by the landlord of Bouchet, and the spring filled him with wonder.

"I should never have guessed that," he said. "I would bet," he added, weighing it in his hand, "that this cost you not less than five francs."

When I told him it had cost me twenty, his jaw dropped.

He was a mild, handsome, sensible, friendly old man, astonishingly ignorant. His wife, who was not so pleasant in her manners, knew how to read, although I do not suppose she ever did so. She had a share of brains and spoke with a cutting emphasis, like one who ruled the roost.

31. **auberge**, inn.

54. **grouting**, rooting with his snout. 68. **amateur**, here, lover. 74. **whang**, a large piece.

"My man knows nothing," she said, with an angry nod; "he is like the beasts."

And the old gentleman signified acquiescence with his head. There was no contempt on her part, and no shame on his; the facts were accepted loyally, and no more about the matter.

I was tightly cross-examined about my journey; and the lady understood in a moment, and sketched out what I should put into my book when I got home. "Whether people harvest or not in such or such a place; if there were forests; studies of manners; what, for example, I and the master of the house say to you; the beauties of nature, and all that." And she interrogated me with a look.

"It is just that," said I.

"You see," she added to her husband, "I understood that."

They were both much interested by the story of my misadventures.

"In the morning," said the husband, "I will make you something better than your cane. Such a beast as that feels nothing; it is in the proverb—*dur comme un âne;* you might beat her insensible with a cudgel, and yet you would arrive nowhere."

Something better! I little knew what he was offering.

The sleeping-room was furnished with two beds. I had one; and I will own I was a little abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of mounting into the other. This was my first experience of the sort; and if I am always to feel equally silly and extraneous, I pray God it be my last as well. I kept my eyes to myself, and know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, and seemed no whit abashed by my appearance. As a matter of fact, the situation was more trying to me than to the pair. A pair keep each other in countenance; it is the single gentleman who has to blush. But I could not help attributing my sentiments to the husband, and sought to conciliate his tolerance with a cup of brandy from my flask. He told me that he was a cooper of Alais traveling to St. Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. Me he readily enough divined to be a brandy merchant.

I was up first in the morning (Monday, September 23), and hastened my toilet guiltily, so as to leave a clear field for madam, the cooper's wife. I drank a bowl of milk, and set off to explore the neighborhood of Bouchet. It was perishing cold, a gray, windy, wintry morning; misty clouds flew fast and low; the wind piped over the naked platform; and the only speck of color was away behind Mount Mézenc and the eastern hills, where the sky still wore the orange of the dawn.

It was five in the morning, and four thousand feet above the sea; and I had to bury my hands in my pockets and trot. People were trooping out to the labors of the field by twos and threes, and all turned round to stare upon the stranger. I had seen them coming back last night, I saw them going afield again; and there was the life of Bouchet in a nutshell.

When I came back to the inn for a bit of breakfast, the landlady was in the kitchen combing out her daughter's hair; and I made her my compliments upon its beauty.

"O no," said the mother; "it is not so beautiful as it ought to be. Look, it is too fine."

Thus does a wise peasantry console itself under adverse physical circumstances, and, by a startling democratic

29. **dur comme un âne,** tough as a donkey.

56. **St. Etienne,** a village in Loire, the next department to the northeast of Haute-Loire.

process, the defects of the majority decide the type of beauty.

"And where," said I, "is monsieur?"

"The master of the house is upstairs," she answered, "making you a goad."

Blessed be the man who invented goads! Blessed the innkeeper of Bouchet St. Nicolas, who introduced me to their use! This plain wand, with an eighth of an inch of pin, was indeed a scepter when he put it in my hands. Thenceforward Modestine was my slave. A prick, and she passed the most inviting stable-door. A prick, and she broke forth into a gallant little trotlet that devoured the miles. It was not a remarkable speed, when all was said; and we took four hours to cover ten miles at the best of it. But what a heavenly change since yesterday! No more wielding of the ugly cudgel; no more flailing with an aching arm; no more broadsword exercise, but a discreet and gentlemanly fence. And what although now and then a drop of blood should appear on Modestine's mouse-colored, wedge-like rump? I should have preferred it otherwise, indeed; but yesterday's exploits had purged my heart of all humanity. The perverse little devil, since she would not be taken with kindness, must even go with pricking.

It was bleak and bitter cold, and, except a cavalcade of stride-legged ladies and a pair of post-runners, the road was dead solitary all the way to Pradelles. I scarce remember an incident but one. A handsome foal with a bell about his neck came charging up to us upon a stretch of common, sniffed the air martially as one about to do great deeds, and, suddenly thinking otherwise in his green young heart, put about and galloped off as he had come, the bell tinkling in the wind. For a long while afterwards I saw his noble attitude as he drew up, and heard the note of his bell; and when I struck the highroad, the song of the telegraph-wires seemed to continue the same music.

Pradelles stands on a hillside, high above the Allier, surrounded by rich meadows. They were cutting aftermath on all sides, which gave the neighborhood, this gusty autumn morning, an untimely smell of hay. On the opposite bank of the Allier the land kept mounting for miles to the horizon; a tanned and sallow autumn landscape, with black blots of fir-wood and white roads wandering through the hills. Over all this the clouds shed a uniform and purplish shadow, sad and somewhat menacing, exaggerating height and distance, and throwing into still higher relief the twisted ribbons of the highway. It was a cheerless prospect, but one stimulating to a traveler. For I was now upon the limit of Velay, and all that I beheld lay in another county—wild Gévaudan, mountainous, uncultivated, and but recently disforested from terror of the wolves.

Wolves, alas, like bandits, seem to flee the traveler's advance; and you may trudge through all our comfortable Europe, and not meet with an adventure worth the name. But here, if anywhere, a man was on the frontiers of hope. For this was the land of the ever-memorable Beast, the Napoleon Bonaparte of wolves. What a career was his! He lived ten months at free quarters in Gévaudan and Vivarais; he ate women and children and "shepherdesses celebrated for their beauty"; he pursued armed horsemen; he has been seen at broad noonday chasing a post-chaise and outrider along the king's highroad, and chaise and outrider fleeing before him at the gallop. He was placarded like a

85. Beast. The wolf appeared in 1765 and was not killed until 1787.

political offender, and ten thousand francs were offered for his head. And yet, when he was shot and sent to Versailles, behold! a common wolf, and even small for that. "Though I could reach from pole to pole," sang Alexander Pope; the little corporal shook Europe; and if all wolves had been as this wolf, they would have changed the history of man. M. Elie Berthet has made him the hero of a novel, which I have read, and do not wish to read again.

I hurried over my lunch, and was proof against the landlady's desire that I should visit Our Lady of Pradelles, "who performed many miracles, although she was of wood"; and before three-quarters of an hour I was goading Modestine down the steep descent that leads to Langogne on the Allier. On both sides of the road, in big dusty fields, farmers were preparing for next spring. Every fifty yards a yoke of great-necked stolid oxen were patiently haling at the plow. I saw one of these mild, formidable servants of the glebe, who took a sudden interest in Modestine and me. The furrow down which he was journeying lay at an angle to the road, and his head was solidly fixed to the yoke like those of caryatids below a ponderous cornice; but he screwed round his big honest eyes and followed us with a ruminating look, until his master bade him turn the plow and proceed to reascend the field. From all these furrowing plowshares, from the feet of oxen, from a laborer here and there who was breaking the dry clods with a hoe, the wind carried away a thin dust like so much smoke. It was a fine, busy, breathing, rustic landscape; and as I continued to descend, the highlands of Gévaudan kept mounting in front of me against the sky.

I had crossed the Loire the day before; now I was to cross the Allier; so near are these two confluents in their youth. Just at the bridge of Langogne, as the long-promised rain was beginning to fall, a lassie of some seven or eight addressed me in the sacramental phrase, "*D'où'st que vous venez?*" She did it with so high an air that she set me laughing; and this cut her to the quick. She was evidently one who reckoned on respect, and stood looking after me in silent dudgeon, as I crossed the bridge and entered the county of Gévaudan.

7. **Pope** (1689-1744), an English poet; he apparently did not write the line Stevenson quotes. **little corporal**, Napoleon. 11. **Berthet** (1815-1891), a minor French novelist.

33. **caryatid**, in classical architecture, a draped female figure used as a support. 56. **D'où'st**, etc., where do you come from?

THE BRIDGE OF LANGOGNE

PART II

UPPER GÉVAUDAN

A Camp in the Dark

The way also here was very wearisome through dirt and slabbiness; nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualing-house wherein to refresh the feebler sort.

Pilgrim's Progress.

The next day (Tuesday, September 24) it was two o'clock in the afternoon before I got my journal written up and my knapsack repaired, for I was determined to carry my knapsack in the future and have no more ado with baskets; and half an hour afterwards I set out for Le Cheylard l'Evêque, a place on the borders of the forest of Mercoire. A man, I was told, should walk there in an hour and a half; and I thought it scarce too ambitious to suppose that a man encumbered with a donkey might cover the same distance in four hours.

All the way up the long hill from Langogne it rained and hailed alternately; the wind kept freshening steadily, although slowly; plentiful, hurrying clouds—some dragging veils of straight rain-shower, others massed and luminous, as though promising snow—careered out of the north and followed me along my way. I was soon out of the cultivated basin of the Allier, and away from the plowing oxen, and such-like sights of the country. Moor, heathery marsh, tracts of rock and pines, woods of birch all jeweled with the autumn yellow, here and there a few naked cottages and bleak fields—these were the characters of the country. Hill and valley followed valley and hill; the little green and stony cattle-tracks wandered in and out of one another, split into three or four, died away in marshy hollows, and began again sporadically on hillsides or at the borders of a wood.

There was no direct road to Cheylard, and it was no easy affair to make a passage in this uneven country and through this intermittent labyrinth of tracks. It must have been about four when I struck Sagnerousse, and went on my way rejoicing in a sure point of departure. Two hours afterwards, the dusk rapidly falling, in a lull of the wind, I issued from a fir-wood where I had long been wandering, and found, not the looked-for village, but another marish bottom among rough-and-tumble hills. For some time past I had heard the ringing of cattle-bells ahead; and now, as I came out of the skirts of the wood, I saw near upon a dozen cows and perhaps as many more black figures, which I conjectured to be children, although the mist had almost unrecognizably exaggerated their forms. These were all silently following each other round and round in a circle, now taking hands, now breaking up with chains and reverences. A dance of children appeals to very innocent and lively thoughts; but, at nightfall on the marshes, the thing was eerie and fantastic to behold. Even I, who am well enough read in Herbert Spencer, felt a sort of silence fall for an instant on my mind. The next, I was pricking Modestine forward, and guiding her like an unruly ship through the open. In a path, she went doggedly ahead of her own accord, as before a fair wind; but once on the turf or among heather, and the brute became demented. The tendency of lost travelers to go round in a

52. **marish bottom**, marshy valley. 70. **Herbert Spencer** (1820-1903), an English philosopher.

circle was developed in her to the degree of passion, and it took all the steering I had in me to keep even a decently straight course through a single field.

While I was thus desperately tacking through the bog, children and cattle began to disperse, until only a pair of girls remained behind. From these I sought direction on my path. The peasantry in general were but little disposed to counsel a wayfarer. One old devil simply retired into his house, and barricaded the door on my approach; and I might beat and shout myself hoarse, he turned a deaf ear. Another, having given me a direction which, as I found afterwards, I had misunderstood, complacently watched me going wrong without adding a sign. He did not care a stalk of parsley if I wandered all night upon the hills! As for these two girls, they were a pair of impudent sly sluts, with not a thought but mischief. One put out her tongue at me, the other bade me follow the cows; and they both giggled and jogged each other's elbows. The Beast of Gévaudan ate about a hundred children of this district; I began to think of him with sympathy.

Leaving the girls, I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood and upon a well-marked road. It grew darker and darker. Modestine, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord, and from that time forward gave me no trouble. It was the first sign of intelligence I had occasion to remark in her. At the same time, the wind freshened into half a gale, and another heavy discharge of rain came flying up out of the north. At the other side of the wood I sighted some red windows in the dusk. This was the hamlet of Fouzilhic; three houses on a hillside, near a wood of birches. Here I found a delightful old man, who came a little way with me in the rain to put me safely on the road for Cheylard. He would hear of no reward; but shook his hands above his head almost as if in menace, and refused volubly and shrilly, in unmitigated patois.

All seemed right at last. My thoughts began to turn upon dinner and a fireside, and my heart was agreeably softened in my bosom. Alas, and I was on the brink of new and greater miseries! Suddenly, at a single swoop, the night fell. I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. A glimmer of rocks, a glimmer of the track where it was well beaten, a certain fleecy density, or night within night, for a tree—this was all that I could discriminate. The sky was simply darkness overhead; even the flying clouds pursued their way invisibly to human eyesight. I could not distinguish my hand at arm's length from the track, nor my goad, at the same distance, from the meadows or the sky.

Soon the road that I was following split, after the fashion of the country, into three or four in a piece of rocky meadow. Since Modestine had shown such a fancy for beaten roads, I tried her instinct in this predicament. But the instinct of an ass is what might be expected from the name; in half a minute she was clambering round and round among some bowlders, as lost a donkey as you would wish to see. I should have camped long before had I been properly provided; but as this was to be so short a stage, I had brought no wine, no bread for myself, and a little over a pound for my lady-friend. Add to this, that I and Modestine were both handsomely wetted by the showers. But now, if I could have found some water, I should have camped at once in spite of all. Water, however, being entirely absent, except in the form of rain, I determined

to return to Fouzilhic, and ask a guide a little further on my way—"A little farther lend thy guiding hand."

The thing was easy to decide, hard to accomplish. In this sensible roaring blackness I was sure of nothing but the direction of the wind. To this I set my face; the road had disappeared, and I went across country, now in marshy opens, now baffled by walls unscalable to Modestine, until I came once more in sight of some red windows. This time they were differently disposed. It was not Fouzilhic, but Fouzilhac, a hamlet little distant from the other in space, but worlds away in the spirit of its inhabitants. I tied Modestine to a gate, and groped forward, stumbling among rocks, plunging mid-leg in bog, until I gained the entrance of the village. In the first lighted house there was a woman who would not open to me. She could do nothing, she cried to me through the door, being alone and lame; but if I would apply at the next house, there was a man who could help me if he had a mind.

They came to the next door in force, a man, two women, and a girl, and brought a pair of lanterns to examine the wayfarer. The man was not ill-looking, but had a shifty smile. He leaned against the doorpost, and heard me state my case. All I asked was a guide as far as Cheylard.

"*C'est que, voyez-vous, il fait noir,*" said he.

I told him that was just my reason for requiring help.

"I understand that," said he, looking uncomfortable; "*mais—c'est—de la peine.*"

I was willing to pay, I said. He shook his head. I rose as high as ten francs; but he continued to shake his head. "Name your own price, then," said I.

"*Ce n'est pas ça,*" he said at length, and with evident difficulty; "but I am not going to cross the door—*mais je ne sortirai pas de la porte.*"

I grew a little warm, and asked him what he proposed that I should do.

"Where are you going beyond Cheylard?" he asked by way of answer.

"That is no affair of yours," I returned, for I was not going to indulge his bestial curiosity; "it changes nothing in my present predicament."

"*C'est vrai, ça,*" he acknowledged, with a laugh; "*oui, c'est vrai. Et d'oú venez-vous?*"

A better man than I might have felt nettled.

"Oh," said I, "I am not going to answer any of your questions, so you may spare yourself the trouble of putting them. I am late enough already; I want help. If you will not guide me yourself, at least help me to find someone else who will."

"Hold on," he cried suddenly. "Was it not you who passed in the meadow while it was still day?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl, whom I had not hitherto recognized; "it was monsieur; I told him to follow the cow."

"As for you, mademoiselle," said I, "you are a *farceuse.*"

"And," added the man, "what the devil have you done to be still here?"

What the devil, indeed! But there I was. "The great thing," said I, "is to make an end of it"; and once more proposed that he should help me to find a guide.

"*C'est que,*" he said again, "*c'est que —il fait noir.*"

"Very well," said I; "take one of your lanterns."

2. A little, etc. The first line of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* runs, "A little onward lend thy guiding hand." 37. C'est que, etc., you see, it is dark. 42. **mais, etc.,** that's just the trouble.

49. **Ce n'est pas ça,** it's not that. 61. **C'est vrai, etc.,** that's true, yes, that's true. And where do you come from? 81. **farceuse,** silly joker.

"No," he cried, drawing a thought backward, and again intrenching himself behind one of his former phrases; "I will not cross the door."

I looked at him. I saw unaffected terror struggling on his face with unaffected shame; he was smiling pitifully and wetting his lip with his tongue, like a detected schoolboy. I drew a brief picture of my state, and asked him what I was to do.

"I don't know," he said; "I will not cross the door."

Here was the Beast of Gévaudan, and no mistake.

"Sir," said I, with my most commanding manners, "you are a coward."

And with that I turned my back upon the family party, who hastened to retire within their fortifications; and the famous door was closed again, but not till I had overheard the sound of laughter. *Filia barbara pater barbarior.* Let me say it in the plural: the Beasts of Gévaudan.

The lanterns had somewhat dazzled me, and I plowed distressfully among stones and rubbish-heaps. All the other houses in the village were both dark and silent; and though I knocked at here and there a door, my knocking was unanswered. It was a bad business; I gave up Fouzilhac with my curses. The rain had stopped, and the wind, which still kept rising, began to dry my coat and trousers. "Very well," thought I, "water or no water, I must camp." But the first thing was to return to Modestine. I am pretty sure I was twenty minutes groping for my lady in the dark; and if it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, into which I once more stumbled, I might have still been groping for her at the dawn. My next business was to gain the shelter of a wood, for the wind was cold as well as boisterous. How, in this well-wooded district, I should have been so long in finding one, is another of the insoluble mysteries of this day's adventures; but I will take my oath that I put near an hour to the discovery.

At last black trees began to show upon my left, and suddenly crossing the road, made a cave of unmitigated blackness right in front. I call it a cave without exaggeration; to pass below that arch of leaves was like entering a dungeon. I felt about until my hand encountered a stout branch and to this I tied Modestine, a haggard, drenched, desponding donkey. Then I lowered my pack, laid it along the wall on the margin of the road, and unbuckled the straps. I knew well enough where the lantern was; but where were the candles? I groped and groped among the tumbled articles, and, while I was thus groping, suddenly I touched the spirit-lamp. Salvation! This would serve my turn as well. The wind roared unwearyingly among the trees; I could hear the boughs tossing and the leaves churning through half a mile of forest; yet the scene of my encampment was not only as black as the pit, but admirably sheltered. At the second match the wick caught flame. The light was both livid and shifting; but it cut me off from the universe, and doubled the darkness of the surrounding night.

I tied Modestine more conveniently for herself, and broke up half the black bread for her supper, reserving the other half against the morning. Then I gathered what I should want within reach, took off my wet boots and gaiters, which I wrapped in my waterproof, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in like a

24. **Filia barbara**, etc., a father more barbarous than a barbarous daughter, an adaptation of Horace's line, "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior," "O mother more beautiful than a beautiful daughter."

bambino. I opened a tin of Bologna sausage and broke a cake of chocolate, and that was all I had to eat. It may sound offensive, but I ate them together, bite by bite, by way of bread and meat. All I had to wash down this revolting mixture was neat brandy, a revolting beverage in itself. But I was rare and hungry; ate well, and smoked one of the best cigarettes in my experience. Then I put a stone in my straw hat, pulled the flap of my fur cap over my neck and eyes, put my revolver ready to my hand, and snuggled well down among the sheepskins.

I questioned at first if I were sleepy, for I felt my heart beating faster than usual, as if with an agreeable excitement to which my mind remained a stranger. But as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate. The wind among the trees was my lullaby. Sometimes it sounded for minutes together with a steady, even rush, not rising nor abating; and again it would swell and burst like a great crashing breaker, and the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon. Night after night, in my own bedroom in the country, I have given ear to this perturbing concert of the wind among the woods; but whether it was a difference in the trees, or the lie of the ground, or because I was myself outside and in the midst of it, the fact remains that the wind sang to a different tune among these woods of Gévaudan. I hearkened and hearkened; and meanwhile sleep took gradual possession of my body and subdued my thoughts and senses; but still my last waking effort was to listen and distinguish, and my last conscious state was one of wonder at the foreign clamor in my ears.

Twice in the course of the dark hours—once when a stone galled me underneath the sack, and again when the poor, patient Modestine, growing angry, pawed and stamped upon the road—I was recalled for a brief while to consciousness, and saw a star or two overhead, and the lacelike edge of the foliage against the sky. When I awoke for the third time (Wednesday, September 25), the world was flooded with a blue light, the mother of the dawn. I saw the leaves laboring in the wind and the ribbon of the road; and, on turning my head, there was Modestine, tied to a beech, and standing half across the path in an attitude of inimitable patience. I closed my eyes again, and set to thinking over the experience of the night. I was surprised to find how easy and pleasant it had been, even in this tempestuous weather. The stone which annoyed me would not have been there had I not been forced to camp blindfold in the opaque night; and I had felt no other inconvenience, except when my feet encountered the lantern or the second volume of Peyrat's *Pastors of the Desert* among the mixed contents of my sleeping-bag; nay, more, I had felt not a touch of cold, and awakened with unusually lightsome and clear sensations.

With that, I shook myself, got once more into my boots and gaiters, and, breaking up the rest of the bread for Modestine, strolled about to see in what part of the world I had awakened. Ulysses, left on Ithaca, and with a mind unsettled by the goddess, was not more pleasantly astray. I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure, such as befell early and heroic voyagers; and thus to be found by morning in a

1. **bambino**, baby. 7. **neat**, undiluted.

77. **Peyrat's Pastors of the Desert**, a history of the Protestant insurrections in southern France from 1685-1789.
88. **Ulysses**, the hero of the *Odyssey*, whose home was on Ithaca, awoke on the island without recognizing it.

random woodside nook in Gévaudan—not knowing north from south, as strange to my surroundings as the first man upon the earth, an inland castaway—was to find a fraction of my daydreams realized. I was on the skirts of a little wood of birch sprinkled with a few beeches; behind, it adjoined another wood of fir; and in front, it broke up and went down in open order into a shallow and meadowy dale. All around there were bare hill-tops, some near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened, but none apparently much higher than the rest. The wind huddled the trees. The golden specks of autumn in the birches tossed shiveringly. Overhead, the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapor, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. It was wild weather and famishing cold. I ate some chocolate, swallowed a mouthful of brandy, and smoked a cigarette before the cold should have time to disable my fingers. And by the time I had got all this done, and had made my pack and bound it on the packsaddle, the day was tiptoe on the threshold of the east. We had not gone many steps along the lane, before the sun, still invisible to me, sent a glow of gold over some cloud mountains that lay ranged along the eastern sky.

The wind had us on the stern, and hurried us bitingly forward. I buttoned myself into my coat, and walked on in a pleasant frame of mind with all men, when suddenly, at a corner, there was Fouzilhic, once more in front of me. Nor only that, but there was the old gentleman who had escorted me so far the night before, running out of his house at sight of me, with hands upraised in horror.

"My poor boy!" he cried, "what does this mean?"

I told him what had happened. He beat his old hands like clappers in a mill, to think how lightly he had let me go; but when he heard of the man of Fouzilhac, anger and depression seized upon his mind.

"This time, at least," said he, "there shall be no mistake."

And he limped along, for he was very rheumatic, for about half a mile, and until I was almost within sight of Cheylard, the destination I had hunted for so long.

Cheylard and Luc

Candidly, it seemed little worthy of all this searching. A few broken ends of village, with no particular street, but a succession of open places heaped with logs and fagots; a couple of tilted crosses, a shrine to Our Lady of All Graces on the summit of a little hill; and all this, upon a rattling highland river, in the corner of a naked valley. What went ye out for to see? thought I to myself. But the place had a life of its own. I found a board commemorating the liberalities of Cheylard for the past year, hung up, like a banner, in the diminutive and tottering church. In 1877, it appeared, the inhabitants subscribed forty-eight francs ten centimes for the "Work of the Propagation of the Faith." Some of this, I could not help hoping, would be applied to my native land. Cheylard scrapes together halfpence for the darkened souls in Edinburgh; while Balquidder and Dunrossness bemoan the ignorance of Rome. Thus, to the high entertainment of the angels, do we pelt each other with evangelists, like schoolboys bickering in the snow.

The inn was again singularly un-

21. **tumbler**, acrobat. 30. **day was tiptoe**, inaccurately quoted from *Romeo and Juliet*, III, v, 9-10.

72. **What . . . see.** *Matthew* xi, 7. 86. **Balquidder and Dunrossness**, out-of-the-way places in Scotland and the Shetland Isles.

pretentious. The whole furniture of a not ill-to-do family was in the kitchen: the beds, the cradle, the clothes, the plate-rack, the meal-chest, and the photograph of the parish priest. There were five children, one of whom was set to its morning prayers at the stair-foot after my arrival. I was kindly received by these good folk. They were much interested in my misadventure. The wood in which I had slept belonged to them; the man of Fouzilhac they thought a monster of iniquity, and counseled me warmly to summon him at law—"because I might have died." The good wife was horror-stricken to see me drink over a pint of uncreamed milk.

"You will do yourself an evil," she said. "Permit me to boil it for you."

After I had begun the morning on this delightful liquor, she having an infinity of things to arrange, I was permitted—nay, requested—to make a bowl of chocolate for myself. My boots and gaiters were hung up to dry, and, seeing me trying to write my journal on my knee, the eldest daughter let down a hinged table in the chimney-corner for my convenience. Here I wrote, drank my chocolate, and finally ate an omelet before I left. The table was thick with dust; for, as they explained, it was not used except in winter weather. I had a clear look up the vent, through brown agglomerations of soot and blue vapor, to the sky; and whenever a handful of twigs was thrown on to the fire, my legs were scorched by the blaze.

The husband had begun life as a muleteer, and when I came to charge Modestine, showed himself full of the prudence of his art. "You will have to change this package," said he; "it ought to be in two parts, and then you might have double the weight."

I explained that I wanted no more weight; and for no donkey hitherto created would I cut my sleeping-bag in two.

"It fatigues her, however," said the innkeeper; "it fatigues her greatly on the march. Look."

Alas, there were her two forelegs no better than raw beef on the inside, and blood was running from under her tail. They told me when I left, and I was ready to believe it, that before a few days I should come to love Modestine like a dog. Three days had passed, we had shared some misadventures, and my heart was still as cold as a potato toward my beast of burden. She was pretty enough to look at; but then she had given proof of dead stupidity, redeemed indeed by patience, but aggravated by flashes of sorry and ill-judged light-heartedness. And I own this new discovery seemed another point against her. What the devil was the good of a she-ass if she could not carry a sleeping-bag and a few necessaries? I saw the end of the fable rapidly approaching, when I should have to carry Modestine. Æsop was the man to know the world! I assure you I set out with heavy thoughts upon my short day's march.

It was not only heavy thoughts about Modestine that weighted me upon the way; it was a leaden business altogether. For first, the wind blew so rudely that I had to hold on the pack with one hand from Cheylard to Luc; and second, my road lay through one of the most beggarly countries in the world. It was like the worst of the Scotch highlands, only worse; cold, naked, and ignoble, scant of wood, scant of heather, scant of life. A road and some fences broke the unvarying waste, and the line of the road was marked by upright pillars, to serve in time of snow.

42. **charge**, load.

74. **fable**, the well-known story of "The Miller, His Son, and the Ass." It belongs, however, to the French writer La Fontaine, and not to Æsop.

Why anyone should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose. For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilization, and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints. Alas, as we get up in life, and are more preoccupied with our affairs, even a holiday is a thing that must be worked for. To hold a pack upon a packsaddle against a gale out of the freezing north is no high industry, but it is one that serves to occupy and compose the mind. And when the present is so exacting, who can annoy himself about the future?

I came out at length above the Allier. A more unsightly prospect at this season of the year it would be hard to fancy. Shelving hills rose round it on all sides, here dabbled with wood and fields, there rising to peaks alternately naked and hairy with pines. The color throughout was black or ashen, and came to a point in the ruins of the castle of Luc, which pricked up impudently from below my feet, carrying on a pinnacle a tall white statue of Our Lady, which, I heard with interest, weighed fifty quintals, and was to be dedicated on the sixth of October. Through this sorry landscape trickled the Allier and a tributary of nearly equal size, which came down to join it through a broad, nude valley in Vivarais. The weather had somewhat lightened, and the clouds massed in squadron; but the fierce wind still hunted them through heaven, and cast great ungainly splashes of shadow and sunlight over the scene.

Luc itself was a straggling double file of houses wedged between hill and river. It had no beauty, nor was there any notable feature, save the old castle overhead with its fifty quintals of brand-new Madonna. But the inn was clean and large. The kitchen, with its two box-beds hung with clean check curtains, with its wide stone chimney, its chimney-shelf four yards long and garnished with lanterns and religious statuettes, its array of chests and pair of ticking clocks, was the very model of what a kitchen ought to be; a melodrama kitchen, suitable for bandits or noblemen in disguise. Nor was the scene disgraced by the landlady, a handsome, silent, dark old woman, clothed and hooded in black like a nun. Even the public bedroom had a character of its own, with the long deal tables and benches, where fifty might have dined, set out as for a harvest-home, and the three box-beds along the wall. In one of these, lying on straw and covered with a pair of table-napkins, did I do penance all night long in goose-flesh and chattering teeth, and sigh from time to time, as I awakened, for my sheepskin sack and the lee of some great wood.

PART III

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

Father Apollinaris

Next morning (Thursday, September 26) I took the road in a new order. The sack was no longer doubled, but hung at full length across the saddle, a green sausage six feet long with a tuft of blue wool hanging out of either end. It was more picturesque, it spared the donkey, and, as I began to see, it would insure stability, blow high, blow low. But it was not without a pang that I had so decided. For although I had purchased a new cord, and made all as fast as I was able, I was yet jealously uneasy lest the flaps should tumble out and scatter my effects along the line of march.

My way lay up the bald valley of the river, along the march of Vivarais and Gévaudan. The hills of Gévaudan on the right were a little more naked, if anything, than those of Vivarais upon the left, and the former had a monopoly of a low, dotty underwood that grew thickly in the gorges and died out in solitary burrs upon the shoulders and the summits. Black bricks of fir-wood were plastered here and there upon both sides, and here and there were cultivated fields. A railway ran beside the river; the only bit of railway in Gévaudan, although there are many proposals afoot and surveys being made, and even, as they tell me, a station standing ready-built in Mende. A year or two hence and this may be another world. The desert is beleaguered. Now may some Languedocian Wordsworth turn the sonnet into patois: "Mountains and vales and floods, heard *ye* that whistle?"

18. **march**, boundary. 38. **sonnet.** Wordsworth, in his sonnet, "Proud Were Ye, Mountains," protested against the construction of a railroad in the beautiful lake region of England. Languedoc was an ancient government of southern France.

At a place called La Bastide I was directed to leave the river, and follow a road that mounted on the left among the hills of Vivarais, the modern Ardèche; for I was now come within a little way of my strange destination, the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. The sun came out as I left the shelter of a pine-wood, and I beheld suddenly a fine wild landscape to the south. High, rocky hills, as blue as sapphire, closed the view, and between these lay ridge upon ridge, heathery, craggy, the sun glittering on veins of rock, the underwood clambering in the hollows, as rude as God made them at the first. There was not a sign of man's hand in all the prospect; and indeed not a trace of his passage, save where generation after generation had walked in twisted footpaths in and out among the beeches, and up and down upon the channeled slopes. The mists, which had hitherto beset me, were now broken into clouds, and fled swiftly and shone brightly in the sun. I drew a long breath. It was grateful to come, after so long, upon a scene of some attraction for the human heart. I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest upon; and if landscapes were sold, like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence colored, I should go the length of twopence every day of my life.

But if things had grown better to the south, it was still desolate and inclement near at hand. A spidery cross on every hill-top marked the neighborhood of a religious house; and a quarter of a mile beyond, the outlook southward opening out and growing

47. **Trappist**, a branch of the Cistercian monastic order named from the French village Soligny-la-Trappe.

THE ROADWAY LEADING TO OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

bolder with every step, a white statue of the Virgin at the corner of a young plantation directed the traveler to Our Lady of the Snows. Here, then, I struck leftward, and pursued my way, driving my secular donkey before me, and creaking in my secular boots and gaiters, toward the asylum of silence.

I had not gone very far ere the wind brought to me the clanging of a bell, and somehow, I can scarce tell why, my heart sank within me at the sound. I have rarely approached anything with more unaffected terror than the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. This it is to have had a Protestant education. And suddenly, on turning a corner, fear took hold on me from head to foot—slavish, superstitious fear; and though I did not stop in my advance, yet I went on slowly, like a man who should have passed a bourn unnoticed, and strayed into the country of the dead. For there upon the narrow, new-made road, between the stripling pines, was a medieval friar, fighting with a barrowful of turfs. Every Sunday of my childhood I used to study the Hermits of Marco Sadeler—enchanting prints, full of wood and field and medieval landscapes, as large as a county, for the imagination to go a-traveling in; and here, sure enough, was one of Marco Sadeler's heroes. He was robed in white like any specter, and the hood falling back, in the instancy of his contention with the barrow, disclosed a pate as bald and yellow as a skull. He might have been buried any time these thousand years, and all the lively parts of him resolved into earth and broken up with the farmer's harrow. I was troubled besides in my mind as to etiquette. Durst I address a person who was

30. **Marco Sadeler**, publisher of the prints of his father, Jan Sadeler, a famous Flemish engraver of the sixteenth century.

under a vow of silence? Clearly not. But drawing near, I doffed my cap to him with a far-away, superstitious reverence. He nodded back, and cheerfully addressed me. Was I going to the monastery? Who was I? An Englishman? Ah, an Irishman, then?

"No," I said, "a Scotsman."

A Scotsman? Ah, he had never seen a Scotsman before. And he looked me all over, his good, honest, brawny countenance shining with interest, as a boy might look upon a lion or an alligator. From him I learned with disgust that I could not be received at Our Lady of the Snows; I might get a meal, perhaps, but that was all. And then, as our talk ran on, and it turned out that I was not a peddler, but a literary man, who drew landscapes and was going to write a book, he changed his manner of thinking as to my reception—for I fear they respect persons even in a Trappist monastery — and told me I must be sure to ask for the Father Prior, and state my case to him in full. On second thoughts he determined to go down with me himself; he thought he could manage for me better. Might he say that I was a geographer?

No; I thought, in the interests of truth, he positively might not.

"Very well, then" (with disappointment), "an author."

It appeared he had been in a seminary with six young Irishmen, all priests long since, who had received newspapers and kept him informed of the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England. And he asked me eagerly after Dr. Pusey, for whose conversion the good man had continued ever since to pray night and morning.

"I thought he was very near the truth," he said; "and he will reach it yet; there is so much virtue in prayer."

He must be a stiff, ungodly Protestant who can take anything but pleasure in this kind and hopeful story. While he was thus near the subject, the good father asked me if I were a Christian; and when he found I was not, or not after his way, he glossed it over with great good-will.

The road which we were following, and which this stalwart father had made with his own two hands within the space of a year, came to a corner, and showed us some white buildings a little farther on beyond the wood. At the same time, the bell once more sounded abroad. We were hard upon the monastery. Father Apollinaris—for that was my companion's name—stopped me.

"I must not speak to you down there," he said. "Ask for the Brother Porter, and all will be well. But try to see me as you go out again through the wood, where I may speak to you. I am charmed to have made your acquaintance."

And then suddenly raising his arms, flapping his fingers, and crying out twice, "I must not speak, I must not speak!" he ran away in front of me, and disappeared into the monastery-door.

I own this somewhat ghastly eccentricity went a good way to revive my terrors. But where one was so good and simple, why should not all be alike? I took heart of grace, and went forward to the gate as far as Modestine, who seemed to have a disaffection for monasteries, would permit. It was the first door, in my acquaintance of her, which she had not shown an indecent haste to enter. I summoned the place in form, though with a quaking heart. Father Michael, the Father Hos-

42. **Dr. Pusey**, a Church of England theologian, who for a time was expected to enter the Roman church.

94. **Father Hospitaler**, the monk appointed to receive and care for strangers.

pitaler, and a pair of brown-robed brothers came to the gate and spoke with me awhile. I think my sack was the great attraction; it had already beguiled the heart of poor Apollinaris, who had charged me on my life to show it to the Father Prior. But whether it was my address, or the sack, or the idea speedily published among that part of the brotherhood who attend on strangers that I was not a peddler after all, I found no difficulty as to my reception. Modestine was led away by a layman to the stables, and I and my pack were received into Our Lady of the Snows.

The Monks

Father Michael, a pleasant, fresh-faced, smiling man, perhaps of thirty-five, took me to the pantry, and gave me a glass of liqueur to stay me until dinner. We had some talk, or rather I should say he listened to my prattle indulgently enough, but with an abstracted air, like a spirit with a thing of clay. And truly when I remember that I descanted principally on my appetite, and that it must have been by that time more than eighteen hours since Father Michael had so much as broken bread, I can well understand that he would find an earthly savor in my conversation. But his manner, though superior, was exquisitely gracious; and I find I have a lurking curiosity as to Father Michael's past.

The whet administered, I was left alone for a little in the monastery garden. This is no more than the main court, laid out in sandy paths and beds of party-colored dahlias, and with a fountain and a black statue of the Virgin in the center. The buildings stand around it four-square, bleak, as yet unseasoned by the years and weather, and with no other features than a belfry and a pair of slated gables. Brothers in white, brothers in brown, passed silently along the sanded alleys; and when I first came out, three hooded monks were kneeling on the terrace at their prayers. A naked hill commands the monastery upon one side, and the wood commands it on the other. It lies exposed to wind; the snow falls off and on from October to May, and sometimes lies six weeks on end; but if they stood in Eden, with a climate like heaven's, the buildings themselves would offer the same wintry and cheerless aspect; and for my part, on this wild September day, before I was called to dinner, I felt chilly in and out.

When I had eaten well and heartily, Brother Ambrose, a hearty, conversable Frenchman—for all those who wait on strangers have the liberty to speak—led me to a little room in that part of the building which is set apart for *MM. les retraitants.* It was clean and whitewashed, and furnished with strict necessaries, a crucifix, a bust of the late Pope, the *Imitation* in French, a book of religious meditations, and the life of Elizabeth Seton, evangelist, it would appear, of North America and of New England in particular. As far as my experience goes, there is a fair field for some more evangelization in these quarters; but think of Cotton Mather! I should like to give him a reading of this little work in heaven, where I hope he dwells; but perhaps he knows all that already, and much more; and perhaps he and Mrs. Seton are the dearest friends, and gladly unite their

78. **MM. les retraitants,** men who have retired to the monastery for rest and reflection only. 76. **Imitation,** *De Imitatione Christi,* a Latin religious treatise usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471). 78. **Elizabeth Seton,** the founder of the Sisters of Charity in America, in 1809. 84. **Cotton Mather** (1663-1728), a Puritan theologian of New England.

voices in the everlasting psalm. Over the table, to conclude the inventory of the room, hung a set of regulations for *MM. les retraitants:* what services they should attend, when they were to tell their beads or meditate, and when they were to rise and go to rest. At the foot was a notable N. B.: "*Le temps libre est employé à l'examen de conscience, à la confession, à faire de bonnes résolutions,*" etc. To make good resolutions, indeed! You might talk as fruitfully of making the hair grow on your head.

I had scarce explored my niche when Brother Ambrose returned. An English boarder, it appeared, would like to speak with me. I professed my willingness, and the friar ushered in a fresh, young little Irishman of fifty, a deacon of the Church, arrayed in strict canonicals, and wearing on his head what, in default of knowledge, I can only call the ecclesiastical shako. He had lived seven years in retreat at a convent of nuns in Belgium, and now five at Our Lady of the Snows; he never saw an English newspaper; he spoke French imperfectly, and had he spoken it like a native, there was not much chance of conversation where he dwelt. With this, he was a man eminently sociable, greedy of news, and simple-minded like a child. If I was pleased to have a guide about the monastery, he was no less delighted to see an English face and hear an English tongue.

He showed me his own room, where he passed his time among breviaries, Hebrew Bibles, and the Waverley novels. Thence he led me to the cloisters, into the chapter-house, through the vestry, where the brothers' gowns and broad straw hats were hanging up, each with his religious name upon a board—names full of legendary suavity and interest, such as Basil, Hilarion, Raphael, or Pacifique; into the library, where were all the works of Veuillot and Chateaubriand, and the *Odes et Ballades*, if you please, and even Molière, to say nothing of innumerable fathers and a great variety of local and general historians. Thence my good Irishman took me round the workshops, where brothers bake bread, and make cartwheels, and take photographs; where one superintends a collection of curiosities, and another a gallery of rabbits. For in a Trappist monastery each monk has an occupation of his own choice, apart from his religious duties and the general labors of the house. Each must sing in the choir, if he has a voice and ear, and join in the haymaking if he has a hand to stir; but in his private hours, although he must be occupied, he may be occupied on what he likes. Thus I was told that one brother was engaged with literature; while Father Apollinaris busies himself in making roads, and the Abbot employs himself in binding books. It is not so long since this Abbot was consecrated, by the way; and on that occasion, by a special grace, his mother was permitted to enter the chapel and witness the ceremony of consecration. A proud day for her to have a son a mitered abbot; it makes you glad to think they let her in.

In all these journeyings to and fro, many silent fathers and brethren fell in our way. Usually they paid no more regard to our passage than if we had been a cloud; but sometimes the good deacon had a permission to ask of them, and it was granted by a peculiar

9. **Le temps,** etc. Free time is to be employed in examination of the conscience, in confession, and in the making of good resolutions.

49. **Basil,** etc., monks of note ranging from the fourth to the seventeenth century. 51. **Veuillot and Chateaubriand,** French writers recent at that time, and particularly pleasing to Catholics. 53. **Molière,** Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-1673), the greatest French writer of comedies.

movement of the hands, almost like that of a dog's paws in swimming, or refused by the usual negative signs, and in either case with lowered eyelids and a certain air of contrition, as of a man who was steering very close to evil.

The monks, by special grace of their Abbot, were still taking two meals a day; but it was already time for their grand fast, which begins somewhere in September and lasts till Easter, and during which they eat but once in the twenty-four hours, and that at two in the afternoon, twelve hours after they have begun the toil and vigil of the day. Their meals are scanty, but even of these they eat sparingly; and though each is allowed a small carafe of wine, many refrain from this indulgence. Without doubt, the most of mankind grossly overeat themselves; our meals serve not only for support, but as a hearty and natural diversion from the labor of life. Although excess may be hurtful, I should have thought this Trappist regimen defective. And I am astonished, as I look back, at the freshness of face and cheerfulness of manner of all whom I beheld. A happier nor a healthier company I should scarce suppose that I have ever seen. As a matter of fact, on this bleak upland, and with the incessant occupation of the monks, life is of an uncertain tenure, and death no infrequent visitor, at Our Lady of the Snows. This, at least, was what was told me. But if they die easily, they must live healthily in the meantime, for they seemed all firm of flesh and high in color; and the only morbid sign that I could observe, an unusual brilliancy of eye, was one that served rather to increase the general impression of vivacity and strength.

Those with whom I spoke were singularly sweet-tempered, with what I can only call a holy cheerfulness in air and conversation. There is a note, in the direction to visitors, telling them not to be offended at the curt speech of those who wait upon them, since it is proper to monks to speak little. The note might have been spared; to a man the hospitalers were all brimming with innocent talk, and, in my experience of the monastery, it was easier to begin than to break off a conversation. With the exception of Father Michael, who was a man of the world, they showed themselves full of kind and healthy interest in all sorts of subjects—in politics, in voyages, in my sleeping-sack—and not without a certain pleasure in the sound of their own voices.

As for those who are restricted to silence, I can only wonder how they bear their solemn and cheerless isolation.

And yet, apart from any view of mortification, I can see a certain policy, not only in the exclusion of women, but in this vow of silence. I have had some experience of lay phalansteries, of an artistic, not to say a bacchanalian, character; and seen more than one association easily formed and yet more easily dispersed. With a Cistercian rule, perhaps they might have lasted longer. In the neighborhood of women it is but a touch-and-go association that can be formed among defenseless men; the stronger electricity is sure to triumph; the dreams of boyhood, the schemes of youth, are abandoned after an interview of ten minutes, and the arts and sciences, and professional male jollity, deserted at once for two sweet eyes and a caressing accent. And next after this, the tongue is the great divider.

77. **lay phalansteries**, the dwelling places of people having property in common, i.e., art communities, etc. 82. **Cistercian rule**, strict rules such as govern the Cistercian monks, to which order the Trappists belong.

I am almost ashamed to pursue this worldly criticism of a religious rule; but there is yet another point in which the Trappist order appeals to me as a model of wisdom. By two in the morning the clapper goes upon the bell, and so on, hour by hour, and sometimes quarter by quarter, till eight, the hour of rest; so infinitesimally is the day divided among different occupations. The man who keeps rabbits, for example, hurries from his hutches to the chapel, the chapter-room, or the refectory, all day long; every hour he has an office to sing, a duty to perform; from two, when he rises in the dark, till eight, when he returns to receive the comfortable gift of sleep, he is upon his feet and occupied with manifold and changing business. I know many persons, worth several thousands in the year, who are not so fortunate in the disposal of their lives. Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery-bell, dividing the day into manageable portions, bring peace of mind and healthful activity of body? We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull and foolish manner.

From this point of view, we may perhaps better understand the monk's existence. A long novitiate, and every proof of constancy of mind and strength of body is required before admission to the order; but I could not find that many were discouraged. In the photographer's studio, which figures so strangely among the outbuildings, my eye was attracted by the portrait of a young fellow in the uniform of a private of foot. This was one of the novices, who came of the age for service, and marched and drilled and mounted guard for the proper time among the garrison of Algiers. Here was a man who had surely seen both sides of life before deciding; yet as soon as he was set free from service he returned to finish his novitiate.

This austere rule entitles a man to heaven as by right. When the Trappist sickens, he quits not his habit; he lies in the bed of death as he has prayed and labored in his frugal and silent existence; and when the Liberator comes, at the very moment, even before they have carried him in his robe to lie his little last in the chapel among continual chantings, joy-bells break forth, as if for a marriage, from the slated belfry, and proclaim throughout the neighborhood that another soul has gone to God.

At night, under the conduct of my kind Irishman, I took my place in the gallery to hear compline and *Salve Regina*, with which the Cistercians bring every day to a conclusion. There were none of those circumstances which strike the Protestant as childish or as tawdry in the public offices of Rome. A stern simplicity, heightened by the romance of the surroundings, spoke directly to the heart. I recall the whitewashed chapel, the hooded figures in the choir, the lights alternately occluded and revealed, the strong, manly singing, the silence that ensued, the sight of cowled heads bowed in prayer, and then the clear, trenchant beating of the bell, breaking in to show that the last office was over and the hour of sleep had come; and when I remember, I am not surprised that I made my escape into the court with somewhat whirling fancies, and stood like a man bewildered in the windy, starry night.

But I was weary; and when I had quieted my spirits with Elizabeth

70. **compline**, the last service of the day. 71. **Salve Regina**, "Hail, Queen," the hymn sung after compline.

Seton's memoirs—a dull work—the cold and the raving of the wind among the pines—for my room was on that side of the monastery which adjoins the woods—disposed me readily to slumber. I was wakened at black midnight, as it seemed, though it was really two in the morning, by the first stroke upon the bell. All the brothers were then hurrying to the chapel; the dead in life, at this untimely hour, were already beginning the uncomforted labors of their day. The dead in life—there was a chill reflection. And the words of a French song came back into my memory, telling of the best of our mixed existence:

Que t'as de belles filles,
Giroflé!
Girofla!
Que t'as de belles filles,
L'Amour les comptera!

And I blessed God that I was free to wander, free to hope, and free to love.

The Boarders

But there was another side to my residence at Our Lady of the Snows. At this late season there were not many boarders; and yet I was not alone in the public part of the monastery. This itself is hard by the gate, with a small dining-room on the ground-floor, and a whole corridor of cells similar to mine upstairs. I have stupidly forgotten the board for a regular *retraitant;* but it was somewhere between three and five francs a day, and I think most probably the first. Chance visitors like myself might give what they chose as a free-will offering, but nothing was demanded. I may mention that when I was going away, Father Michael refused twenty francs as excessive. I explained the reasoning which led me to offer him so much; but even then, from a curious point of honor, he would not accept it with his own hand. "I have no right to refuse for the monastery," he explained, "but I should prefer if you would give it to one of the brothers."

I had dined alone, because I arrived late; but at supper I found two other guests. One was a country parish priest, who had walked over that morning from the seat of his cure near Mende to enjoy four days of solitude and prayer. He was a grenadier in person, with the hale color and circular wrinkles of a peasant; and as he complained much of how he had been impeded by his skirts upon the march, I have a vivid fancy portrait of him, striding along, upright, big-boned, with kilted cassock, through the bleak hills of Gévaudan. The other was a short, grizzling, thickset man, from forty-five to fifty, dressed in tweed with a knitted spencer, and the red ribbon of a decoration in his buttonhole. This last was a hard person to classify. He was an old soldier, who had seen service and risen to the rank of commandant; and he retained some of the brisk, decisive manners of the camp. On the other hand, as soon as his resignation was accepted, he had come to Our Lady of the Snows as a boarder, and, after a brief experience of its ways, had decided to remain as a novice. Already the new life was beginning to modify his appearance; already he had acquired somewhat of the quiet and smiling air of the brethren; and he was as yet neither an officer nor a Trappist, but partook of the character of each. And certainly here was a man in an interesting nick of life. Out of the noise of cannon and

19. **Que t'as,** etc., "What fine daughters you have, Giroflé! Girofla! What fine daughters you have. Love will number them!" This song is from A. C. Lecocq's comic opera *Giroflé-Girofla.*

trumpets, he was in the act of passing into this still country bordering on the grave, where men sleep nightly in their grave-clothes, and, like phantoms, communicate by signs.

At supper we talked politics. I make it my business, when I am in France, to preach political good-will and moderation, and to dwell on the example of Poland, much as some alarmists in England dwell on the example of Carthage. The priest and the Commandant assured me of their sympathy with all I said, and made a heavy sighing over the bitterness of contemporary feeling.

"Why, you cannot say anything to a man with which he does not absolutely agree," said I, "but he flies up at you in a temper."

They both declared that such a state of things was antichristian.

While we were thus agreeing, what should my tongue stumble upon but a word in praise of Gambetta's moderation. The old soldier's countenance was instantly suffused with blood; with the palms of his hands he beat the table like a naughty child.

"*Comment, monsieur?*" he shouted. "*Comment?* Gambetta moderate? Will you dare to justify these words?"

But the priest had not forgotten the tenor of our talk. And suddenly, in the height of his fury, the old soldier found a warning look directed on his face; the absurdity of his behavior was brought home to him in a flash; and the storm came to an abrupt end, without another word.

It was only in the morning, over our coffee (Friday, September 27), that this couple found out I was a heretic. I suppose I had misled them by some admiring expressions as to the monastic life around us; and it was only by a point-blank question that the truth came out. I had been tolerantly used, both by simple Father Apollinaris and astute Father Michael; and the good Irish deacon, when he heard of my religious weakness, had only patted me upon the shoulder and said, "You must be a Catholic and come to heaven." But I was now among a different sect of orthodox. These two men were bitter and upright and narrow, like the worst of Scotsmen, and indeed, upon my heart, I fancy they were worse. The priest snorted aloud like a battle-horse.

"*Et vous prétendez mourir dans cette espèce de croyance?*" he demanded; and there is no type used by mortal printers large enough to qualify his accent.

I humbly indicated that I had no design of changing.

But he could not away with such a monstrous attitude. "No, no," he cried; "you must change. You have come here, God has led you here, and you must embrace the opportunity."

I made a slip in policy; I appealed to the family affections, though I was speaking to a priest and a soldier, two classes of men circumstantially divorced from the kind and homely ties of life.

"Your father and mother?" cried the priest. "Very well; you will convert them in their turn when you go home."

I think I see my father's face! I would rather tackle the Gætulian lion in his den than embark on such an enterprise against the family theologian.

But now the hunt was up; priest and soldier were in full cry for my con-

10. **example of Poland.** See note on line 17, page 161. 12. **Carthage.** This city, before its destruction by Rome, was in a weakened condition due to internal strife. 25. **Gambetta,** Léon (1838-1882), a French statesman. 30. **Comment, monsieur,** what, sir? 44. **heretic,** here, a Protestant.

63. **Et vous,** etc., and you mean to die in that kind of faith? 86. **Gætulian lion.** Gætulia was in Roman times a wild region of northern Africa.

version; and the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, for which the people of Cheylard subscribed forty-eight francs ten centimes during 1877, was being gallantly pursued against myself. It was an odd but most effective proselytizing. They never sought to convince me in argument, where I might have attempted some defense; but took it for granted that I was both ashamed and terrified at my position, and urged me solely on the point of time. Now, they said, when God had led me to Our Lady of the Snows, now was the appointed hour.

"Do not be withheld by false shame," observed the priest, for my encouragement.

For one who feels very similarly to all sects of religion, and who has never been able, even for a moment, to weigh seriously the merit of this or that creed on the eternal side of things, however much he may see to praise or blame upon the secular and temporal side, the situation thus created was both unfair and painful. I committed my second fault in tact, and tried to plead that it was all the same thing in the end, and we were all drawing near by different sides to the same kind and undiscriminating Friend and Father. That, as it seems to lay-spirits, would be the only gospel worthy of the name. But different men think differently; and this revolutionary aspiration brought down the priest with all the terrors of the law. He launched into harrowing details of hell. The damned, he said—on the authority of a little book which he had read not a week before, and which, to add conviction to conviction, he had fully intended to bring along with him in his pocket—were to occupy the same attitude through all eternity in the midst of dismal tortures. And as he thus expatiated, he grew in nobility of aspect with his enthusiasm.

As a result the pair concluded that I should seek out the Prior, since the Abbot was from home, and lay my case immediately before him.

"*C'est mon conseil comme ancien militaire*," observed the Commandant; "*et celui de monsieur comme prêtre*."

"*Oui*," added the curé, sententiously nodding; "*comme ancien militaire—et comme prêtre*."

At this moment, whilst I was somewhat embarrassed how to answer, in came one of the monks, a little brown fellow, as lively as a grig, and with an Italian accent, who threw himself at once into the contention, but in a milder and more persuasive vein, as befitted one of these pleasant brethren. Look at him, he said. The rule was very hard; he would have dearly liked to stay in his own country, Italy—it was well known how beautiful it was, the beautiful Italy; but then there were no Trappists in Italy; and he had a soul to save; and here he was.

I am afraid I must be, at bottom, what a cheerful Indian critic has dubbed me, "a faddling hedonist"; for this description of the brother's motives gave me somewhat of a shock. I should have preferred to think he had chosen the life for its own sake, and not for ulterior purposes; and this shows how profoundly I was out of sympathy with these good Trappists, even when I was doing my best to sympathize.

But to the curé the argument seemed decisive.

"Hear that!" he cried. "And I have seen a marquis here, a marquis, a marquis"—he repeated the holy word three times over—"and other persons high in society; and generals. And here, at your side, is this gentle-

54. **C'est mon**, etc., it is my advice as an old soldier and that of this gentleman as a priest. 58. **Oui**, yes. 64. **grig**, cricket. 78. **faddling hedonist**, a trifling pleasure-seeker.

man, who has been so many years in armies—decorated, an old warrior. And here he is, ready to dedicate himself to God."

I was by this time so thoroughly embarrassed that I pleaded cold feet, and made my escape from the apartment. It was a furious windy morning, with a sky much cleared, and long and potent intervals of sunshine; and I wandered until dinner in the wild country toward the east, sorely staggered and beaten upon by the gale, but rewarded with some striking views.

At dinner the Work of the Propagation of the Faith was recommenced, and on this occasion still more distastefully to me. The priest asked me many questions as to the contemptible faith of my fathers, and received my replies with a kind of ecclesiastical titter.

"Your sect," he said once; "for I think you will admit it would be doing it too much honor to call it a religion."

"As you please, monsieur," said I. "*La parole est à vous.*"

At length I grew annoyed beyond endurance; and although he was on his own ground, and, what is more to the purpose, an old man, and so holding a claim upon my toleration, I could not avoid a protest against this uncivil usage. He was sadly discountenanced.

"I assure you," he said, "I have no inclination to laugh in my heart. I have no other feeling but interest in your soul."

And there ended my conversion. Honest man! he was no dangerous deceiver; but a country parson, full of zeal and faith. Long may he tread Gévaudan with his kilted skirts—a man strong to walk and strong to comfort his parishioners in death! I dare say he would beat bravely through a snowstorm where his duty called him; and it is not always the most faithful believer who makes the cunningest apostle.

29. **La parole**, etc., the word [sect] is yours.

PART IV

UPPER GÉVAUDAN (*Continued*)

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was sweet, the water ran;
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.—*Old Play*

Across the Goulet

The wind fell during dinner, and the sky remained clear; so it was under better auspices that I loaded Modestine before the monastery gate. My Irish friend accompanied me so far on the way. As we came through the wood, there was Père Apollinaire hauling his barrow; and he too quitted his labors to go with me for perhaps a hundred yards, holding my hand between both of his in front of him. I parted first from one and then from the other with unfeigned regret, but yet with the glee of the traveler who shakes off the dust of one stage before hurrying forth upon another. Then Modestine and I mounted the course of the Allier, which here led us back into Gévaudan toward its sources in the Forest of Mercoire. It was but an inconsiderable burn before we left its

27. **burn**, brook.

guidance. Thence, over a hill, our way lay through a naked plateau, until we reached Chasseradès at sundown.

The company in the inn-kitchen that night were all men employed in survey for one of the projected railways. They were intelligent and conversable, and we decided the future of France over hot wine, until the state of the clock frightened us to rest. There were four beds in the little upstairs room; and we slept six. But I had a bed to myself, and persuaded them to leave the window open.

"*Hé bourgeois; il est cinq heures!*" was the cry that wakened me in the morning (Saturday, September 28). The room was full of a transparent darkness, which dimly showed me the other three beds and the five different nightcaps on the pillows. But out of the window the dawn was growing ruddy in a long belt over the hilltops, and day was about to flood the plateau. The hour was inspiriting; and there seemed a promise of calm weather, which was perfectly fulfilled. I was soon under way with Modestine. The road lay for a while over the plateau, and then descended through a precipitous village into the valley of the Chassezac. This stream ran among green meadows, well hidden from the world by its steep banks; the broom was in flower, and here and there was a hamlet sending up its smoke.

At last the path crossed the Chassezac upon a bridge, and, forsaking this deep hollow, set itself to cross the mountain of La Goulet. It wound up through Lestampes by upland fields and woods of beech and birch, and with every corner brought me into an acquaintance with some new interest. Even in the gully of the Chassezac my ear had been struck by a noise like that of a great bass bell ringing at the distance of many miles; but this, as I continued to mount and draw nearer to it, seemed to change in character, and I found at length that it came from someone leading flocks afield to the note of a rural horn. The narrow street of Lestampes stood full of sheep, from wall to wall—black sheep and white, bleating like the birds in spring, and each one accompanying himself upon the sheep-bell round his neck. It made a pathetic concert, all in treble. A little higher, and I passed a pair of men in a tree with pruning-hooks, and one of them was singing the music of a *bourrée*. Still farther, and when I was already threading the birches, the crowing of cocks came cheerfully up to my ears, and along with that the voice of a flute discoursing a deliberate and plaintive air from one of the upland villages. I pictured to myself some grizzled, apple-cheeked, country schoolmaster fluting in his bit of a garden in the clear autumn sunshine. All these beautiful and interesting sounds filled my heart with an unwonted expectation; and it appeared to me that, once past this range which I was mounting, I should descend into the garden of the world. Nor was I deceived, for I was now done with rains and winds and a bleak country. The first part of my journey ended here; and this was like an induction of sweet sounds into the other and more beautiful.

There are other degrees of feyness, as of punishment, besides the capital; and I was now led by my good spirits into an adventure which I relate in the interest of future donkey-drivers. The road zigzagged so widely on the hillside that I chose a short cut by map and compass, and struck through the dwarf woods to catch the road

15. **Hé bourgeois**, etc., Hey, sir, it's five o'clock.

64. **bourrée**, a lively dance. 87. **feyness**, the state in which one is driven by fate to do acts that will bring destruction.

again upon a higher level. It was my one serious conflict with Modestine. She would none of my short cut; she turned in my face, she backed, she reared; she, whom I had hitherto imagined to be dumb, actually brayed with a loud, hoarse flourish, like a cock crowing for the dawn. I plied the goad with one hand; with the other, so steep was the ascent, I had to hold on the packsaddle. Half a dozen times she was nearly over backwards on the top of me; half a dozen times, from sheer weariness of spirit, I was nearly giving it up, and leading her down again to follow the road. But I took the thing as a wager, and fought it through. I was surprised, as I went on my way again, by what appeared to be chill raindrops falling on my hand, and more than once looked up in wonder at the cloudless sky. But it was only sweat which came dropping from my brow.

Over the summit of the Goulet there was no marked road—only upright stones posted from space to space to guide the drovers. The turf underfoot was springy and well scented. I had no company but a lark or two, and met but one bullock-cart between Lestampes and Bleymard. In front of me I saw a shallow valley, and beyond that the range of the Lozère, sparsely wooded and well enough modeled in the flanks, but straight and dull in outline. There was scarce a sign of culture; only about Bleymard, the white highroad from Villefort to Mende traversed a range of meadows, set with spiry poplars, and sounding from side to side with the bells of flocks and herds.

A Night Among the Pines

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower—nor nymph nor faunus haunted." The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade; there was no outlook except northeastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman

58. **In a more sacred**, etc. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 705-708.

speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Toward two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars, and there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighborhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draft; and feeling broad awake after this internal, cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, colored, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint, silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stockstill. By the whiteness of the packsaddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the color of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a peddler, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theaters and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle, habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than

16. **arcana**, plural of *arcanum*, mystery. 23. **Montaigne**, Michel de (1533-1592), a famous French essayist. 31. **Bastille**, a prison in Paris used especially for political offenders. It fell before the attack of a mob in the French Revolution (1789).

solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out-of-doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay between content and longing, a faint noise stole toward me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the highroad in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet toward the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, September 29), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away toward the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin, distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I

commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in someone's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Donkey, the Pack, and the Packsaddle. 1. Some student should report to the class on Stevenson's essay, "A Mountain Town in France."

2. Was Stevenson wise in choosing a sleeping-sack instead of a tent? Give your reasons.

3. Do you agree with Stevenson's characterization of a horse?

4. Do you think that Stevenson made a wise choice of articles for his kit? Would you take all of them? Can you explain why his arrangement of the pack was unwise?

The Green Donkey Driver. 1. Students will be interested in tracing Stevenson's trip on the map given on page 167. For the relation of the small area covered by Stevenson to the rest of the country a complete map of France should be consulted.

2. Pick out the points in this section where Stevenson's humor is delightful. Why do the onlookers at various points laugh at him? Take up each case.

3. Do the peasants in this part of France seem different from country dwellers in America?

I Have a Goad. 1. How does the inn compare with small American hotels?

2. Pick out the most picturesque scene in this section. Read it aloud to the class. At the end of the period the class can vote as to the best selection.

A Camp in the Dark. 1. Why does Stevenson say Fouzilhac was "worlds away" from Fouzilhic in the spirit of its inhabitants?

2. This section contains some unusually fine descriptions. Pick out the one you like the best and read it aloud as in the preceding section.

3. Stevenson thought this one of the three best chapters in the book. Do you like it? Why? Why do you suppose he liked it?

4. What traits of Stevenson appear in this and earlier chapters?

Cheylard and Luc. 1. How do the two inns in this section differ? How are they like the one at Bouchet St. Nicholas?

2. Do you think Stevenson enjoyed this part of his trip? What explanation does he give for visiting these places? Do you think civilization is a feather bed?

Father Apollinaris. Why do you suppose Stevenson would wish to visit a monastery? What interest in religion has he shown before? Why should his heart sink as he approached it? Why was he well received?

The Monks. 1. Why do you suppose this site was chosen for the monastery?

2. From your knowledge of Stevenson's philosophy of life, can you guess why he thought New England needed evangelizing?

3. Can you recall having mismanaged your life at any time like a dull fool? Does your school program help you? Do you think Stevenson was right?

4. What traits of Stevenson come out in this section? Where and how?

The Boarders. What motives brought these boarders to the monastery? Which of them is the most interesting to you? Why did their attempt to convert Stevenson fail?

Across the Goulet. Should you have liked to take this part of the trip? Why?

A Night Among the Pines. Stevenson regarded this as one of the best chapters in the book. Why do you suppose he thought so? Which is the best paragraph? Do you like it because of the ideas or because of the language?

Review

1. What incident or place in this first half of his trip did Stevenson most enjoy? Give your reasons. Which would you have enjoyed most?

2. How did Stevenson like the inns? Why did he not sleep in the open every night? Was he really out exploring?

3. Where does Stevenson's friendliness appear most clearly? Who was the most interesting person he met? Do you think these French living in the Cévennes resemble each other in any respects? Are they in any way like American mountaineers?

Intensive Study

(Page 194, line 44, to page 195, line 7)

1. Why does Stevenson leave the drove-road?
2. Why does he select the dell of green turf?
3. Why does he call night under a roof monotonous?
4. In what sense could Stevenson "hear Nature breathing deeply and freely"?
5. What part of the night pleases him most?
6. How do the animals spend this period?
7. What trait of Stevenson's appears most strongly in this passage?

PART V

*THE COUNTRY OF THE CAMISARDS**

We traveled in the print of olden wars;
Yet all the land was green;
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.
They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they wield;
And oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!

W. P. Bannatyne

Across the Lozère

The track that I had followed in the evening soon died out, and I continued to follow over a bald turf ascent a row of stone pillars, such as had conducted me across the Goulet. It was already warm. I tied my jacket on the pack, and walked in my knitted waistcoat. Modestine herself was in high spirits, and broke of her own accord, for the first time in my experience, into a jolting trot that sent the oats swashing in the pocket of my coat. The view, back upon the northern Gévaudan, extended with every step; scarce a tree, scarce a house, appeared upon the fields of wild hill that ran north, east, and west, all blue and gold in the haze and sunlight of the morning. A multitude of little birds kept sweeping and twittering about my path; they perched on the stone pillars, they pecked and strutted on the turf, and I saw them circle in volleys in the blue air, and show, from time to time, translucent flickering wings between the sun and me.

Almost from the first moment of my march, a faint, large noise, like a distant surf, had filled my ears. Sometimes I was tempted to think it the voice of a neighboring waterfall, and sometimes a subjective result of the utter stillness of the hill. But as I continued to advance, the noise increased and became like the hissing of an enormous tea-urn, and at the same time breaths of cool air began to reach me from the direction of the summit. At length I understood. It was blowing stiffly from the south upon the other slope of the Lozère, and every step that I took I was drawing nearer to the wind.

Although it had been long desired, it was quite unexpectedly at last that my eyes rose above the summit. A step that seemed no way more decisive than many other steps that had preceded it—and, "like stout Cortes when, with eagle eyes, he stared on the Pacific," I took possession, in my own name, of a new quarter of the world. For behold, instead of the gross turf rampart I had been mounting for so long, a view into the hazy air of heaven, and a land of intricate blue hills below my feet.

The Lozère lies nearly east and west, cutting Gévaudan into two unequal parts; its highest point, this Pic de Finiels, on which I was then standing, rises upwards of five thousand six hundred feet above the sea, and in clear weather commands a view over all lower Languedoc to the Mediterranean Sea. I have spoken with people who either pretended or believed that they had seen, from the Pic de Finiels, white ships sailing by Montpellier and Cette. Behind

*Camisards, the Protestants living in the Cévennes. Their name comes from the blouse (*camisa*) which they wore over their armor for identification in night attacks.

58. **like stout Cortes**, etc., a reference to Keats's sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," in which Keats named Cortes instead of Balboa as the discoverer of the Pacific. 74. **Languedoc**, a former division of France, including the country of Stevenson's journey and the adjoining departments.

was the upland northern country through which my way had lain, peopled by a dull race, without wood, without much grandeur of hill-form, and famous in the past for little beside wolves. But in front of me, half-veiled in sunny haze, lay a new Gévaudan, rich, picturesque, illustrious for stirring events. Speaking largely, I was in the Cévennes at Monastier, and during all my journey; but there is a strict and local sense in which only this confused and shaggy country at my feet has any title to the name, and in this sense the peasantry employ the word. These are the Cévennes with an emphasis—the Cévennes of the Cévennes. In that undecipherable labyrinth of hills, a war of bandits, a war of wild beasts, raged for two years between the Grand Monarch with all his troops and marshals on the one hand, and a few thousand Protestant mountaineers upon the other. A hundred and eighty years ago the Camisards held a station even on the Lozère, where I stood; they had an organization, arsenals, a military and religious hierarchy; their affairs were "the discourse of every coffee-house" in London; England sent fleets in their support; their leaders prophesied and murdered; with colors and drums, and the singing of old French psalms, their bands sometimes affronted daylight, marched before walled cities, and dispersed the generals of the King; and sometimes at night, or in masquerade, possessed themselves of strong castles, and avenged treachery upon their allies and cruelty upon their foes. There, a hundred and eighty years ago, was the chivalrous Roland, "Count and Lord Roland, generalissimo of the Protestants in France," grave, silent, imperious, pock-marked ex-dragoon, whom a lady followed in his wanderings, out of love. There was Cavalier, a baker's apprentice with a genius for war, elected brigadier of Camisards at seventeen, to die at fifty-five the English governor of Jersey. There again was Castanet, a partisan leader in a voluminous peruke and with a taste for controversial divinity. Strange generals, who moved apart to take counsel with the God of Hosts, and fled or offered battle, set sentinels or slept in an unguarded camp, as the Spirit whispered to their hearts! And there, to follow these and other leaders, was the rank and file of prophets and disciples, bold, patient, indefatigable, hardy to run upon the mountains, cheering their rough life with psalms, eager to fight, eager to pray, listening devoutly to the oracles of brainsick children, and mystically putting a grain of wheat among the pewter balls with which they charged their muskets.

I had traveled hitherto through a dull district, and in the track of nothing more notable than the child-eating Beast of Gévaudan, the Napoleon Bonaparte of wolves. But now I was to go down into the scene of a romantic chapter—or, better, a romantic footnote—in the history of the world. What was left of all this bygone dust and heroism? I was told that Protestantism still survived in this head seat of Protestant resistance; so much the priest himself had told me in the monastery parlor. But I had yet to learn if it were a bare survival, or a lively and generous tradition. Again, if in the northern Cévennes the people are narrow in religious judgments, and more filled with zeal than charity, what was

21. **Grand Monarch**, Louis XIV (1638-1715). 44. **Roland**, Roland Laporte. In 1704 he was betrayed by one of his officers, and killed.

49. **Cavalier**, Jean. After his defeat in 1704 he made a treaty unpopular with both sides and removed to England. 53. **Jersey**, an English Channel island. 54. **Castanet**, André. He resumed hostilities in 1705, was defeated, and executed.

I to look for in this land of persecution and reprisal—in a land where the tyranny of the Church produced the Camisard rebellion, and the terror of the Camisards threw the Catholic peasantry into legalized revolt upon the other side, so that Camisard and Florentin skulked for each other's lives among the mountains?

Just on the brow of the hill, where I paused to look before me, the series of stone pillars came abruptly to an end; and only a little below, a sort of track appeared and began to go down a breakneck slope, turning like a corkscrew as it went. It led into a valley between falling hills, stubbly with rocks like a reaped field of corn, and floored farther down with green meadows. I followed the track with precipitation; the steepness of the slope, the continual agile turning of the line of descent, and the old, unwearied hope of finding something new in a new country, all conspired to lend me wings. Yet a little lower and a stream began, collecting itself together out of many fountains, and soon making a glad noise among the hills. Sometimes it would cross the track in a bit of waterfall, with a pool, in which Modestine refreshed her feet.

The whole descent is like a dream to me, so rapidly was it accomplished. I had scarcely left the summit ere the valley had closed round my path, and the sun beat upon me, walking in a stagnant lowland atmosphere. The track became a road, and went up and down in easy undulations. I passed cabin after cabin, but all seemed deserted; and I saw not a human creature, nor heard any sound except that of the stream. I was, however, in a different country from the day before. The stony skeleton of the world was here vigorously displayed to sun and air. The slopes were steep and changeful. Oak-trees clung along the hills, well grown, wealthy in leaf, and touched by the autumn with strong and luminous colors. Here and there another stream would fall in from the right or the left, down a gorge of snow-white and tumultuary bowlders. The river in the bottom—for it was rapidly growing a river, collecting on all hands as it trotted on its way—here foamed awhile in desperate rapids, and there lay in pools of the most enchanting sea-green shot with watery browns. As far as I have gone, I have never seen a river of so changeful and delicate a hue; crystal was not more clear, the meadows were not by half so green; and at every pool I saw I felt a thrill of longing to be out of these hot, dusty, and material garments, and bathe my naked body in the mountain air and water. All the time as I went on I never forgot it was the Sabbath; the stillness was a perpetual reminder; and I heard in spirit the church-bells clamoring all over Europe, and the psalms of a thousand churches.

At length a human sound struck upon my ear—a cry strangely modulated between pathos and derision; and looking across the valley, I saw a little urchin sitting in a meadow, with his hands about his knees, and dwarfed to almost comical smallness by the distance. But the rogue had picked me out as I went down the road, from oak-wood on to oak-wood, driving Modestine; and he made me the compliments of the new country in this tremulous, high-pitched salutation. And as all noises are lovely and natural at a sufficient distance, this also, coming through so much clean hill air and crossing all the green valley, sounded pleasant to my ear, and seemed a thing rustic, like the oaks or the river.

8. **Florentin**, so named because this band of the Catholics organized at the town of St. Florient.

A little after, the stream that I was following fell into the Tarn, at Pont de Montvert of bloody memory.

Pont de Montvert

One of the first things I encountered in Pont de Montvert was, if I remember rightly, the Protestant temple; but this was but the type of other novelties. A subtle atmosphere distinguishes a town in England from a town in France, or even in Scotland. At Carlisle you can see you are in one country; at Dumfries, thirty miles away, you are as sure that you are in the other. I should find it difficult to tell in what particulars Pont de Montvert differed from Monastier or Langogne, or even Bleymard; but the difference existed, and spoke eloquently to the eyes. The place, with its houses, its lanes, its glaring river-bed, wore an indescribable air of the South.

All was Sunday bustle in the streets and in the public-house, as all had been Sabbath peace among the mountains. There must have been near a score of us at dinner by eleven before noon; and after I had eaten and drunken, and sat writing up my journal, I suppose as many more came dropping in one after another, or by twos and threes. In crossing the Lozère I had not only come among new, natural features, but moved into the territory of a different race. These people, as they hurriedly dispatched their viands in an intricate sword-play of knives, questioned and answered me with a degree of intelligence which excelled all that I had met, except among the railway folk at Chasseradès. They had open, telling faces, and were lively both in speech and manner. They not only entered thoroughly into the spirit of my little trip, but more than one declared, if he were rich enough, he would like to set forth on such another.

Even physically there was a pleasant change. I had not seen a pretty woman since I left Monastier, and there but one. Now of the three who sat down with me to dinner, one was certainly not beautiful—a poor, timid thing of forty, quite troubled at this roaring table d'hôte, whom I squired and helped to wine, and pledged, and tried generally to encourage, with quite a contrary effect; but the other two, both married, were both more handsome than the average of women. And Clarisse? What shall I say of Clarisse? She waited the table with a heavy, placable nonchalance, like a performing cow; but her great gray eyes were steeped in amorous languor; her features, although fleshy, were of an original and accurate design; her mouth had a curl; her nostril spoke of dainty pride; her cheek fell into strange and interesting lines. It was a face capable of strong emotion, and, with training, it offered the promise of delicate sentiment. It seemed pitiful to see so good a model left to country admirers and a country way of thought. Beauty should at least have touched society; then, in a moment, it throws off a weight that lay upon it, it becomes conscious of itself, it puts on an elegance, learns a gait and a carriage of the head, and, in a moment, *patet dea*. Before I left, I assured Clarisse of my hearty admiration. She took it like milk, without embarrassment or wonder, merely looking at me steadily with her great eyes; and I own the result upon myself was some confusion. If Clarisse could read English, I should not dare to add that her figure was unworthy of her face. Hers was a

11. **Carlisle**, a town in northwest England. 12. **Dumfries**, a town in southern Scotland. They are only about thirty miles apart.

83. **patet dea**, the goddess stands revealed.

case for stays; but that may perhaps grow better as she gets up in years.

Pont de Montvert, or Greenhill Bridge, as we might say at home, is a place memorable in the story of the months at Quissac spoke from its mother's arms, agitated and sobbing, distinctly and with a loud voice." Marshal Villars has seen a town where all the women "seemed possessed by the devil," and had trembling fits, and

THE INN WHERE STEVENSON DINED, AT PONT DE MONTVERT

Camisards. It was here that the war broke out; here that those southern Covenanters slew their Archbishop Sharpe. The persecution on the one hand, the febrile enthusiasm on the other, are almost equally difficult to understand in these quiet, modern days, and with our easy modern beliefs and disbeliefs. The Protestants were one and all beside their right minds with zeal and sorrow. They were all prophets and prophetesses. Children at the breast would exhort their parents to good works. "A child of fifteen uttered prophecies publicly upon the streets. A prophetess of Vivarais was hanged at Montpellier because blood flowed from her eyes and nose, and she declared that she was weeping tears of blood for the misfortunes of the Protestants. And it was not only women and children. Stalwart, dangerous fellows, used to swing the sickle or to wield the forest ax, were likewise shaken with strange paroxysms, and spoke oracles with sobs and streaming tears. A persecution unsurpassed in violence had lasted near a score of years, and this was the result

9. **Archbishop Sharpe**, an Episcopal archbishop of Scotland who was murdered in 1679 by the Covenanters, who vowed to maintain Presbyterian doctrines when England tried to force Episcopacy upon them.

24. **Marshall Villars**, the military leader who suppressed the Camisards.

upon the persecuted; hanging, burning, breaking on the wheel, had been vain; the dragoons had left their hoof-marks over all the country-side; there were men rowing in the galleys, and women pining in the prisons of the Church; and not a thought was changed in the heart of any upright Protestant.

Now the head and forefront of the persecution—after Lamoignon de Bâville—François de Langlade du Chayla (pronounced Chéïla), Archpriest of the Cévennes and Inspector of Missions in the same country, had a house in which he sometimes dwelt in the town of Pont de Montvert. He was a conscientious person, who seems to have been intended by nature for a pirate, and now fifty-five, an age by which a man has learned all the moderation of which he is capable. A missionary in his youth in China, he there suffered martyrdom, was left for dead, and only succored and brought back to life by the charity of a pariah. We must suppose the pariah devoid of second sight, and not purposely malicious in this act. Such an experience, it might be thought, would have cured a man of the desire to persecute; but the human spirit is a thing strangely put together; and, having been a Christian martyr, Du Chayla became a Christian persecutor. The Work of the Propagation of the Faith went roundly forward in his hands. His house in Pont de Montvert served him as a prison. There he plucked out the hairs of the beard, and closed the hands of his prisoners upon live coals, to convince them that they were deceived in their opinions. And yet had not he himself tried and proved the inefficacy of these carnal arguments among the Buddhists in China?

11. **Lamoignon de Bâville**, the harshest of the persecutors.

Not only was life made intolerable in Languedoc, but flight was rigidly forbidden. One Massip, a muleteer, and well acquainted with the mountain-paths, had already guided several troops of fugitives in safety to Geneva; and on him, with another convoy, consisting mostly of women dressed as men, Du Chayla, in an evil hour for himself, laid his hands. The Sunday following, there was a conventicle of Protestants in the woods of Altefage upon Mount Bougés; where there stood up one Séguier—Spirit Séguier, as his companions called him—a wool-carder, tall, black-faced, and toothless, but a man full of prophecy. He declared, in the name of God, that the time for submission had gone by, and they must betake themselves to arms for the deliverance of their brethren and the destruction of the priests.

The next night, July 24, 1702, a sound disturbed the Inspector of Missions as he sat in his prison-house at Pont de Montvert; the voices of many men upraised in psalmody drew nearer and nearer through the town. It was ten at night; he had his court about him, priests, soldiers, and servants, to the number of twelve or fifteen; and now dreading the insolence of a conventicle below his very windows, he ordered forth his soldiers to report. But the psalm-singers were already at his door, fifty strong, led by the inspired Séguier, and breathing death. To their summons, the archpriest made answer like a stout old persecutor, and bade his garrison fire upon the mob. One Camisard (for, according to some, it was in this night's work that they came by the name) fell at this discharge; his comrades burst in the door with hatchets and a beam of wood, overran the lower story of the house, set free the prisoners, and finding one of them in the

vine, a sort of Scavenger's Daughter of the place and period, redoubled in fury against Du Chayla, and sought by repeated assaults to carry the upper floors. But he, on his side, had given absolution to his men, and they bravely held the staircase.

"Children of God," cried the prophet, "hold your hands. Let us burn the house, with the priest and the satellites of Baal."

The fire caught readily. Out of an upper window Du Chayla and his men lowered themselves into the garden by means of knotted sheets; some escaped across the river under the bullets of the insurgents; but the archpriest himself fell, broke his thigh, and could only crawl into the hedge. What were his reflections as this second martyrdom drew near? A poor, brave, besotted, hateful man, who had done his duty resolutely according to his light both in the Cévennes and China. He found at least one telling word to say in his defense; for when the roof fell in and the upbursting flames discovered his retreat, and they came and dragged him to the public place of the town, raging and calling him damned—"If I be damned," said he, "why should you also damn yourselves?"

Here was a good reason for the last; but in the course of his inspectorship he had given many stronger which all told in a contrary direction; and these he was now to hear. One by one, Séguier first, the Camisards drew near and stabbed him. "This," they said, "is for my father broken on the wheel. This for my brother in the galleys. That for my mother or my sister imprisoned in your cursed convents." Each gave his blow and his reason; and then all kneeled and sang psalms around the body till the dawn. With the dawn, still singing, they defiled away toward Frugères, farther up the Tarn, to pursue the work of vengeance, leaving Du Chayla's prison-house in ruins and his body pierced with two-and-fifty wounds upon the public place.

'Tis a wild night's work, with its accompaniment of psalms; and it seems as if a psalm must always have a sound of threatening in that town upon the Tarn. But the story does not end, even so far as concerns Pont de Montvert, with the departure of the Camisards. The career of Séguier was brief and bloody. Two more priests and a whole family at Ladevèze, from the father to the servants, fell by his hand or by his orders; and yet he was but a day or two at large, and restrained all the time by the presence of the soldiery. Taken at length by a famous soldier of fortune, Captain Poul, he appeared unmoved before his judges.

"Your name?" they asked.

"Pierre Séguier."

"Why are you called Spirit?"

"Because the Spirit of the Lord is with me."

"Your domicile?"

"Lately in the desert, and soon in heaven."

"Have you no remorse for your crimes?"

"I have committed none. My soul is like a garden full of shelter and of fountains."

At Pont de Montvert, on the twelfth of August, he had his right hand stricken from his body, and was burned alive. And his soul was like a garden? So perhaps was the soul of Du Chayla, the Christian martyr. And perhaps if you could read in my soul, or I could read in yours, our own composure might seem little less surprising.

Du Chayla's house still stands, with a new roof, beside one of the bridges

1. **Scavenger's Daughter**, a medieval instrument of torture. 10. **priest . . . Baal**, *II Kings*, x, 19.

of the town, and if you are curious you may see the terrace-garden into which he dropped.

In the Valley of the Tarn

A new road leads from Pont de Montvert to Florac by the valley of the Tarn; a smooth, sandy ledge, it runs about halfway between the summit of the cliffs and the river in the bottom of the valley; and I went in and out, as I followed it, from bays of shadow into promontories of afternoon sun. This was a pass like that of Killiecrankie; a deep turning gully in the hills, with the Tarn making a wonderful hoarse uproar far below, and craggy summits standing in the sunshine high above. A thin fringe of ash-trees ran about the hilltops, like ivy on a ruin; but on the lower slopes, and far up every glen, the Spanish chestnut-trees stood each four-square to heaven under its tented foliage. Some were planted each on its own terrace, no larger than a bed; some, trusting in their roots, found strength to grow and prosper and be straight and large upon the rapid slopes of the valley; others, where there was a margin to the river, stood marshaled in a line and mighty like cedars of Lebanon. Yet even where they grew most thickly they were not to be thought of as a wood, but as a herd of stalwart individuals; and the dome of each tree stood forth separate and large, and as it were a little hill, from among the domes of its companions. They gave forth a faint, sweet perfume which pervaded the air of the afternoon; autumn had put tints of gold and tarnish in the green; and the sun so shone through and kindled the broad foliage that each chestnut was relieved against another, not in shadow, but in light. A humble sketcher here laid down his pencil in despair.

I wish I could convey a notion of the growth of these noble trees; of how they strike out boughs like the oak, and trail sprays of drooping foliage like the willow; of how they stand on upright, fluted columns like the pillars of a church; or like the olive, from the most shattered bole can put out smooth and youthful shoots, and begin a new life upon the ruins of the old. Thus they partake of the nature of many different trees; and even their prickly topknots, seen near at hand against the sky, have a certain palm-like air that impresses the imagination. But their individuality, although compounded of so many elements, is but the richer and the more original. And to look down upon a level filled with these knolls of foliage, or to see a clan of old, unconquerable chestnuts cluster "like herded elephants" upon the spur of a mountain, is to rise to higher thoughts of the powers that are in Nature.

Between Modestine's laggard humor and the beauty of the scene, we made little progress all that afternoon; and at last finding the sun, although still far from setting, was already beginning to desert the narrow valley of the Tarn, I began to cast about for a place to camp in. This was not easy to find; the terraces were too narrow, and the ground, where it was unterraced, was usually too steep for a man to lie upon. I should have slipped all night, and awakened toward morning with my feet or my head in the river.

After perhaps a mile, I saw, some sixty feet above the road, a little plateau large enough to hold my sack, and securely parapeted by the trunk of an aged and enormous chestnut.

13. **Killiecrankie**, a wooded pass in Perthshire, Scotland. 31. **cedars of Lebanon.** *Psalms* xcii, 12.

Thither, with infinite trouble, I goaded and kicked the reluctant Modestine, and there I hastened to unload her. There was only room for myself upon the plateau, and I had to go nearly as high again before I found so much as standing room for the ass. It was on a heap of rolling stones, on an artificial terrace, certainly not five feet square in all. Here I tied her to a chestnut, and having given her corn and bread and made a pile of chestnut-leaves, of which I found her greedy, I descended once more to my own encampment.

The position was unpleasantly exposed. One or two carts went by upon the road; and as long as daylight lasted I concealed myself, for all the world like a hunted Camisard, behind my fortification of vast chestnut trunk; for I was passionately afraid of discovery and the visit of jocular persons in the night. Moreover, I saw that I must be early awake; for these chestnut gardens had been the scene of industry no farther gone than on the day before. The slope was strewn with lopped branches, and here and there a great package of leaves was propped against a trunk; for even the leaves are serviceable, and the peasants use them in winter by way of fodder for their animals. I picked a meal in fear and trembling, half lying down to hide myself from the road; and I dare say I was as much concerned as if I had been a scout from Joani's band above upon the Lozère or from Salomon's across the Tarn in the old times of psalm-singing and blood. Or, indeed, perhaps more; for the Camisards had a remarkable confidence in God; and a tale comes back into my memory of how the Count of Gévaudan, riding with a party of dragoons and a notary at his saddlebow to enforce the oath of fidelity in all the country hamlets, entered a valley in the woods, and found Cavalier and his men at dinner, gayly seated on the grass, and their hats crowned with box-tree garlands, while fifteen women washed their linen in the stream. Such was a field festival in 1703; at that date Antony Watteau would be painting similar subjects.

This was a very different camp from that of the night before in the cool and silent pine-woods. It was warm and even stifling in the valley. The shrill song of frogs, like the tremolo note of a whistle with a pea in it, rang up from the riverside before the sun was down. In the growing dusk, faint rustlings began to run to and fro among the fallen leaves; from time to time a faint chirping or cheeping noise would fall upon my ear; and from time to time I thought I could see the movement of something swift and indistinct between the chestnuts. A profusion of large ants swarmed upon the ground; bats whisked by, and mosquitoes droned overhead. The long boughs with their bunches of leaves hung against the sky like garlands; and those immediately above and around me had somewhat the air of a trellis which should have been wrecked and half overthrown in a gale of wind.

Sleep for a long time fled my eyelids; and just as I was beginning to feel quiet stealing over my limbs, and settling densely on my mind, a noise at my head startled me broad awake again, and, I will frankly confess it, brought my heart into my mouth. It was such a noise as a person would make scratching loudly with a fingernail, it came from under the knapsack which served me for a pillow, and it was thrice repeated before I had time to sit up and turn about. Nothing

39–40. **Joani, Salomon,** leaders of the Camisards.

56. **Antony Watteau** (1684-1721), a French painter who excelled in rural scenes.

was to be seen, nothing more was to be heard, but a few of these mysterious rustlings far and near, and the ceaseless accompaniment of the river and the frogs. I learned next day that the chestnut gardens are infested by rats; rustling, chirping, and scraping were probably all due to these; but the puzzle, for the moment, was insoluble, and I had to compose myself for sleep, as best I could, in wondering uncertainty about my neighbors.

I was wakened in the gray of the morning (Monday, September 30) by the sound of footsteps not far off upon the stones, and opening my eyes, I beheld a peasant going by among the chestnuts by a footpath that I had not hitherto observed. He turned his head neither to the right nor to the left, and disappeared in a few strides among the foliage. Here was an escape! But it was plainly more than time to be moving. The peasantry were abroad; scarce less terrible to me in my nondescript position than the soldiers of Captain Poul to an undaunted Camisard. I fed Modestine with what haste I could; but as I was returning to my sack, I saw a man and a boy come down the hillside in a direction crossing mine. They unintelligibly hailed me, and I replied with inarticulate but cheerful sounds, and hurried forward to get into my gaiters.

The pair, who seemed to be father and son, came slowly up to the plateau, and stood close beside me for some time in silence. The bed was open, and I saw with regret my revolver lying patently disclosed on the blue wool. At last, after they had looked me all over, and the silence had grown laughably embarrassing, the man demanded in what seemed unfriendly tones:

"You have slept here?"

"Yes," said I. "As you see."

"Why?" he asked.

"My faith," I answered lightly, "I was tired."

He next inquired where I was going and what I had had for dinner; and then, without the least transition, "*C'est bien*," he added. "Come along." And he and his son, without another word, turned off to the next chestnut-tree but one, which they set to pruning. The thing had passed off more simply than I hoped. He was a grave, respectable man; and his unfriendly voice did not imply that he thought he was speaking to a criminal, but merely to an inferior.

I was soon on the road, nibbling a cake of chocolate and seriously occupied with a case of conscience. Was I to pay for my night's lodging? I had slept ill, the bed was full of fleas in the shape of ants, there was no water in the room, the very dawn had neglected to call me in the morning. I might have missed a train, had there been any in the neighborhood to catch. Clearly, I was dissatisfied with my entertainment; and I decided I should not pay unless I met a beggar.

The valley looked even lovelier by morning; and soon the road descended to the level of the river. Here, in a place where many straight and prosperous chestnuts stood together, making an aisle upon a swarded terrace, I made my morning toilet in the water of the Tarn. It was marvelously clear, thrillingly cool; the soapsuds disappeared as if by magic in the swift current, and the white bowlders gave one a model for cleanliness. To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity or semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body; but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing. I went

56. C'est bien, all right.

on with a light and peaceful heart, and sang psalms to the spiritual ear as I advanced.

Suddenly up came an old woman, who point-blank demanded alms.

"Good!" thought I; "here comes the waiter with the bill."

And I paid for my night's lodging on the spot. Take it how you please, but this was the first and the last beggar that I met with during all my tour.

A step or two farther I was overtaken by an old man in a brown nightcap, clear-eyed, weather-beaten, with a faint, excited smile. A little girl followed him, driving two sheep and a goat; but she kept in our wake, while the old man walked beside me and talked about the morning and the valley. It was not much past six; and for healthy people who have slept enough, that is an hour of expansion and of open and trustful talk.

"*Connaissez-vous le Seigneur?*" he said at length.

I asked him what Seigneur he meant; but he only repeated the question with more emphasis and a look in his eyes denoting hope and interest.

"Ah!" said I, pointing upwards, "I understand you now. Yes, I know Him; He is the best of acquaintances."

The old man said he was delighted. "Hold," he added, striking his bosom; "it makes me happy here." There were a few who knew the Lord in these valleys, he went on to tell me; not many, but a few. "Many are called," he quoted, "and few chosen."

"My father," said I, "it is not easy to say who know the Lord; and it is none of our business. Protestants and Catholics, and even those who worship stones, may know Him and be known by Him; for He has made all."

24. **Connaissez-vous**, etc., do you know the Lord?

I did not know I was so good a preacher.

The old man assured me he thought as I did, and repeated his expressions of pleasure at meeting me. "We are so few," he said. "They call us Moravians here; but down in the department of Gard, where there are also a good number, they are called Derbists, after an English pastor."

I began to understand that I was figuring, in questionable taste, as a member of some sect to me unknown; but I was more pleased with the pleasure of my companion than embarrassed by my own equivocal position. Indeed I can see no dishonesty in not avowing a difference; and especially in these high matters, where we have all a sufficient assurance that, whoever may be in the wrong, we ourselves are not completely in the right. The truth is much talked about; but this old man in a brown nightcap showed himself so simple, sweet, and friendly that I am not unwilling to profess myself his convert. He was, as a matter of fact, a Plymouth Brother. Of what that involves in the way of doctrine I have no idea nor the time to inform myself; but I know right well that we are all embarked upon a troublesome world, the children of one Father, striving in many essential points to do and to become the same. And although it was somewhat in a mistake that he shook hands with me so often and showed himself so ready to receive my words, that was a mistake of the truth-finding sort. For charity begins blindfold; and only through a series of similar misapprehensions rises at length into a settled principle

55. **Moravians**, a religious sect that traces its origin to John Huss (1369-1415) in Bohemia and Moravia.
58. **Derbists**, a religious sect, commonly known as Plymouth Brethren, that arose about 1800 at Plymouth, England.

of love and patience, and a firm belief in all our fellow-men. If I deceived this good old man, in the like manner I would willingly go on to deceive others. And if ever at length, out of our separate and sad ways, we should all come together into one common house, I have a hope, to which I cling clearly, that my mountain Plymouth Brother will hasten to shake hands with me again.

Thus, talking like Christian and Faithful by the way, he and I came down upon a hamlet by the Tarn. It was but a humble place, called La Vernède, with less than a dozen houses, and a Protestant chapel on a knoll. Here he dwelt; and here, at the inn, I ordered my breakfast. The inn was kept by an agreeable young man, a stone-breaker on the road, and his sister, a pretty and engaging girl. The village schoolmaster dropped in to speak with the stranger. And these were all Protestants—a fact which pleased me more than I should have expected; and, what pleased me still more, they seemed all upright and simple people. The Plymouth Brother hung round me with a sort of yearning interest, and returned at least thrice to make sure I was enjoying my meal. His behavior touched me deeply at the time, and even now moves me in recollection. He feared to intrude, but he would not willingly forego one moment of my society; and he seemed never weary of shaking me by the hand.

When all the rest had drifted off to their day's work, I sat for near half an hour with the young mistress of the house, who talked pleasantly over her seam of the chestnut harvest, and the beauties of the Tarn, and old family affections, broken up when young folk go from home, yet still subsisting. Hers, I am sure, was a sweet nature, with a country plainness and much delicacy underneath; and he who takes her to his heart will doubtless be a fortunate young man.

The valley below La Vernède pleased me more and more as I went forward. Now the hills approached from either hand, naked and crumbling, and walled in the river between cliffs; and now the valley widened and became green. The road led me past the old castle of Miral on a steep; past a battlemented monastery, long since broken up and turned into a church and parsonage, and past a cluster of black roofs, the village of Cocurès, sitting among vineyards and meadows and orchards thick with red apples, and where, along the highway, they were knocking down walnuts from the roadside trees, and gathering them in sacks and baskets. The hills, however much the vale might open, were still tall and bare, with cliffy battlements and here and there a pointed summit; and the Tarn still rattled through the stones with a mountain noise. I had been led, by bagmen of a picturesque turn of mind, to expect a horrific country after the heart of Byron; but to my Scotch eyes it seemed smiling and plentiful, as the weather still gave an impression of high summer to my Scotch body; although the chestnuts were already picked out by the autumn, and the poplars, that here began to mingle with them, had turned into pale gold against the approach of winter.

There was something in this landscape, smiling although wild, that explained to me the spirit of the Southern Covenanters. Those who

12. **Christian and Faithful.** See *Pilgrim's Progress*, Part I, Chapter X.

80. **Byron**, Lord (1788-1824). This famous English poet shows his love of wild nature in *Childe Harold*, Canto II.

took to the hills for conscience' sake in Scotland had all gloomy and bedeviled thoughts; for once that they received God's comfort they would be twice engaged with Satan; but the Camisards had only bright and supporting visions. They dealt much more in blood, both given and taken; yet I find no obsession of the Evil One in their records. With a light conscience, they pursued their life in these rough times and circumstances. The soul of Sèguier, let us not forget, was like a garden. They knew they were on God's side, with a knowledge that has no parallel among the Scots; for the Scots, although they might be certain of the cause, could never rest confident of the person.

"We flew," says one old Camisard, "when we heard the sound of psalm-singing, we flew as if with wings. We felt within us an animating ardor, a transporting desire. The feeling cannot be expressed in words. It is a thing that must have been experienced to be understood. However weary we might be, we thought no more of our weariness and grew light, so soon as the psalms fell upon our ears."

The valley of the Tarn and the people whom I met at La Vernède not only explain to me this passage, but the twenty years of suffering which those, who were so stiff and so bloody when once they betook themselves to war, endured with the meekness of children and the constancy of saints and peasants.

THE PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT LA VERNÈDE

Florac

On a branch of the Tarn stands Florac, the seat of a subprefecture, with an old castle, an alley of planes,

44. **plane**, sycamore.

many quaint street-corners, and a live fountain welling from the hill. It is notable, besides, for handsome women, and as one of the two capitals, Alais being the other, of the country of the Camisards.

The landlord of the inn took me, after I had eaten, to an adjoining café, where I, or rather my journey, became the topic of the afternoon. Everyone had some suggestion for my guidance; and the subprefectorial map was fetched from the subprefecture itself, and much thumbed among coffee-cups and glasses of liqueur. Most of these kind advisers were Protestant, though I observed that Protestant and Catholic intermingled in a very easy manner; and it surprised me to see what a lively memory still subsisted of the religious war. Among the hills of the southwest, by Mauchline, Cumnock, or Carsphairn, in isolated farms or in the manse, serious Presbyterian people still recall the days of the great persecution, and the graves of local martyrs are still piously regarded. But in towns and among the so-called better classes, I fear that these old doings have become an idle tale. If you met a mixed company in the King's Arms at Wigtown, it is not likely that the talk would run on Covenanters. Nay, at Muirkirk of Glenluce, I found the beadle's wife had not so much as heard of Prophet Peden. But these Cévenols were proud of their ancestors in quite another sense; the war was their chosen topic; its exploits were their own patent of nobility; and where a man or a race has had but one adventure, and that heroic, we must expect and pardon some prolixity of reference.

They told me the country was still full of legends hitherto uncollected; I heard from them about Cavalier's descendants—not direct descendants, be it understood, but only cousins or nephews—who were still prosperous people in the scene of the boy-general's exploits; and one farmer had seen the bones of old combatants dug up into the air of an afternoon in the nineteenth century, in a field where the ancestors had fought, and the great-grandchildren were peaceably ditching.

Later in the day one of the Protestant pastors was so good as to visit me—a young man, intelligent and polite, with whom I passed an hour or two in talk. Florac, he told me, is part Protestant, part Catholic; and the difference in religion is usually doubled by a difference in politics. You may judge of my surprise, coming as I did from such a babbling, purgatorial Poland of a place as Monastier, when I learned that the population lived together on very quiet terms; and there was even an exchange of hospitalities between households thus doubly separated. Black Camisard and White Camisard, militiaman and Miquelet and dragoon, Protestant prophet and Catholic cadet of the White Cross, they had all been sabering and shooting, burning, pillaging, and murdering, their hearts hot with indignant passion; and here, after a hundred and seventy years, Protestant is still Protestant, Catholic still Catholic, in mutual toleration and mild amity of life. But the race of man, like that indomitable nature whence it sprang, has medicating virtues of its own; the years and seasons bring various harvests; the sun returns after the rain; and mankind outlives secular animosities, as a single man awakens from the passions

13. **subprefecture**, the town hall. 23, 35. **Mauchline**, etc., **Wigtown**, **Muirkirk**, towns in southwestern Scotland. 38. **Prophet Peden**, Alexander Peden (1626-1688), a famous Covenanter preacher, who was greatly persecuted.

77. **Miquelet**, the leader of a bandit troop.

of a day. We judge our ancestors from a more divine position; and the dust being a little laid with several centuries, we can see both sides adorned with human virtues and fighting with a show of right.

I have never thought it easy to be just, and find it daily even harder than I thought. I own I met these Protestants with delight and a sense of coming home. I was accustomed to speak their language, in another and deeper sense of the word than that which distinguishes between French and English; for the true babel is a divergence upon morals. And hence I could hold more free communication with the Protestants, and judge them more justly, than the Catholics. Father Apollinaris may pair off with my mountain Plymouth Brother as two guileless and devout old men; yet I ask myself if I had as ready a feeling for the virtues of the Trappist; or had I been a Catholic, if I should have felt so warmly to the dissenter of La Vernède. With the first I was on terms of mere forbearance; but with the other, although only on a misunderstanding and by keeping on selected points, it was still possible to hold converse and exchange some honest thoughts. In this world of imperfection we gladly welcome even partial intimacies. If we find but one to whom we can speak out of our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God.

In the Valley of the Mimente

On Tuesday, October first, we left Florac late in the afternoon, a tired donkey and tired donkey-driver. A little way up the Tarnon, a covered bridge of wood introduced us into the valley of the Mimente. Steep, rocky, red mountains overhung the stream; great oaks and chestnuts grew upon the slopes or in stony terraces; here and there was a red field of millet or a few apple-trees studded with red apples; and the road passed hard by two black hamlets, one with an old castle atop to please the heart of the tourist.

It was difficult here again to find a spot fit for my encampment. Even under the oaks and chestnuts the ground had not only a very rapid slope, but was heaped with loose stones; and where there was no timber the hills descended to the stream in a red precipice tufted with heather. The sun had left the highest peak in front of me, and the valley was full of the lowing sound of herdsmen's horns as they recalled the flocks into the stable, when I spied a bight of meadow some way below the roadway in an angle of the river. Thither I descended, and, tying Modestine provisionally to a tree proceeded to investigate the neighborhood. A gray, pearly, evening shadow filled the glen; objects at a little distance grew indistinct and melted bafflingly into each other; and the darkness was rising steadily like an exhalation. I approached a great oak which grew in the meadow, hard by the river's brink; when to my disgust the voices of children fell upon my ear, and I beheld a house round the angle on the other bank. I had half a mind to pack and be gone again, but the growing darkness moved me to remain. I had only to make no noise until the night was fairly come, and trust to the dawn to call me early in the morning. But it was hard to be annoyed by neighbors in such a great hotel.

A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were

already brightly shining, and the others were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a house. The moon, which I had seen, a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind—their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had "no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth."

All night a strong wind blew up the valley, and the acorns fell pattering over me from the oak. Yet, on this first night of October, the air was as mild as May, and I slept with the fur thrown back.

I was much disturbed by the barking of a dog, an animal that I fear more than any wolf. A dog is vastly braver, and is besides supported by the sense of duty. If you kill a wolf, you meet with encouragement and praise; but if you kill a dog, the sacred rights of property and domestic affections come clamoring round you for redress. At the end of a fagging day, the sharp, cruel note of a dog's bark is in itself a keen annoyance; and to a tramp like myself, he represents the sedentary and respectable world in its most hostile form. There is something of the clergyman or the lawyer about this engaging animal; and if he were not amenable to stones, the boldest man would shrink from traveling afoot. I respect dogs much in the domestic circle; but on the highway or sleeping afield, I both detest and fear them.

I was wakened next morning (Wednesday, October second) by the same dog—for I knew his bark—making a charge down the bank, and then, seeing me sit up, retreating again with great alacrity. The stars were not yet quite extinguished. The heaven was of that enchanting, mild gray-blue of the early morn. A still, clear light began to fall, and the trees on the hillside were outlined sharply against the sky. The wind had veered more to the north, and no longer reached me in the glen; but as I was going on with my preparations, it drove a white cloud very swiftly over the hilltop; and looking up, I was surprised to see the cloud dyed with gold. In these high regions of the air, the sun was already shining as at noon. If only the clouds traveled high enough, we should see the same thing all night long. For it is always daylight in the fields of space.

As I began to go up the valley, a draft of wind came down it out of the seat of the sunrise, although the clouds continued to run overhead in an almost contrary direction. A few steps farther, and I saw a whole hillside gilded with the sun; and still a little beyond, between two peaks, a center of dazzling brilliancy appeared floating in the sky, and I was once

17. **à la belle étoile**, in the open air (literally, under the beautiful star).

more face to face with the big bonfire that occupies the kernel of our system.

I met but one human being that forenoon, a dark, military-looking wayfarer, who carried a game-bag on a baldric; but he made a remark that seems worthy of record. For when I asked him if he were Protestant or Catholic—"Oh," said he, "I make no shame of my religion. I am a Catholic."

He made no shame of it! The phrase is a piece of natural statistics; for it is the language of one in a minority. I thought with a smile of Bavile and his dragoons, and how you may ride roughshod over a religion for a century, and leave it only the more lively for the friction. Ireland is still Catholic; the Cévennes still Protestant. It is not a basketful of law-papers, nor the hoofs and pistol-butts of a regiment of horse, that can change one tittle of a plowman's thoughts. Outdoor rustic people have not many ideas, but such as they have are hardy plants and thrive flourishingly in persecution. One who has grown a long while in the sweat of laborious noons, and under the stars at night, a frequenter of hills and forests, an old honest countryman, has, in the end, a sense of communion with the powers of the universe, and amicable relations toward his God. Like my mountain Plymouth Brother, he knows the Lord. His religion does not repose upon a choice of logic; it is the poetry of the man's experience, the philosophy of the history of his life. God, like a great power, like a great shining sun, has appeared to this simple fellow in the course of years, and become the ground and essence of his least reflections; and you may change creeds and dogmas by authority, or proclaim a new religion with the sound of trumpets, if you will; but here is a man who has his own thoughts, and will stubbornly adhere to them in good and evil. He is a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Plymouth Brother, in the same indefeasible sense that a man is not a woman, or a woman not a man. For he could not vary from his faith, unless he could eradicate all memory of the past, and, in a strict and not a conventional meaning, change his mind.

The Heart of the Country

I was now drawing near to Cassagnas, a cluster of black roofs upon the hillside, in this wild valley, among chestnut gardens, and looked upon in the clear air by many rocky peaks. The road along the Mimente is yet new, nor have the mountaineers recovered their surprise when the first cart arrived at Cassagnas. But although it lay thus apart from the current of men's business, this hamlet had already made a figure in the history of France. Hard by, in caverns of the mountain, was one of the five arsenals of the Camisards; where they laid up clothes and corn and arms against necessity, forged bayonets and sabers, and made themselves gunpowder with willow charcoal and saltpeter boiled in kettles. To the same caves, amid this multifarious industry, the sick and wounded were brought up to heal; and there they were visited by the two surgeons, Chabrier and Tavan, and secretly nursed by women of the neighborhood.

Of the five legions into which the Camisards were divided, it was the oldest and the most obscure that had its magazines by Cassagnas. This was the band of Spirit Séguier; men who had joined their voices with his in the sixty-eighth Psalm as they marched down by night on the archpriest of the Cévennes. Séguier,

promoted to heaven, was succeeded by Salomon Couderc, whom Cavalier treats in his memoirs as chaplain-general to the whole army of the Camisards. He was a prophet; a great reader of the heart, who admitted people to the sacrament or refused them by "intentively viewing every man" between the eyes; and had the most of the Scriptures off by rote. And this was surely happy; since in a surprise in August, 1703, he lost his mule, his portfolios, and his Bible. It is only strange that they were not surprised more often and more effectually; for this legion of Cassagnas was truly patriarchal in its theory of war, and camped without sentries, leaving that duty to the angels of the God for whom they fought. This is a token, not only of their faith, but of the trackless country where they harbored. M. de Caladon, taking a stroll one fine day, walked without warning into their midst, as he might have walked into "a flock of sheep in a plain," and found some asleep and some awake and psalm-singing. A traitor had need of no recommendation to insinuate himself among their ranks, beyond "his faculty of singing psalms"; and even the prophet Salomon "took him into a particular friendship." Thus, among their intricate hills, the rustic troops subsisted; and history can attribute few exploits to them but sacraments and ecstacies.

People of this tough and simple stock will not, as I have just been saying, prove variable in religion; nor will they get nearer to apostasy than a mere external conformity like that of Naaman in the house of Rimmon. When Louis XVI, in the words of the edict, "convinced by the uselessness of a century of persecutions, and rather from necessity than sympathy," granted at last a royal grace of toleration, Cassagnas was still Protestant; and to a man, it is so to this day. There is, indeed, one family that is not Protestant, but neither is it Catholic. It is that of a Catholic curé in revolt, who has taken to his bosom a schoolmistress. And his conduct, it's worth noting, is disapproved by the Protestant villagers.

"It is a bad idea," said one, "for a man to go back from his engagements."

The villagers whom I saw seemed intelligent after a countrified fashion, and were all plain and dignified in manner. As a Protestant myself, I was well looked upon, and my acquaintance with history gained me further respect. For we had something not unlike a religious controversy at table, a gendarme and a merchant with whom I dined being both strangers to the place and Catholics. The young men of the house stood round and supported me; and the whole discussion was tolerantly conducted and surprised a man brought up among the infinitesimal and contentious differences of Scotland. The merchant, indeed, grew a little warm, and was far less pleased than some others with my historical acquirements. But the gendarme was mighty easy over it all.

"It's a bad idea for a man to change," said he; and the remark was generally applauded.

That was not the opinion of the priest and soldier at Our Lady of the Snows. But this is a different race; and perhaps the same great-heartedness that upheld them to resist, now enables them to differ in a kind spirit. For courage respects courage; but where a faith has been trodden out, we may look for a mean and narrow population. The true

44. **Naaman.** See *II Kings*, v. 46. **edict, of 1787.**

work of Bruce and Wallace was the union of the nations; not that they should stand apart a while longer, skirmishing upon their borders; but that, when the time came, they might unite with self-respect.

The merchant was much interested in my journey, and thought it dangerous to sleep afield.

"There are the wolves," said he; "and then it is known you are an Englishman. The English have always long purses, and it might very well enter into someone's head to deal you an ill blow some night."

I told him I was not much afraid of such accidents; and at any rate judged it unwise to dwell upon alarms or consider small perils in the arrangement of life. Life itself, I submitted, was a far too risky business as a whole to make each additional particular of danger worth regard. "Something," said I, "might burst in your inside any day of the week, and there would be an end of you, if you were locked into your room with three turns of the key."

"*Cependant*," said he, "*coucher dehors!*"

"God," said I, "is everywhere."

"*Cependant, coucher dehors*," he repeated, and his voice was eloquent of terror.

He was the only person, in all my voyage, who saw anything hardy in so simple a proceeding; although many considered it superfluous. Only one, on the other hand, professed much delight in the idea; and that was my Plymouth Brother, who cried out, when I told him I sometimes preferred sleeping under the stars to a close and noisy alehouse, "Now I see that you know the Lord!"

1. **Bruce and Wallace.** Robert Bruce (1274-1329), King of Scotland and the hero of Bannockburn, and Sir William Wallace (1274-1305) fought bravely against England for the independence of their country. 29. **Cependant, coucher dehors,** but to think of sleeping out-of-doors!

The merchant asked me for one of my cards as I was leaving, for he said I should be something to talk of in the future, and desired me to make a note of his request and reason; a desire with which I have thus complied.

A little after two I struck across the Mimente, and took a rugged path southward up a hillside covered with loose stones and tufts of heather. At the top, as is the habit of the country, the path disappeared; and I left my she-ass munching heather, and went forward alone to seek a road.

I was now on the separation of two vast watersheds; behind me all the streams were bound for the Garonne and the Western Ocean; before me was the basin of the Rhone. Hence, as from the Lozère, you can see in clear weather the shining of the Gulf of Lyons; and perhaps from here the soldiers of Salomon may have watched for the topsails of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and the long promised aid from England. You may take this ridge as lying in the heart of the country of the Camisards; four of the five legions camped all round it and almost within view—Salomon and Joani to the north, Castanet and Roland to the south; and when Julien had finished his famous work, the devastation of the High Cévennes, which lasted all through October and November, 1703, and during which four hundred and sixty villages and hamlets were, with fire and pickax, utterly subverted, a man standing on this eminence would have looked forth upon a silent, smokeless, and dispeopled land. Time and man's activity have now repaired these ruins; Cassagnas is once more roofed and sending up domestic smoke; and in the chestnut gardens, in low and leafy corners, many a prosperous farmer returns, when the day's work is done,

62. The Tarn flows into the Garonne. 70. **Shovel,** an English admiral (1650-1707).

to his children and bright hearth. And still it was perhaps the wildest view of all my journey. Peak upon peak, chain upon chain of hills ran surging southward, channeled and sculptured by the winter streams, feathered from head to foot with chestnuts, and here and there breaking out into a coronal of cliffs. The sun, which was still far from setting, sent a drift of misty gold across the hilltops, but the valleys were already plunged in a profound and quiet shadow.

A very old shepherd, hobbling on a pair of sticks, and wearing a black cap of liberty, as if in honor of his nearness to the grave, directed me to the road for St. Germain de Calberte. There was something solemn in the isolation of this infirm and ancient creature. Where he dwelt, how he got upon this high ridge, or how he proposed to get down again, were more than I could fancy. Not far off upon my right was the famous Plan de Font Morte, where Poul with his Armenian saber slashed down the Camisards of Séguier. This, methought, might be some Rip Van Winkle of the war, who had lost his comrades, fleeing before Poul, and wandered ever since upon the mountains. It might be news to him that Cavalier had surrendered, or Roland had fallen fighting with his back against an olive. And while I was thus working on my fancy, I heard him hailing in broken tones, and saw him waving me to come back with one of his two sticks. I had already got some way past him; but, leaving Modestine once more, retraced my steps.

Alas, it was a very commonplace affair. The old gentleman had forgot to ask the peddler what he sold, and wished to remedy this neglect.

I told him sternly, "Nothing."

"Nothing?" cried he.

I repeated "Nothing," and made off.

It's odd to think of, but perhaps I thus became as inexplicable to the old man as he had been to me.

The road lay under chestnuts, and though I saw a hamlet or two below me in the vale, and many lone houses of the chestnut farmers, it was a very solitary march all afternoon; and the evening began early underneath the trees. But I heard the voice of a woman singing some sad, old, endless ballad not far off. It seemed to be about love and a *bel amoureux*, her handsome sweetheart; and I wished I could have taken up the strain and answered her, as I went on upon my invisible woodland way, weaving, like Pippa in the poem, my own thoughts with hers. What could I have told her? Little enough; and yet all the heart requires. How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near, only to separate them again into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and "hope, which comes to all," outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say; yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!

We struck at last into a wide, white highroad, carpeted with noiseless dust. The night had come; the moon had been shining for a long while upon the opposite mountain; when on turning a corner my donkey and I issued ourselves into her light. I had emptied out my brandy at Florac, for I could bear the stuff no longer, and replaced it with some generous and scented Volnay; and now I drank to the moon's sacred majesty upon the road. It was but a couple of mouthfuls; yet I became thenceforth unconscious of my limbs, and my blood flowed with luxury. Even Modestine was inspired

15. **cap of liberty**, a pointed cap with its apex turned over toward the front.

66. **Pippa**, in Browning's *Pippa Passes*.

by this purified nocturnal sunshine, and bestirred her little hoofs as to a livelier measure. The road wound and descended swiftly among masses of chestnuts. Hot dust rose from our feet and flowed away. Our two shadows—mine deformed with the knapsack, hers comically bestridden by the pack—now lay before us clearly outlined on the road, and now, as we turned a corner, went off into the ghostly distance, and sailed along the mountainlike clouds. From time to time a warm wind rustled down the valley, and set all the chestnuts dangling their bunches of foliage and fruit; the ear was filled with whispering music, and the shadows danced in tune. And next moment the breeze had gone by, and in all the valley nothing moved except our traveling feet. On the opposite slope, the monstrous ribs and gullies of the mountain were faintly designed in the moonshine; and high overhead, in some lone house, there burned one lighted window, one square spark of red in the huge field of sad, nocturnal coloring.

At a certain point, as I went downward, turning many acute angles, the moon disappeared behind the hill; and I pursued my way in great darkness, until another turning shot me without preparation into St. Germain de Calberte. The place was asleep and silent, and buried in opaque night. Only from a single open door some lamplight escaped upon the road to show me I was come among men's habitations. The two last gossips of the evening, still talking by a garden wall, directed me to the inn. The landlady was getting her chicks to bed; the fire was already out, and had, not without grumbling, to be rekindled; half an hour later, and I must have gone supperless to roost.

The Last Day

When I awoke (Thursday, October 2), and, hearing a great flourishing of cocks and chuckling of contented hens, betook me to the window of the clean and comfortable room where I had slept the night, I looked forth on a sunshiny morning in a deep vale of chestnut gardens. It was still early, and the cockcrows, and the slanting lights, and the long shadows encouraged me to be out and look round me.

St. Germain de Calberte is a great parish nine leagues round about. At the period of the wars, and immediately before the devastation, it was inhabited by two hundred and seventy-five families, of which only nine were Catholic; and it took the curé seventeen September days to go from house to house on horseback for a census. But the place itself, although capital of a canton, is scarce larger than a hamlet. It lies terraced across a steep slope in the midst of mighty chestnuts. The Protestant chapel stands below upon a shoulder; in the midst of the town is the quaint old Catholic church.

It was here that poor Du Chayla, the Christian martyr, kept his library and held a court of missionaries; here he had built his tomb, thinking to lie among a grateful population whom he had redeemed from error; and hither on the morrow of his death they brought the body, pierced with two-and-fifty wounds, to be interred. Clad in his priestly robes, he was laid out in state in the church. The curé, taking his text from *II Samuel*, twentieth chapter and twelfth verse, "And Amasa wallowed in his blood in the highway," preached a rousing sermon, and exhorted his brethren to die each at his post, like their unhappy and illustrious superior. In the midst of this eloquence there

came a breeze that Spirit Séguier was near at hand; and behold! all the assembly took to their horses' heels, some east, some west, and the curé himself as far as Alais.

Strange was the position of this little Catholic metropolis, a thimbleful of Rome, in such a wild and contrary neighborhood. On the one hand, the legion of Salomon overlooked it from Cassagnas; on the other, it was cut off from assistance by the legion of Roland at Mialet. The curé, Louvrelenil, although he took a panic at the archpriest's funeral, and so hurriedly decamped to Alais, stood well by his isolated pulpit, and thence uttered fulminations against the crimes of the Protestants. Salomon besieged the village for an hour and a half, but was beat back. The militiamen, on guard before the curé's door, could be heard, in the black hours, singing Protestant psalms and holding friendly talk with the insurgents. And in the morning, although not a shot had been fired, there would not be a round of powder in their flasks. Where was it gone? All handed over to the Camisards for a consideration. Untrusty guardians for an isolated priest!

That these continual stirs were once busy in St. Germain de Calberte, the imagination with difficulty receives; all is now so quiet, the pulse of human life now beats so low and still in this hamlet of the mountains. Boys followed me a great way off, like a timid sort of lion-hunters; and people turned round to have a second look, or came out of their houses, as I went by. My passage was the first event, you would have fancied, since the Camisards. There was nothing rude or forward in this observation; it was but a pleased and wondering scrutiny, like that of oxen or the human infant; yet it wearied my spirits, and soon drove me from the street.

I took refuge on the terraces, which are here greenly carpeted with sward, and tried to imitate with a pencil the inimitable attitudes of the chestnuts as they bear up their canopy of leaves. Ever and again a little wind went by, and the nuts dropped all around me, with a light and dull sound, upon the sward. The noise was as of a thin fall of great hailstones; but there went with it a cheerful human sentiment of an approaching harvest and farmers rejoicing in their gains. Looking up, I could see the brown nut peering through the husk, which was already gaping; and between the stems the eye embraced an amphitheater of hill, sunlit and green with leaves.

I have not often enjoyed a place more deeply. I moved in an atmosphere of pleasure, and felt light and quiet and content. But perhaps it was not the place alone that so disposed my spirit. Perhaps someone was thinking of me in another country; or perhaps some thought of my own had come and gone unnoticed, and yet done me good. For some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their features; as though a god, traveling by our green highways, should but ope the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again forever. Was it Apollo, or Mercury, or Love with folded wings? Who shall say? But we go the lighter about our business, and feel peace and pleasure in our hearts.

I dined with a pair of Catholics. They agreed in the condemnation of a young man, a Catholic, who had married a Protestant girl and gone over to the religion of his wife. A Protestant born they could understand and respect; indeed, they seemed

to be of the mind of an old Catholic woman, who told me that same day there was no difference between the two sects, save that "wrong was more wrong for the Catholic," who had more light and guidance; but this of a man's desertion filled them with contempt.

"It is a bad idea for a man to change," said one.

It may have been accidental, but you see how this phrase pursued me; and for myself, I believe it is the current philosophy in these parts. I have some difficulty in imagining a better. It's not only a great flight of confidence for a man to change his creed and go out of his family for heaven's sake; but the odds are—nay, and the hope is—that, with all this great transition in the eyes of man, he has not changed himself a hair's-breadth to the eyes of God. Honor to those who do so, for the wrench is sore. But it argues something narrow, whether of strength or weakness, whether of the prophet or the fool, in those who can take a sufficient interest in such infinitesimal and human operations, or who can quit a friendship for a doubtful process of the mind. And I think I should not leave my old creed for another, changing only words for other words; but by some brave reading, embrace it in spirit and truth, and find wrong as wrong for me as for the best of other communions.

The phylloxera was in the neighborhood; and instead of wine we drank at dinner a more economical juice of the grape—la Parisienne, they call it. It is made by putting the fruit whole into a cask with water; one by one the berries ferment and burst; what is drunk during the day is supplied at night in water; so, with ever another pitcher from the well, and ever another grape exploding and giving out its strength, one cask of Parisienne may last a family till spring. It is, as the reader will anticipate, a feeble beverage, but very pleasant to the taste.

What with dinner and coffee, it was long past three before I left St. Germain de Calberte. I went down beside the Garden of Mialet, a great glaring watercourse devoid of water, and through St. Etienne de Valée Française, or Val Francesque, as they used to call it; and toward evening began to ascend the hill of St. Pierre. It was a long and steep ascent. Behind me an empty carriage returning to St. Jean du Gard kept hard upon my tracks, and near the summit overtook me. The driver, like the rest of the world, was sure I was a peddler; but, unlike others, he was sure of what I had to sell. He had noticed the blue wool hung out of my pack at either end; and from this he had decided, beyond my power to alter his decision, that I dealt in blue-wool collars, such as decorate the neck of the French draft-horse.

I had hurried to the topmost powers of Modestine, for I dearly desired to see the view upon the other side before the day had faded. But it was night when I reached the summit; the moon was riding high and clear; and only a few gray streaks of twilight lingered in the west. A yawning valley, gulfed in blackness, lay like a hole in created nature at my feet; but the outline of the hills was sharp against the sky. There was Mount Aigoual, the stronghold of Castanet. And Castanet, not only as an active undertaking leader, deserves some mention among Camisards; for there is a spray of rose among his laurel; and he showed how,

40. **phylloxera**, a genus of plant lice.

even in a public tragedy, love will have its way. In the high tide of war he married, in his mountain citadel, a young and pretty lass called Mariette. There were great rejoicings; and the bridegroom released five-and-twenty prisoners in honor of the glad event. Seven months afterwards Mariette, the Princess of the Cévennes, as they called her in derision, fell into the hands of the authorities, where it was like to have gone hard with her. But Castanet was a man of execution, and loved his wife. He fell on Valleraugue, and got a lady there for a hostage; and for the first and last time in that war there was an exchange of prisoners. Their daughter, pledge of some starry night upon Mount Aigoual, has left descendants to this day.

Modestine and I—it was our last meal together—had a snack upon the top of St. Pierre, I on a heap of stones, she standing by me in the moonlight and decorously eating bread out of my hand. The poor brute would eat more heartily in this manner; for she had a sort of affection for me, which I was soon to betray.

It was a long descent upon St. Jean du Gard, and we met no one but a carter, visible afar off by the glint of the moon on his extinguished lantern.

Before ten o'clock we had got in and were at supper; fifteen miles and a stiff hill in little beyond six hours!

Farewell, Modestine

On examination, on the morning of October 3, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. She would need at least two days' repose according to the hostler; but I was now eager to reach Alais for my letters; and, being in a civilized country of stagecoaches, I determined to sell my lady-friend and be off by the diligence that afternoon. Our yesterday's march, with the testimony of the driver who had pursued us up the long hill of St. Pierre, spread a favorable notion of my donkey's capabilities. Intending purchasers were aware of an unrivaled opportunity. Before ten I had an offer of twenty-five francs; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her, saddle and all, for five-and-thirty. The pecuniary gain is not obvious, but I had bought freedom into the bargain.

St. Jean du Gard is a large place and largely Protestant. The maire, a Protestant, asked me to help him in a small matter which is itself characteristic of the country. The young women of the Cévennes profit by the common religion and the difference of the language to go largely as governesses into England; and here was one, a native of Mialet, struggling with English circulars from two different agencies in London. I gave what help I could; and volunteered some advice, which struck me as being excellent.

One thing more I note. The phylloxera has ravaged the vineyards in this neighborhood; and in the early morning, under some chestnuts by the river, I found a party of men working with a cider-press. I could not at first make out what they were after, and asked one fellow to explain.

"Making cider," he said. "*Oui, c'est comme ça. Comme dans le nord!*"

There was a ring of sarcasm in his voice—the country was going to the devil.

It was not until I was fairly seated by the driver, and rattling through a rocky valley with dwarf olives, that I became aware of my bereavement. I had lost Modestine. Up to that

62. **maire**, mayor. 84. **Oui, c'est**, etc., yes, that's what we're doing. As they do in the north!

moment I had thought I hated her; but now she was gone,

And, oh,
The difference to me!

For twelve days we had been fast companions; we had traveled upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along with our six legs by many a rocky and many a boggy by-road. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience; and as for her, poor soul! she had come to regard me as a god. She loved to eat out of my hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the color of an ideal mouse, and inimitably small. Her faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own. Farewell, and if forever—

Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in my turn, I was tempted to follow his example; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

3. **And, oh,** etc., quoted from Wordsworth's poem, "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways."

20. **Farewell,** etc. Cf. Byron's "Fare Thee Well."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Across the Lozère. 1. Why does Stevenson call the country he had passed through dull? Why was the country he was approaching interesting to him? Would that have made it interesting to you?

Pont de Montvert. 1. What was the purpose of the persecution of the Protestants? What did the Protestants hope to accomplish in return?

2. What is the meaning of "My soul is like a garden full of shelter and fountains"?

In the Valley of the Tarn. 1. Would Stevenson's praise of the chestnut fit the American chestnut, or any other tree we have?

2. Why did not Stevenson like his camping place?

3. How do Stevenson's religious views here agree, or disagree, with those he has expressed earlier? Should you have liked the Plymouth Brother?

4. The valley of the Tarn is celebrated for its beauty. From the description here can you discover why?

Florac. 1. Why have the Scotch forgotten the Covenanters whereas the French remember the Camisards?

2. Why do Catholic and Protestant live together amicably in this valley?

3. What prejudice does Stevenson admit? Do Catholics and Protestants in America find it difficult to be intimate with each other?

In the Valley of the Mimente. 1. What did Stevenson fear from children and dogs?

2. Is it true that religion means more to country people than to city people?

The Heart of the Country. 1. Can you collect any early history of the vicinity in which you live? Can you point out historic spots, like the magazine near Cassagnas?

2. What is your opinion of Stevenson's sleeping out alone?

3. What is the most interesting scene in this section?

The Last Day. 1. Do you think you would have enjoyed St. Germain de Calberte as much as Stevenson did? Why?

Farewell, Modestine. 1. Why had Stevenson come to like Modestine? What faults of her sex do you suppose he had in mind? What virtues had she? Why did Stevenson call his book travels *with* a donkey?

Intensive Study

(Page 207, line 66, to page 208, line 11)

1. Exactly what was the "case of conscience" that occupied Stevenson? How did he solve it?

2. Why did Stevenson like his morning toilet?

3. What does he mean by "dabble among dishes in a bedroom"?

4. How did imagination take part in his morning toilet?

5. Why does he think, "Here comes the waiter with the bill"?

6. Can you recall any other occasions on which Stevenson has expressed the ideas of this passage?

Review Topics

1. What episode in Camisard history stands out most vividly in this half of the trip? Do you admire or dislike the Camisards? Why?
2. Compare Stevenson's treatment of the Camisards and the Trappists. Which is the more interesting to you? Why?
3. What was the most pleasant experience of Stevenson in this part of the trip? Which was the most disagreeable?
4. Would you prefer to have taken the first part of the trip or the second part? Why?
5. Friendliness is one of Stevenson's marked traits. Establish this by showing how he found five utterly unlike persons interesting and congenial.
6. Show how Stevenson reveals the following in his travels: (*a*) love of freedom, (*b*) love of nature, (*c*) love of adventure, (*d*) sympathy, (*e*) power of observation, (*f*) sense of humor.
7. Write a brief play based on the conversation with the boarders at Our Lady of the Snows, the evening at the inn at Bouchet St. Nicholas, or some similar incident. Act it before the class.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK.

I. Further Reading in Stevenson

A. *Essays and Books of Travel.* You should read at least one other travel book by Stevenson. Compare it with *Travels with a Donkey* in as many ways as you can.

Across the Plains, with Other Memories and Essays. The first essay should be read, for it gives the account of his trip from New York to San Francisco. The "Epilogue to An Inland Voyage" will also prove interesting.

The Amateur Emigrant. From the Clyde to Sandy Hook. This very interesting account of his ocean voyage closes with a chapter on New York that will amuse you.

Essays and Criticism. You may enjoy all of the section called "On the Road," particularly his description of Le Monastier in "A Mountain Town of France."

An Inland Voyage. This trip was taken with a human companion, not a donkey, on the rivers of northern France, two years before the *Travels with a Donkey.* Does it give you as clear a notion of Stevenson's personality? In which does he express his philosophy better? Which is the more interesting to you?

In the South Seas. He covered a great part of the South Seas, and fell so much in love with the region that he spent the rest of his life there.

Memories and Portraits. These essays are faintly biographical, and will reveal much of the personality of Stevenson. You should read at least "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored," which he refers to in *Travels with a Donkey.*

The Silverado Squatters. In this book Stevenson camps in California under unusual circumstances.

Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers. "El Dorado" gives a philosophy that may be drawn from Raleigh's attempt. "Walking Tours" will make clear why Stevenson went alone in his "travels with a donkey."

B. *Fiction.* As a romancer Stevenson is even more entertaining than as an essayist. See also his fiction listed under South Seas, page 151. After the reports have all been made, the class may vote on which was the best short story, which the best romance, and which character was the most interesting.

The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses. In this story the exploits of forest outlaws become absorbing.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Nearly everybody has read this story of alternating personality. Have you?

Kidnapped and *Catriona* (or *David Balfour*). These two stories deal with the adventures of David Balfour beginning in 1751. Catriona is a daughter of Rob Roy, about whom Sir Walter Scott wrote.

The Master of Ballantrae. In this story of terror, the Master appears as one of the great villains of literature.

The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables. Of the six stories in this book, some pupil should tell which he likes best, and read a passage to show why.

New Arabian Nights. This contains some of Stevenson's best short stories.

II. Reading about Stevenson

Books about Stevenson are almost innumerable. These are among the most helpful and interesting.

Balfour, Graham: *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* You will find the single volume edition complete enough. This is the standard life.

Hamilton, Clayton: *On the Trail of Stevenson.* This book traces Stevenson from Edinburgh and Scotland through Europe and until he leaves the United States. The illustrations are handsome.

Hammerton, J. A.: *Stevensoniana.* This book is filled with anecdotes and recollections by men who knew Stevenson at one time or another. It should provide several reports on new traits or new illustrations of traits already revealed.

Overton, Jacqueline M.: *A Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls.* This is the simplest life—very picturesque, too.

III. Impressions by Other Travelers in Civilized Countries

A. *United States.*

Bennett, Arnold: *Your United States, Impressions of a First Visit.* There are satiric touches in these comments by the famous English novelist. It isn't thrilling reading, but it may open your eyes to some features of our life.

George, W. L.: *Hail Columbia! Random Impressions of a Conservative English Radical.* The author was interested in the American people, and the book will give you a look at us through foreign eyes.

Gladding, Effie Price: *Across the Continent by the Lincoln Highway.* There are no exciting risks in this trip, but it will give you a fresh notion of your country. How did its purpose differ from Stevenson's? How did the experiences differ?

Kolb, E. L.: *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico.* This inland voyage lasted for one hundred and one days and led through a much more wild and picturesque country than that which was described in *Travels with a Donkey.*

Lummis, Charles F.: *Some Strange Corners of Our Country. The Wonderland of the Southwest.* This shows how much more wonderful our country is than the Cévennes.

Post, Emily: *By Motor to the Golden Gate.* This shows how a modern woman of wealth traveled "in the open" from New York to San Francisco.

Street, Julian: *Abroad at Home. American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures.* The traveler of today feels that he has to see cities—he can hardly keep away from them. Few accounts are more humorous and varied than this.

American Adventures. A Second Trip "Abroad at Home." This time, instead of staying in the northern part of the country, the author rambles through the South.

White, Stewart Edward: *The Mountains.* This trip was made through much more rugged country than the Cévennes.

B. *Other Countries.*

Davis, Richard Harding: *Adventures and Letters.* The subject of this biography was one of the most celebrated newspaper men of his age. His travels took him into nearly every part of the globe and into three wars.

Fletcher, Alfred C.: *From Job to Job Around the World.* The author worked his way around the world and saw both the tropics and the arctics. How does his love of vagabondage differ from Stevenson's?

Hearn, Lafcadio: *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.* You should not try to read all of the two volumes. Read here and there. How does Hearn as an observer differ from Stevenson? In your opinion, which of the two saw the more interesting sights?

Wharton, Edith: *A Motor Flight Through France.* This distinguished American novelist maintains that the motor-car has restored the romance of travel. In how many ways do you find her interests differing from Stevenson's?

PART III

THE NATIONAL IDEAL

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake.

—Wordsworth.

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WASHINGTON LAYING HIS COMMISSION AT THE FEET OF COLUMBIA

THE NATIONAL IDEAL

AN INTRODUCTION

In the first two parts of this book you have read selections that illustrate two great periods in the history of the human race: the Age of Chivalry and the Age of Discovery and Exploration. The first of these was medieval, that is, it belongs to the period following the fall of the highly developed ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome and preceding the birth of the modern world. The second period (the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries) saw the beginnings of the modern world, not only because of the discovery and exploration of new continents and the expansion of Europe in colonies planted across the seas, but also because such inventions as printing, the compass, and the telescope broadened immensely the range of human interests and led the way to modern ideas of progress.

It is useful for you to keep these changes in mind, because they will help you to discover the relation between history and literature. You will never learn what chivalry was until you have *seen* and *felt* its significance. Merely memorizing the facts will not do, no matter how attractively the facts are arranged. By reading Malory's story of Arthur, or Scott's story about Ivanhoe, or Tennyson's stories about the knights of the Round Table, you gain this feeling and this vision. As you read, you can live, in imagination, in that colorful age. The same thing is true as you read the stories of exploration and discovery told by the men who themselves took part in those stirring events. Literature is one expression of the thoughts and feelings of men; action is another. History narrates the actions; literature helps you to understand why these deeds were done.

You have also seen that these two great periods express ideals that are still alive. Chivalry as an institution is dead; but to be chivalrous is still possible for any boy or girl. No more Americas are to be discovered; even the South Pole has yielded, in recent years, to the restless desire of man to plant his foot where no member of his race has walked before. Yet the possibilities of finding an America on a camping trip or through a botanical expedition or through travel in the golden realm of books are yours today if you desire to use them.

In Part III you will see a third principle that has helped to make modern civilization and that, like the others, is still at work.

In medieval literature there was little of what we now call patriotism. The idea of the nation as something to love, to make sacrifice for, and if need be, to die for, is rare in the stories of Arthur and his knights. A knight might owe his allegiance to some lady, and give his life to her service. His allegiance to his king was personal, not that of a voter and citizen, as nowadays. Not merely in the romances, but in the actual life of the time, kings were thought of as military chieftains. The territory over which they ruled was regarded as their property. They were responsible only to God, and some of them thought their responsibility was very slight indeed. It is true that in 1215 the English nobles, at Runnymede, compelled King John to sign a great charter in which he promised them certain rights. But the rights were as between John and his nobles; the common people had no direct share. There was little national feeling

about the event, and Shakespeare's drama of *King John* does not mention the charter at all.

During the sixteenth century the movement toward national unity was marked among all European peoples. Spain became powerful through her possession of the rich, gold-bearing territories of Central and South America. In France and Italy brilliant writers, artists, and musicians helped to develop a feeling of national pride, and through them their nations influenced powerfully the intellectual life of Europe. Belgium and the Netherlands were struggling for independence from Spain. Germany had not attained national unity, but the Reformation centered there, and this movement, based on the right of men to think for themselves, was doing for Germany what gold was doing for Spain, what literature and art were doing for France and Italy, and what a passion for liberty was doing for the Netherlands. In England a similar process was at work. Farsighted men, like Raleigh and his friends, were advocating the establishment of colonies, not as sources of treasure or as military outposts but as an extension of England into a greater Britain. The conflict with Spain, which culminated in the defeat of the Armada in 1588, roused for the first time an intense patriotism. English literature in the short space of half a century became one of the greatest of all literatures, and in Shakespeare produced one of the foremost writers of all time. Thus began a period in which England developed into a great nation, with a new loyalty, not to a feudal lord or a feudal king but to the nation as a whole. In the process of this development, literature, as we shall see, played an important part.

To be chivalrous, to be mentally alert and eager for the discovery of new worlds, and to love one's native land—here are three of the strands that, woven together, help to make the modern man.

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING HENRY THE FIFTH"
AN INTRODUCTION

I

The Epic of the Thirty Years

In 1558 Elizabeth Tudor became Queen of England. Something of the condition of the country when this mere slip of a girl ascended the throne may be gleaned from an account that was written at the time. It reads as follows:

"The Queen poor; the realm exhausted; the nobility poor and decayed; good captains and soldiers wanting; the people out of order; justice not executed; all things dear; division among ourselves; war with France; the French king bestriding the realm, having one foot in Calais and the other in Scotland; steadfast enemies, but no steadfast friends."

Thirty years later, in 1588, the great Armada, sent by Philip of Spain for the destruction of England, was itself destroyed. At that moment England became a world power, with influence constantly increasing, ready to establish colonies that were later to make her a mighty empire. In thirty years the nation had realized itself, had passed from weakness to power. One result of this great development was an intense interest in everything that related to the earlier history of England. Shakespeare's historical plays were centered around that interest, and showed men a great pageant of English history in which kings and nobles, knights and squires and captains, queens and fair ladies, the glory of chivalry and of former times now brought to new life, all passed across the stage to hearten England.

It is the purpose of this introduction to present, in outline, this Pageant of History that forms one of the three great aspects of Shakespeare's genius. In order to understand this, you need, first, to recall what you have learned about Shakespeare and his period in earlier books of this series. Something of his method of dealing with historical characters you have learned from your study of *Julius Cæsar*. From your study of *As You Like It* you have learned of the fondness of the English people for stories told through action, and something about the presentation of these plays. You are now ready to deepen these impressions through the study of *King Henry the Fifth*, and to add pictures that will make not only the plays themselves but the English history that was being made in Shakespeare's time, the history that these plays in a sense reflect, seem like a mighty pageant.

To do this you will have to use your imagination as vigorously as you can. These plays that you have read, the plays that you are yet to read in your study of Shakespeare, are just pictures of a life that was intensely dramatic. The stage is England. Elizabeth is a Fairy Queen. The leaders of her court are men like Gareth, Lancelot, Gawain, Arthur himself. There is a wicked giant that plans to carry the lady off into captivity. There are battles that are much greater than those you read about in the Arthurian story. There are tournaments, also, and stories of love and hate and jealousy, and the sports of the people, and an ever-growing sense of unity and loyalty as to a sovereign that presided over the Round Table. To help you picture all this, a few facts must be set down.

During those thirty years from Elizabeth's accession to the victory over the Armada, the old feudal nobility disappeared. The new leaders were men who rose to high place because of superior ability. Religious persecution, for the time being, died out. The Queen entered

on no war of conquest, and until the conflict with Spain, the land was free from war.

This peaceful condition gave farmers and laborers and merchants a chance to build homes, to get money, and to find happiness. They called their country "Merrie England." Men could make something of themselves. A shoemaker might become Lord Mayor of London. In *As You Like It* you have a picture of some of the phases of life in that time. If you will read such a book as Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* or some of the chapters in *Shakespeare's England*, you will be able to fill in many other details to make your picture more vivid.

Against this free and prosperous England a plot was being formed. Philip of Spain, the head of a powerful and wealthy state, sought to conquer all Europe. He had great dominions in America, and from these a stream of gold was flowing. He had a large navy, and in his armies were the best soldiers in Europe.

To those who looked with English eyes across the Channel and tried to pierce the darkness, Philip seemed like a giant of old romance. For a long time he moved cautiously, first trying to form an alliance with England or to prevent England from allying herself with France. Then he grew bolder. He put spies in England to spread stories about the Queen and to cast doubt upon her claims to the throne. He stirred up discontent in Scotland, whose Queen, the beautiful Mary, had claims, some thought, to the English crown. He sent troops to Ireland. Most of all, he sought to crush the Netherlands, almost at the door of England, in order to make that country another base of operations. Finally, he prepared the Great Armada.

But as with most giants, Philip's vast strength was joined to a certain mental slowness. Against him two forces were at work. One was the superior intelligence of Elizabeth, quick, ready to seize occasion, postponing war until England was ready, confusing her adversary by her sudden and unaccountable shifts in policy. For this game Philip, with all his wealth, was no fit player. The other force on which he had not counted was the passionate adoration of all England, from highest court officer to the veriest peasant, for their Queen. To them she was no woman, but a personification of the realm. She was England, the Fairy Queen whom they would die to defend.

So when, in 1588, the great fleet of ships came, England was ready. The Invincible Armada melted away like late winter snows under the advancing sun. And when it had gone, a united English people found for the first time the thrill of a national patriotism, and England had become a nation.

II

Shakespeare's Pageant of History

A year or two after the giant had been driven back to his lair and the Fairy Queen was free from danger, young Will Shakespeare, a country lad like Gareth, went to London to seek his fortune. Prosperity and vigorous life he found everywhere. The town was filled with sailors back from perilous voyages, with foreigners who spoke the strange jargon of Italy and France and Spain and Germany, with scholars and philosophers intent upon the new learning, with poets and dramatists and eager young men like himself. He turned his hand to revising plays for the theaters to which all London flocked; presently he tried original composition.

The first part of Spenser's great poem, the *Fœrie Queene*, was just published, and all London talked of the witchery imprisoned in its lines. Kit Marlowe had attained fame with several plays about conquerors and kings and about a man who sold his soul to Satan and at length paid the price. Sidney was dead, dead at Zutphen, in the Low Countries, where he had fought against Philip; but his *Arcadia*, a romance that seemed to Londoners to translate into a beautiful story their ideals about love and courtiership and poetry, was first published in 1590, and his series of love sonnets had become famous. A new kind of comedy by John Lyly was also famous, a series of plays filled with witty dialogue, flowery speeches, characters that stood for persons whom London had known well. The court beauties learned to "par-

ley Euphuism," as this fanciful new language was called.

Enchanted by this richly varied life, yet able to observe it keenly, young Shakespeare wrote his first comedies, *Love's Labor's Lost* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. At about the same time he began to turn the pages of the old chronicles of English history, seeking for subjects for new plays. He was not the first to do this. One effect of the new national spirit was to make men anxious to know something about the early history of England. Raphael Holinshed edited a series of chronicles, written by various men, and this book became a treasure to the dramatists. Marlowe and many others wrote chronicle history plays, many of them dealing with early English kings.

A London boy or girl could therefore learn English history without the trouble of studying it in school, or even of reading it in books. A very large part of the early history was dramatized: there were plays that went back to times as remote and legendary as those of King Arthur. But of all the plays of this nature written and produced, those of Shakespeare have had the greatest influence, an influence so profound that more than one Englishman, generations after Shakespeare's time, has said that he learned the history of his native land from these plays.

They differ greatly in subject and style. They do not present a continuous story of the English kings. Henry VI, a weak monarch, is the subject of three plays, not altogether by Shakespeare; *Richard II* and *Richard III* are mainly tragic; the two parts of *Henry IV* abound in comedy; *Henry V* is an epic in dramatic form. Sometimes the play presents a strongly unified story, as in *Richard III*, which tells how Richard climbed to the throne by means of a succession of murders; at other times several stories, not at all connected, run through the five acts of the play. In *King John* there is no mention of Magna Charta; in *Henry IV* there is as much original plot, dealing with comic characters, as history. Shakespeare does not hesitate to change the facts of history; thus he makes Hotspur of the same age as Prince Hal. But he is always true to the spirit of history, so that historians acknowledge the value of these plays as presenting what is essentially a series of brilliant chapters in the history of England.

What we mainly are concerned with here, however, is the way in which Shakespeare's historical plays interpreted, not the past history of England, but the thoughts and interests of the great years that followed the Armada. Primarily, of course, the fascination was in the richness of the story. Shakespeare could tell, for instance, how when English armies were fighting to get possession of France, a beautiful French countess suddenly thought of a plan by which she might save her country. The brave Talbot was a leader of the English forces. If she could capture him, the spirit of the invaders would be broken. Nothing simpler. So she invited him to come over to her castle for tea. Being a gallant Englishman, he accepted the invitation. When he was safely within the room, having walked straight into her trap, as she thought, she told her servants to arrest him. But he blew a whistle, and dozens of his men, concealed near by, came to his rescue, and the fine plan of the lovely countess fell to pieces. London audiences enjoyed this scene, and others like it, with the greatest relish. Talbot became, long after his death, a popular hero, a sort of Robin Hood. It was the kind of exploit they thought worthy of Drake and Raleigh and others of their own time, men who preyed on Spanish commerce and said they were going out on the seas to trim the King of Spain's beard.

The same response met the great pictures of patriotism that these plays drew for London audiences. In *Richard II*, for example, the sentimentality of the king about the realm that he regards as his personal property is set over against the patriotism that burns through the words of the dying John of Gaunt:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!

Imagine yourself an English boy or girl in that stirring time, in a theater, listening to this praise of England. As each comparison, each name by which the meaning of England is interpreted, falls from the lips of the actor who impersonates the old hero, you can imagine the thrill that sweeps the audience, and the effect of the climax of that last splendid line.

So too, in *King John*, the audience of Shakespeare's time would be mainly interested in the character of Faulconbridge. True Englishman, they thought him, in his bluff, hearty humor, his scorn of the foppish Austrian, his common sense, his willingness to "muddle through" even against odds, his plea for unity, his hatred of war combined with his recognition of the necessity for it. Most of all they would value his comment at the end of the play:

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now then her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

But these are merest hints of the spirit of Shakespeare's English plays. Here was adventure put in the form of action; romance made living. There are tournaments in the plays, tragic deaths, infinite pity, delightful comedy. Some of the most appealing pictures are of children: Arthur in *King John;* the little princes cruelly murdered in *Richard III.* There are beautiful queens, brave champions, a multitude of peasants and tradesmen like those in Shakespeare's own time, while the kings themselves pass before us in a long procession reflecting stately ceremonial and the pageantry of thrones. Among them all two immortal portraits are drawn: one of them the jester, that mountain of flesh who has seemed to all the generations of Shakespeare's lovers one of his greatest creations, Falstaff; the other, Hal, prince and king.

III

Shakespeare's Prince Hal

About eight years after the defeat of the Armada Shakespeare wrote the first of two dramas dealing with Prince Hal, who afterwards became the hero of *King Henry the Fifth.* The three plays (*Henry IV, Parts I and II,* and *Henry V*) form a trilogy, presenting the life of the hero in much the same way as Malory had portrayed the life of Arthur. They differ in several ways from the earlier historical dramas. Instead of being mere dramatized chronicle, like *Henry VI*, or tragedy like *King John, Richard II*, and *Richard III*, they are epic. That is, Hal is presented like a romantic or epic hero, not the founder of his nation like Æneas, or the founder of an order of chivalry like Arthur, but as the ideal king. This conformed to the ideas of Shakespeare's time concerning epic poetry, which was thought to portray the ideal ruler. In the first and second parts of *Henry IV* the true hero is Prince Hal; *Henry V* presents him as king. The three plays present a pretty complete biography, told through action that is heroic and magnificent, and appealing to the patriotic fervor of Elizabethan audiences. Thus Shakespeare virtually creates a new national hero for English literature.

A second difference between these three plays and the historical dramas that had preceded them is in the fact that they pay much less attention to history such as we read in books and more attention to situations and characters either invented by Shakespeare or developed by him from the merest hints. Thus, we read in the chronicles that in his youth Hal was given to riotous living and associated with unworthy characters but that when he became king he was transformed. This idea Shakespeare used, but he made it the basis for a long series of episodes.

In order to make history vivid, Shakespeare fills his stage with people of the most variegated types. The plays abound in comedy. Even the death of Hotspur, which comes after an individual combat with Hal, is not tragic but heroic. The combat is like those we read about in Homer or Virgil. And the third play ends,

LONDON IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY
(The circular buildings in the foreground are theaters)

like the old epics, with the triumph of the hero, not his death.

In these ways, therefore, the story of Hal as prince and king becomes a new and splendid illustration of Shakespeare's genius. The story is conceived on a scale of epic magnificence; it is made real by the inclusion of many characters and incidents that raise it above the realm of mere historical chronicle; there is a great deal of comedy, and the portrait of the hero is that of an ideal king.

The theme of the first part of *Henry IV* is the contrast between Hal and Hotspur. Hotspur is a brave, ambitious youth, quick tempered, impatient of wasting time. He is described by Hal as a man who kills some dozens of Scots before breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie on this quiet life, I want work." He is impatient with the superstitious Welshman, Glendower, who is fond of speaking about the portents at his birth and claims that he can "call spirits from the vasty deep." "Aye," says Hotspur, "but will they come when you do call them?" He would rather hear his dog howl than listen to a beautiful Welsh girl sing to her lover. Most of all, he wants "honor," by which he means worldly fame. He would pluck honor from the bright-faced moon, or plunge to the depths of the sea to bring her up, or engage in any dangerous exploit so honor might be got by it. When he is dying, his chief sorrow is that Hal will bear away the honor of having slain the valiant Hotspur.

Over against this brave and efficient man is set the character of Prince Hal. Apparently he thinks of nothing but a good time. With Falstaff he plays many practical jokes. The best of these jokes is one on Falstaff himself, who swears that a dozen men clad in buckram attacked and robbed him on a night so dark that he could not see his hand before his face. In reality Hal had held him up, and he had run like a frightened cur. These two are the leaders of a group of "good fellows" who, like them, are ready for all sorts of mischief. But when Hotspur leads his men to fight the king, Hal is summoned from his idleness to command the royal troops. In the second play about Henry IV, there is a continuation of the Falstaffian comedy, but at length the king dies and Hal is crowned as Henry V.

Even in these two plays in which Hal seems to be merely a joke-loving idle fellow, and much more in the play that you are about to read, we see also indications of more noble qualities. He is essentially democratic in his appreciation of the common man, in his contempt for ceremony and for false ideas of "honor," in his homely justice. The crown, to him, is not a symbol of felicity but of responsibility. The realm is not the personal property of a

prince whose life is divinely appointed and guarded, but prince and nation are one. In *Henry V* the king goes to war, not for conquest, but because he has been convinced that the territory he seeks is not the property of France but of England. The appeal to patriotism is the constant theme of the play, and in England *Henry the Fifth* is constantly presented as an embodiment of national feeling.

But above all, there is the lovable and wholly human character of Hal. He is fair to his great but misguided rival. He delights to throw off the trappings of ceremony and to be one with average men. He has a deep and sincere sense of what honor truly is. When the crisis comes, he does his duty manfully, and so little does he think of trying to win reputation for himself that he allows Falstaff to claim the credit of having slain the traitor. In his common sense, his humor, his hatred of heroics, above all in his fidelity to responsibility, he is the sort of man that men like.

IV

Some Facts About the Drama

Shakespeare wrote *King Henry the Fifth* during the summer of 1599. Elizabeth's long and glorious reign was drawing to a close, and the play seems to reflect the personal loyalty of subjects to a beloved sovereign. As has already been pointed out, the non-historical characters in the play, like Nym, Pistol, Bardolph, and Mistress Quickly belong essentially to Shakespeare's own time, while the portrayal of various national types in the play—French, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish—suggests as clearly Elizabethan and not fifteenth century interests. It is not less true that the slightness of the historical material and the emphasis on Henry's character, an emphasis that makes the drama seem to be "a magnificent monologue" spoken by the King, also contribute to the impression that the play is really a sort of picture of Shakespeare's England, not of the earlier time.

The historical material in the play came from Holinshed's *Chronicles*, in which the principal events of each year of the king's reign are detailed, and from an earlier play, probably ten years old, called *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*. This old play contains hints of many incidents used by Shakespeare in the three dramas belonging to his Henry V trilogy. It is very rambling; it contains a large amount of comedy material, and it celebrates the heroism of the king at Agincourt.

The reign of Henry V was not distinguished for events that make good dramatic material. Shakespeare's drama centers about the battle of Agincourt, a brilliant victory which he describes with great clearness. As Carlyle remarks: "There is a sound in it like the ring of steel." The battle took place in 1415. The peace of Troyes and the marriage of Katharine to the King took place five years later. This interval Shakespeare disregards. He tells a straightforward story of Henry's reform, of his claim to France, his punishment of the conspirators, the battles of Harfleur and Agincourt. Some of the English nobles whom he places in France were really in England; the conspirators were not tried and condemned by the King alone but by a series of trials; of the two estimates of the English losses at Agincourt Shakespeare chooses the smaller; and there are numerous other differences between his story and those of the authorities accessible to him. Yet essentially the play is true. He could have chosen no finer victory than that at Agincourt to suggest the victory over the Armada that was still ringing in the memories of those who first saw this play. The spirit of England which won victory against great odds was manifest in both battles, and was illustrated once more in a way that had lately thrilled Elizabethan England in Sir Richard Grenville's desperate defense of the *Revenge* against a Spanish fleet, a fight immortalized in Raleigh's account and in numerous ballads.

It is best, therefore, to try to look upon this great historical play through Elizabethan eyes, not as a document about the reign of a medieval monarch. The real Henry contended with many factions; Shakespeare preserves a hint of this, but he makes it his main purpose to show what

could be accomplished by unity of feeling. You remember the words of Faulconbridge in *King John:*

> Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

In Elizabeth's reign there had been a similar danger from religious and political factions and from the plots of foreign princes. Through the magic of the Queen's personality and the great victory over Spain national unity had been won. It is this feeling that *King Henry the Fifth* powerfully reflects. As you read the play, therefore, observe how this effect is gained. Always try to imagine yourself one of Shakespeare's friends, sitting in the London theater and looking upon this pageant of history. Several details may be set down here to help you:

1. Observe how the chorus appeals to your imagination, helps you to imagine the great scenes of history that can only with difficulty be presented on the stage. If you imagine yourself to be truly an Elizabethan, you will also think of the Armada—how would it seem to have been at that battle; how did the seas look, and the ships? As you listen to the words of the chorus preceding Act V, you will

> Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy.

You will also think of the brave fight of the *Revenge.*

2. A different picture, showing a different side of war, is in the chorus belonging to Act IV: the "lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats" of the soldiers. The royal captain, "walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent," will help you to realize what that "little touch of Harry in the night" means. Talbot against the clever schemes of his enemies; the little English fleet against the Invincible Armada; the *Revenge* single-matched against a Spanish fleet—such, you think, is England, now shown by this handful of ragged and tired troops confronting the legions of France. If you can see these pictures and grasp their significance, you will not find it hard to look upon Shakespeare's play as an embodiment of national patriotism, and will see in it what the Arthurian romances have nothing of, the consciousness of the nation as one, a unity,

> Breathing united force with fixéd thought.

3. Now leave the theater; forget England and every other country excepting your own United States; recall some of the ideals that swept through the land in the time of the World War, and you will see that among the ideals that go to make up the good citizen, one is love of country. An American poet, James Russell Lowell, said this for us in his expression of what love of country means:

> What words divine of lover or of poet
> Could tell our love and make thee know it,
> Among the Nations bright beyond compare,
> What were our lives without thee?
> What all our lives to save thee?
> We reck not what we gave thee;
> We will not dare to doubt thee,
> But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
"MAY WE CRAM
WITHIN THIS WOODEN O THE VERY CASQUES
THAT DID AFFRIGHT THE AIR AT AGINCOURT?"
-PROLOGUE, HENRY V.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY V

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, DUKE OF BEDFORD, *brothers to the King*

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP OF ELY

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE

LORD SCROOP

SIR THOMAS GREY

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same*

PISTOL

NYM

BARDOLPH

BOY

A Herald

CHARLES VI, *King of France*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON

The Constable of France

RAMBURES, GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords*

Governor of Harfleur

MONTJOY, *a French Herald*

Ambassadors to the King of England

ISABEL, *Queen of France*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her*

HOSTESS *of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol*

CHORUS

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants

SCENE:

England

Afterwards France

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat, unraiséd spirits that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprearéd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.

2. **invention**, imagination. How many syllables has it here? 5. **himself**, the actual Harry of history. 6. **port**, carriage. 9. **flat, unraiséd spirits**, dull minds of the actors, which cannot mount to the height of the subject as the Muse of fire would. 10. **scaffold**. The stage of the Globe, where this play was probably produced, was a wide platform raised on posts. See the picture on page 354, *Literature and Life, Book Two*. 13. **wooden O**. The Globe, like other theaters, was chiefly of wood; its interior was circular and its exterior octagonal. See the lower panel on the page opposite. 15. **a crooked**, etc., a cipher in the units' place may with other figures represent a million. 17. **accompt**, account, power of imagination. 22. **narrow ocean**, English Channel.

From an old print

THE COURT OF HENRY THE FIFTH

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST

Scene I. *London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you: that self bill is urged
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us passed,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

31. **the which supply**, the service just described. Scene I. 1. **self**, same. 3. **Was like**, was likely to pass. 4. **scambling**, scrambling, disordered. 5. **question**, discussion, consideration.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honor,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent, faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

16. **corporal**, corporeal, physical.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We are blesséd in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric;
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow,
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have opened to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his Grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

26. **mortified**, killed. 28. **Consideration**, thoughtfulness, a reflective disposition. It is here compared to the angel that drove Adam and Eve out of Eden. 34. **heady currance**, headlong current; evidently a reference to the cleansing of the stables of Augeus by Hercules, for "Hydra-headed willfulness" is mentioned in the next line. 45. **cause of policy**, problem of statesmanship. 48. **chartered libertine**. "Libertine" originally meant a free man; the phrase means "one who has a legal right to be free." 51–52. **practic**, practical, as opposed to **theoric**, theory. 59. **popularity**, association with common people.

64. **which**, i. e., his reflective power. 66. **crescive**, increasing in its strength. 74. **cherishing the exhibitors**, supporting the introducers of the bill. 76. **Upon our spiritual convocation**, as a result of vote in the assembly of bishops and clergy. 86. **severals**, particulars. **unhidden passages**, well-known facts. 89. **great-grandfather**, Edward III, who claimed the throne of France through his mother Isabella, Queen of Edward II. She was the daughter of Philip the Fair of France.

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The same. The presence chamber.*

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salic that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond:
"*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*"
"No woman shall succeed in Salic land";
Which Salic land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salic is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Established then this law, to wit, no female

4. **resolved**, thoroughly informed. 11. **Salic**, providing that males should inherit lands in preference to females, long observed in deciding the succession to European thrones. See lines 38–39. 15. **Or nicely**, etc., or be so foolish as to burden your soul, which understands the situation.

16. **miscreate**, unfounded, not genuine. 19. **approbation of**, establishing or proving. 27. **wrong**, wrong doing. 28. **brief mortality**, human life, short at best. 40. **gloze**, interpret. 46. **Charles the Great.** Charlemagne, the French form, is the common form of the name in English accounts.

Should be inheritrix in Salic land;
Which Salic, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany called Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salic law
Was not deviséd for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salic land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond—
Idly supposed the founder of this law—
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposéd Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Conveyed himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salic law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurped from you and your progenitors.
K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody flag!
Look back into your mighty ancestors!
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renownéd them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

58. **defunction**, death. 66. **heir general**, heir at law; that is, without noting whether his descent was through the male or female line. 72. **find**, to provide or furnish. 74. **Conveyed**, passed himself off as. 75. **Charlemain**, Charles the Bald. 77. **Lewis the Tenth**, should be Louis IX. 82. **lineal of**, directly descended from.

88. **Lewis his.** The possessive form was not thoroughly established in Shakespeare's day. 93. **hide them in a net**, take refuge behind claims affording no more protection than a net, and as easily seen through. 94. **imbar**, bar out or exclude. 98. **in the Book of Numbers**, Chapter xxvii, 8. 106. **on the French ground**, at the Battle of Crecy, August 26, 1346. Edward III did stand "on a windmill hill." 114. **cold for action**, cold for want of action. *Action* has here three syllables. 118. **renownéd them**, made them famous.

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your Highness. Never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.
Cant. Oh, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleanéd land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defense,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.
Cant. She hath been then more feared than harmed, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying very old and true,

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home;
Yet that is but a crushed necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,
The adviséd head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,

132. **we of the spiritualty**, the clergy, who voted their own taxes. 137. **lay down our proportions**, estimate the number of troops necessary. 138. **Against the Scot.** Scotland was a separate kingdom, in close sympathy with France. Forays across the border, or marches, were very common. 138–139. **make road**, etc., make inroad with everything in their favor. 143. **coursing snatchers**, swift-riding raiders. 145. **still a giddy**, always an untrustworthy. 151. **gleanéd**, left bared of its defenders.

161. **King of Scots**, David II, taken prisoner in 1346, by Queen Philippa's army, while Edward III was in France. He was not actually taken to France. 175. **crushed**, that may be crushed by precautions, such as locks and traps. 180–183. The various officers of government work together for one common end, as voices keep harmony, agreeing in a full and natural cadence. 183–187. Heaven has divided men into various kinds, so that there might always be endeavor, but all this effort is guided by obedience or law and kept from defeating itself.

Setting endeavor in continual motion,
To which is fixéd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honeybees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, arméd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, looséd several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exeunt some attendants.*

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshiped with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

First Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettered in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbéd plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savor too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won.
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim

202. **sad-eyed**, solemn-looking. 203. **executors**, executioners. 207. **looséd several ways**, shot from different directions. 220. **policy**, statesmanship. 224. **our awe**, awe of us. 226. **empery**, sovereignty.

232. **mute**, a Turkish attendant with his tongue slit, so that he could not reveal secrets. 233. **waxen epitaph**, that is, without even a short-lived compliment at his funeral. 235. **Dauphin**, the heir apparent, corresponding to the Prince of Wales in England. 243. **is**. The use of a singular verb with a plural subject, or the converse, is not unusual in Shakespeare. 252. **galliard**, lively dance.

Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, Uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturbed
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France;
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore chargéd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well. [*Exeunt Ambassadors.*
Exe. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Chorus was a speaker introduced at the beginning of many plays before and during Shakespeare's time to explain the subject of the action. In this drama Shakespeare makes use of the device in order to appeal to the imagination of the audience and also to narrate the events that occur between the acts. These prologues are so stirring that Garrick, a great actor of the eighteenth century, chose the part of Chorus rather than that of King Henry. In

266. **chaces**, games or matches. 267. **comes o'er us**, taunts us. 269. **seat**, throne. 282. **gun-stones**. The first cannon-balls were made of stone.

300. **happy hour**, lucky or propitious occasion. 304. **proportions**, forces. 307. **God before**, God going before as guide.

the first prologue, observe the invocation to the muse, a device used in epic poetry, and compare what was said in the introduction about the epic character of this drama.

2. In Act I Shakespeare follows Holinshed's *Chronicle* very closely. The fears of the churchmen lest the vast estates belonging to the church should be seized by the King, and the details of the argument by which they convinced Henry that he had a right to French territories, are taken, almost literally, from the history. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the most important church official in England, naturally took the lead in this debate. Archbishops and bishops were members of the House of Lords and were called Lords Spiritual. Canterbury seems to be acting as a kind of prime minister; the other nobles represent what would today be the English Cabinet.

Questions and Topics

Prologue. 1. Note the contrast between the ideal stage, seen in the poet's imagination, and the real stage on which the play is to be produced. 2. Can any great poet represent all that he sees in imagination? 3. Why should the stage be called a "cockpit"? 4. To what power in spectator or reader does the poet appeal for aid? 5. Compare what is said in the Introduction, page 2, section III, about creative reading.

Scene i. 1. What conception do you form of Henry? Quote the lines that bear out your impression. 2. State in your own words the separate points about Henry that Canterbury makes (lines 38-59). From what you can find out about him in histories, do you think the picture overdrawn or just? 3. Are Ely's statements (lines 60-66) about strawberries and grass botanically correct?

Scene ii. 1. Why does the King not rely upon his own judgment instead of appealing to the Archbishop? 2. Why should forays across the border (line 138) concern him? 3. Do you think it natural for Canterbury to bring in the comparison about the bees (lines 187-204)? Some member of the class may be interested to find out whether the Archbishop's picture of the bees is true. 4. Why is Canterbury deeply interested in inducing the King to wage war? 5. Does Henry seem here a frivolous or a serious monarch? Be sure of your evidence. 6. What three possibilities does he mention in lines 224-233? How are the second and third related to the first? What bearing has this incident on his character? 7. In what ways does he show himself to be a man of action? 8. Do you think that there was sufficient cause for Henry's going to war? If you wish to go into this deeply for a debate, you should look up the historical background (see the list of Interesting Books, page 295).

Act I as a Whole

1. Write out a summary of the events to the end of Act I. Do not follow the order in which Shakespeare presents them on the stage. To make the story perfectly clear you will need to begin before the play opens. At the end, sum up the whole act in a single sentence. 2. At the end of the act, what events do you look forward to? What events in this act arouse this curiosity? 3. Do you think the reasons for going to war presented in this act would lead to war today? In discussing the matter, consider two or three wars in the last hundred years. Were Henry's reasons good reasons in his day? Think this out clearly. 4. What passages in this act seem to you most beautiful or stirring? Read the passage you like best to the class and explain what kinds of poetic beauty it contains. The class may wish to vote at the end of the period to determine which passage is the best of all. 5. Some pupil, or a group of pupils, should be prepared to report on the two parts of *Henry IV* in order to illustrate more fully the characterization of the King given by Canterbury in Act I, scene i, of this play. All of the first part of *Henry IV* is interesting study for this purpose; in the second part begin with Act IV, scene i, and read through to the end.

Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (I, ii, 269-297).

1. Why, according to Henry, had he been wild in youth? 2. What is meant by "show my sail of greatness"? 3. In what way has Henry ever toiled like a laborer during working days? 4. Why does Henry boast of his coming glory in France? 5. Why does he call the Dauphin "pleasant"? 6. Why does Henry consider his a "hallowed cause"? 7. What horrors of war does he dwell on? 8. Do you think Henry speaks here with sufficient dignity for a king?

B. For Oral Reading in Class.

1. Prepare very carefully to read aloud to the class I, ii, lines 136-165. 2. Make out a list of questions on these lines and be prepared to conduct the class discussion of them. To do this you will have to state the questions clearly and think out the best answer to each one.

ACT SECOND

PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingéd heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France—O guilt indeed!—
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance, force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now; there must you sit;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play,
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.
[*Exit.*

2. **silken dalliance**, the silk clothing of leisure. 9. **hilts**, the bar that prevents the hand's slipping from the handle to the blade. 18. **would**, would have. 31. **digest the abuse of distance**, arrange the transference of the action between places far apart, as London and Southampton. 32. **force a play**, force events to fit into the requirements of a play on the stage.

Scene I. *London. A street.*

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not. I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

40. **offend one stomach**, no one shall suffer seasickness.

Scene I. 4. **Ancient**, ensign or standard-bearer. 9. **wink**, shut my eyes. 10. **iron**, sword. 21. **rest**, determination. He evidently doesn't understand *rendezvous* at all.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here come Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see willful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. "Solus," egregious dog! O viper vile!
The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;
The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damnéd furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

Pist. *Couple a gorge!*
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No! to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

44. **Lady.** She is swearing by the Virgin Mary. 45. **be not drawn,** has not drawn his sword. 51. **prick-eared cur of Iceland,** a shaggy and quarrelsome dog. 54. **shog,** jog. 55. **solus.** Nym uses this Latin word for "alone" correctly. Pistol in his ignorance takes it for an insult. 59. **maw,** stomach. 62. Pistol is here speaking as if he had drawn back the hammer of his pistol. 64. **Barbason,** the name of a devil. 65. **conjure.** Nym implies that Pistol's speech has no more sense than the nonsense used by conjurors to exorcise spirits. **humor,** inclination.

67. **scour,** another pun on Pistol's name. When a pistol barrel grew foul with burnt powder, it was cleaned out by a ramrod. 74. **exhale,** draw your sword. 78. **mickle,** great. 80. **tall,** brave. 83. Pistol's pronunciation of *coupe la gorge,* here "Cut my throat!" 86. **spital,** hospital. 88. **lazar kite of Cressid's kind,** a false woman afflicted with leprosy. 91. **pauca,** to be brief (from *pauca verba,* few words). 92. **Go to,** today we should say, "Get out." 97. **warming-pan.** Bardolph had a fiery red face; see III, vi, 118–122. 102. **killed his heart,** broken his heart by casting him off.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of 't.

Reënter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right.
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King; but it must be as it may; he passes some humors and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownéd with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious favors,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared and loved

114. **compound**, decide the matter. 125. **noble**, six shillings and eight pence. 137. **quotidian tertian**, nonsense, for in a quotidian fever, the fever rises every day; in a tertian, every other day. 143. **fracted**, broken. **corroborate**, strengthened. Pistol has no idea what the word means. 145. **passes some humors and careers**, indulges in whims.

2. **by and by**, immediately. 14. **gentle**, of noble birth. 18. **in head**, in an organized force.

Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies
Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That railed against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. Oh, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished. And now to our French causes.
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord.
Your Highness bade me ask for it today.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and Uncle Exeter,
We will aboard tonight.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That have so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.
Scroop. Grey. } To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honor; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired
And sworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

34. **quittance**, repayment. 40. **Enlarge**, set at liberty. 43. **his more advice**, further consideration about him. 44. **security**, confidence. 51. **correction.** Pronounce here as having four syllables. 54. **on distemper**, from intoxication.

61. **late**, lately appointed. 79. **quick**, living. 90. **practices**, plots.

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, oh,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use—
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
From glist'ring semblances of piety.
But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnished and decked in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purgéd judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended.
But God be thankéd for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

107–108. Working together so obviously in a cause natural to them, that they never excited any surprise. 113. **got the voice**, gained the vote. 123. **Tartar**, Tartarus, hell. 126. **jealousy**, suspicion.

127. **affiance**, confidence. 133. **blood**, passion, as anger, fear, and so on. 134. **modest complement**, appearance of modesty. 137. **bolted**, sifted like fine flour; free from all undesirable qualities. 156–159. According to Holinshed, Cambridge's purpose was to secure the crown for his brother-in-law. 159. **prevention**, here, four syllables. 160. **in sufferance**, in suffering my punishment.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damnéd enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death,
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offenses! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothéd on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!
No king of England, if not king of France!
[*Flourish.*

167. **quit**, absolve. 176. **tender**, cherish, hold dear. 193. **The signs of war advance**, hoist the standards.

Scene III. *London. Before a tavern.*

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone; and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Aye, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that main-

2. **bring**, accompany. 3. **yearn**, grieve. 10. **Arthur's bosom.** The Hostess means Abraham's bosom. See *Luke* xvi, 22. 11. **'A**, he. 12. **christom**, innocent, from *chrisom*, the white robe put on children at baptism in token of innocence. 32. **of sack**, against sack, dry wine, his favorite drink.

tained that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables.
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay."
Trust none;
For oaths are straws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *Caveto* be thy counselor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss; that is the humor of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *France. The King's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defenses.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defenses, musters, preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France.
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counselors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defense are filled;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

50. **Let senses rule**, keep eyes and ears alert. 52. **faiths are wafer-cakes**, oaths are easily broken. 54. **Caveto**, be cautious. 55. **clear thy crystals**, dry thy eyes.

Scene IV. 7. **line**, strengthen. 10. **gulf**, whirlpool. 13. **fatal and neglected**, fatal to us because we made too little preparation to meet them. The king refers to Crecy, 1346, and Poitiers, 1356. 25. **morris-dance**, a popular dance in which the performers were fantastically dressed in ribbons and bells to represent traditional characters—anything but a warlike gathering. 28. **humorous**, capricious. 34. **modest in exception**, moderate in making objections. 45–48. Thus the forces necessary for defense are fully made up, which, if planned on a niggardly scale, would prove insufficient, like the miser who to save a little cloth spoils his coat.

A WHITSUN MORRIS-DANCE

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry, King of England,
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*

You see this chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

50. **fleshed**, made fierce by their former victories over the French, as dogs or hawks are made fierce by being given a piece of the flesh of the kind of animals they are to hunt. 57. **mountain sire**, mighty father.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty:
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, longs
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretchéd honors that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Picked from the worm-holes of long-vanished days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and bethrothéd lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

80. **longs**, belongs. 85. **sinister, awkward**, left-handed, and hence illegitimate. 88. **memorable line**, a genealogy that calls to mind his claim to the throne of France. 91. **evenly**, directly. 94. **indirectly**, unjustly. 95. **challenger**, claimant.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.
Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance. Slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full. [*Flourish.*
Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatched with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.
[*Exeunt.*

124. **womby vaultages**, deep caverns or dungeons. 126. **second accent**, echo. **ordinance**, ordnance.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The Prologue prepares the audience for the second act by telling of the arrangements for war and of the three noblemen who have accepted the French bribes to murder Henry. Chorus also prepares the audience for the change of scene within the act. Scene i gives a relief from the lofty statecraft of the first act. Bardolph and Pistol were well known to audiences who had seen the two plays (*Henry IV*, Parts I and II) which told the story of the earlier life of the King. Bardolph hides his thievery and cowardice under the bluff manner of a coarse soldier. Pistol's bragging also hides cowardice by phrases from the theater and by other big words he does not understand. Nym is a new character, who always tries to hint darkly a great deal more than he says. Falstaff, the most famous person in the earlier plays, has died, as we learn from this scene. These humorous characters help to make the play seem more real, though they contribute nothing to the outcome. In scene ii King Henry stands forth more admired than ever. He outwits the traitors, whom he punishes justly but without hatred. The last two scenes of the act further the action somewhat by telling of the departure of some of the English soldiers and by showing that the French are prepared to resist Henry's claim.

2. In the chronicle Henry did not invade France quite so promptly as Shakespeare represents. Instead, he sent Exeter and other lords, with a troop of five hundred cavalry, to demand the surrender of the kingdom. The English were entertained lavishly for three days with justs and other martial games, in which the French King took part. When they made known the English demands, the French were "not a little abashed," and they asked for time to consider, promising to send an embassy with their answer. But when Henry learned this, he marshaled his troops for war.

Questions and Topics

Prologue. 1. Explain "silken dalliance," "now thrive the armorers," and "they sell the pasture now to buy the horse." 2. Why should England be spoken of as a "little body with a mighty heart"? 3. How are you prepared for the change of scene from England to France?

Scene i. 1. The best way to bring out the humor in this scene is to act it out. Speak the words so as to indicate their hollowness. Make the attempts to fight such that they may be restrained easily. Bring out the distinct character of each man. Then the rest of the class will be able to enjoy the whole dialogue. 2. Which lines spoken by Pistol seem to be taken from plays? What kind of plays?

Scene ii. 1. What is the effect of the conversation among the lords before the entrance of the King? 2. Why does the King dwell on loyalty (lines 20-24)? 3. What impression do you get from the replies made by Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey? 4. Why does the King bring up the trivial matter of the drunken man? Why do the three lords plead for severity? 5. Why does Henry call attention to their paleness? 6. Do you see any reason for his severity with Scroop? 7. Does the King sentence the three lords because they have sought to kill him, or for a deeper reason?

Scene iii. 1. Does the account of Falstaff's death make you feel sorry or amused? 2. What do you think of him? Of the Hostess? 3. What contrast in purpose do Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph show as compared with King Henry?

Scene iv. 1. Do you think Henry's interview with the Dauphin's messengers warrants the Constable's praise? Take up each point in the praise, and compare with Act I, scene ii. 2. Is the King or the Dauphin the better leader? 3. Why does Exeter dwell on the horrors of war? 4. What is your final impression of King Henry?

Act II as a Whole

1. What progress has the story made in this act? Sum it up in a brief paragraph, as in Act I. 2. What do you chiefly look forward to at the end? 3. After reading the comic scenes, do you think of war as noble or sordid? Why? 4. What traits of King Henry are conspicuous in this act? Quote passages bringing out each trait. 5. As at the end of Act I, you may wish to select the passage containing the most beautiful poetry.

Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (II, ii, 167-194).

1. Of what does Henry accuse the traitors? 2. What results does he see following from their treachery? Do you think these results would have followed? 3. Why does Henry act as supreme judge condemning these traitors to death? 4. What is his personal feeling for the traitors? 5. Why does he expect success in his invasion of France? Do you think he had any real ground for this expectation? What does he mean by his last statement?

B. For oral reading in class.

1. Prepare carefully to read aloud to the class and to question the class upon II, ii, 94-144, or such part as your teacher may direct. 2. The

students should vote upon some scene, or some part of a scene, to be presented to the class. A stage manager and a cast should be selected, with the advice of the teacher. Every actor should know his part perfectly. The class should study the same scene, so that members may criticize the reading of the lines, facial expression, stage business, and general impression produced.

ACT THIRD

PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. Oh, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance.
For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back,
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*Exit.*

1. **with imagined wing**, on the wings of imagination. 4. **well-appointed**, well-equipped. 9. **whistle**, used by the boatswain. 14. **rivage**, shore. 18. **to sternage of**, astern of; let your mind follow the vessels.

Scene I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

32. **likes**, pleases. 33. **linstock**, a stick to hold the gunner's match. Stage direction. **chambers**, small cannon used on the stage; so called because of a detachable box, or chamber, containing powder and fitting into the breech.
Scene I. 10. **portage**, port holes. 11. **o'erwhelm it**, project beyond the eye. 12. **galléd rock**, eroded or undermined cliff. 13. **jutty**, project over. **confounded**, wave-worn.

KING HENRY'S FLEET CROSSING THE CHANNEL

Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, "God for Harry! England, and Saint George!"

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

14. **Swilled**, greedily gulped down. The ocean is thought of as undermining the cliff all at once instead of through centuries. 18. **fet**, fetched, derived. 21. **argument**, business, opportunity to fight. 27. **mettle of your pasture**, fine quality of your rearing.

Scene II. *The same.*

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humor of it is too hot; that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humors do abound.

31. **slips**, leashes from which the hounds were freed when the game was started.

Scene II. 5. **case of**, two. 7. **plain-song**, simple melody without variations; hence, the truth.

"Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I.

"If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough."

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

[*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mold.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humors! Your honor wins bad humors.

[*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any mili-

23. **cullions**, vile creatures. 24. **men of mold**, poor mortal men. 27. **bawcock**, fine fellow; French, *beau coq*. 31. **swashers**, swaggerers, bullies. 34. **antics**, buffoons. 48. **purchase**, gain; thieves' slang for stolen goods.

54. **carry coals**, submit to anything whatever. 72. **discuss**, explain. 74. **under the countermines**. The French have dug countermines four yards wide under the English mines.

tary man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 97

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! Have you quit the mines? Have the pioners given o'er? 103

Mac. By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. Oh, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done! 111

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point. 121

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry. 125

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all. So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 136

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' the grund for it; aye, or go to death; and I'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway. 144

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation? 151

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head. 162

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Ah! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The same. Before the gates.*

The Governor and some citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction 4
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lies buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10
And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,

99. **God-den**, good-evening. 102. **pioners**, pioneers, foot soldiers used in making roads, digging mines, and so on. 123. **quit you with gud leve**, with your permission answer you. 129. **beseeched**, besieged or possibly summoned to surrender. 137. **mess**, Mass. 139. **lig i' the grund**, lie on the ground.

Scene III. 1. **yet**, now; that is, is his decision what it was earlier? 2. **latest parle**, last parley. 11. **fleshed**, who has tasted blood and consequently is fierce.

In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats
Enlinked to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enragéd soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroyed?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, Uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest;
Tomorrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV. *The French King's palace.*

Enter Katharine and Alice, an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

26. **precepts to the leviathan**, a legal summons to the whale. 31. **O'erblows**, blows away. 32. **heady**, violent, headlong. 41. See *Matthew*, ii, 16.

46. **Returns us that his powers**, sends back word to us that his troops. 50. **defensible**, able to defend ourselves.

Scene IV. 1–2. Alice, you have been in England, and speak the language well. 3. A little, madam. 4–6. I beg you to teach me. I wish to learn to speak it. What do you call *la main* in English? 7–8. It is called "hand." 9. **Et**, etc., and *les doigts?* 10–13. **Ma foi**, goodness, I forget *les doigts*. But I shall recall it. I think they are called "fingers"; yes, "fingers." 15–17. **Je pense**, etc., I think I'm a good scholar. I have learned two English words quickly. What do you call *les ongles?* 18–19. **Nous les**, etc., we call them "nails."

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. D' elbow.

Kath. D' elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: d' hand, de fingres, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow.

Alice. D' elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D' elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: d' hand, de fingres, de mails—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; d' elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [*Exeunt.*

20–22. **Écoutez**, etc., listen; tell me if I speak well. 23–24. Well spoken, madam. It is very good English. 25. Give me the English for *le bras*. 29–31. **Je**, etc., I will repeat all the words you have taught me so far. 32–33. It is too difficult, madam, I think. 34. Excuse me, Alice; listen. 38–39. Goodness me, I forget. De elbow. What do you call *le col*? 45–47. Yes. Save your grace, truly you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England. 48–49. I doubt not that I shall learn, by God's grace, and in a short time. 50–51. Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you? 52. No, I will recite to you quickly. 57–59. That's what I said. What do you call *le pied* and *la robe*? 61–68. **O**, etc., Goodness gracious, these words are bad, corrupt, coarse, and immodest, and not suitable for honorable ladies. I would not pronounce these words before French gentlemen for the world. Nevertheless, I will recite my whole lesson once more. 72-73. It's enough for one time. Let's go to dinner.

Scene V. *The same.*

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath passed the River Somme.

Con. An if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley-broth,

Scene V. 5. **O Dieu vivant**, O living God! **sprays**, offshoots; that is, William the Conqueror and his Norman followers. 7. **scions**, cuttings grafted on the wild Saxon tree. 11. **Mort de ma vie**, death of my life! 14. **nook-shotten**, shot off into a corner, away from the world. 15. **Dieu**, etc., God of battles! 18. **sodden**, boiled. Sodden water and barley broth are contemptuous descriptions of beer. 19. **drench for sur-reined jades**, medicine for over-ridden horses.

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honor,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field!
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low, vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him—you have power enough—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famished in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge; I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

26. **them**, that is, the rich fields of France. 31. **lavoltas, corantos**, quick, lively dances. 45. For the sake of the exalted positions you hold, free yourselves from great shame.

58. Instead of achieving a victory over us, offer to buy himself off with a ransom.

Scene VI. 17. **estimation**, reputation. 20. **Aunchient**, ensign. Fluellen had earlier called him a lieutenant, also.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Aye, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hangéd must 'a be—
A damnéd death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned! and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain. [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths; and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colors. Enter King Henry, Gloucester and his poor soldiers.

God pless your Majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Aye, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge. The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was

28. **buxom**, brisk. But the word also meant *pliant*, a meaning which makes it more applicable to Bardolph than Pistol supposed. 45. **pax**. Historically, he stole a *pix*, or small box, in which were kept the consecrated wafers used at Mass. Such theft was a serious offense.

62. **figo**, same as *fig of Spain* below. It was a term of contempt accompanied by an insulting gesture. 81. **sconce**, small fort or earthwork. 84. **stood on**, held out for. 91. **slanders of the age**, scandals to their times. 99. **from**, with news from.

have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England—though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to reanswer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself.
If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolor; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.
So tell your master.

119. **bubukles.** Fluellen is probably thinking of carbuncles. **whelks,** pustules. Stage direction. **Tucket,** a trumpet signal. **Montjoy,** official title of the chief herald of France. 144. **upon our cue,** when our turn has come. 150–151. **which in weight,** etc., to compensate for which fully would be too much for his small resources.

167. **Impeachment,** hindrance.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on tomorrow bid them march away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armor?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that trades but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the color of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armor that I saw in your tent tonight, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

15. **as if**, etc. Tennis balls were stuffed with hair. 16. **le cheval volant**, the flying horse; that, is, Pegasus. **chez les narines de feu**, with nostrils of fire (not very good French). 20. **pipe of Hermes**, Hermes (Mercury) is reputed to have invented the simple form of flute used by shepherds. 30. **absolute**, perfect.

41. **argument**, subject matter.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none tomorrow. He will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey. 'Tis a hooded valor; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. "Ill will never said well."

Con. I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."

Orl. And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

Con. Well placed. There stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the devil."

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy headpieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Aye, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find tomorrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is the time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten we shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Act III swings into the midst of the stirring action of the play. There are three main sources of interest: (*a*) The "battle poetry." This is found in the Prologue, spoken by Chorus, with its thrilling appeal to our sense of adventure, and in the long speeches by King Henry that come at frequent intervals throughout the act. These passages should be read aloud in order to get the full effect of their music and of their imaginative appeal. Parts of them should be memorized, since the repetition necessary in memorizing verses helps to bring out effects that a single reading cannot reveal. (*b*) The new kind of humor gained through Shakespeare's representation of various racial types: the French girls, the Scottish and Irish captains, the Welsh Fluellen. To these racial types are added the equally distinct portraits of Pistol, with his disreputable companions, Nym and Bardolph. In all this comedy the fun depends not so much upon incident

129. **peevish**, childish or foolish. 130. **mope**, go blundering along.

133. **apprehension**, intelligence, quickness of understanding. 146. **sympathize with**, resemble, behave like. 152. **shrewdly**, badly.

as upon dialect, eccentric manners and appearance, and the little touches that we find in a man now and then and describe by saying, "Well, he is a character." (*c*) The character-contrast between King Henry and his French adversaries. The challenge delivered by Montjoy, and the King's reception of it, and the boastful confidence of the French captains, set over against the English hero's humility and unflinching, quiet courage, are examples. To a degree, the contrast here is between the King and the Dauphin, just as in *I Henry IV* it was between Prince Hal and Hotspur.

2. The historical background is the siege of Harfleur and the preparations for the battle of Agincourt, both events of the year 1415. Shakespeare follows the chronicle closely, taking from it the story of Henry's decision to go to Calais after the victory at Harfleur, his losses from disease and the failure of supplies, the story of a soldier who was executed for robbing a church, the challenge of Montjoy, and Henry's reply that he neither sought nor refused battle.

Questions and Topics

Prologue. 1. Where did Chorus leave us at the end of the second Prologue? 2. What promise was there made? 3. What phrases and words in this Prologue help you to *see* the scene? 4. What do you learn about the size of Henry's army? 5. How is England guarded? Why? 6. What appeal is made in the last two lines? Has a similar appeal been made before?

Scene i. 1. Observe that this entire scene consists of but one speech. 2. What is the purpose of the scene? 3. What lines make pictures? 4. What two classes of troops are addressed by the King, and in what different ways?

Scene ii. 1. Have Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol changed since we last saw them, or are they the same? 2. What favorite phrases or styles of speech help you to distinguish them? 3. What do you learn of them from the Boy? 4. Study carefully the characterization of Fluellen: his language, his love of books on war, his method of judging a man's character, his feeling toward Jamy and Macmorris.

Scene iii. What traits of King Henry come out in this scene?

Scene iv. 1. Why does Katharine wish to learn English? 2. What method does she use? Is it a good one? 3. Perhaps some member of the class will write a scene showing the attempts of two American boys or girls to learn French.

Scene v. 1. Note the reference (line 1) to Henry's passing the river Somme. What interest does this reference have in connection with the World War? 2. Trace his campaign on a map (you will find additional material in the passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, quoted in Rolfe's and other single volume editions of the play). 3. What do you gather, from this scene, of the action of the French since Harfleur? 4. What had the English been doing? 5. What now spurs the French to action?

Scene vi. 1. How does Fluellen's love of book-learning appear in this scene? 2. Is he a good judge of character? Do you think bookish persons are usually good judges of character? 3. Why does he not quarrel with Pistol at once? 4. Is he a good soldier? 5. What traits of Henry appear in his conversation with Fluellen? 6. Why is he strict in enforcing the law against his soldiers? 7. Why does he receive Montjoy's message calmly? 8. Why does he admit the weakness of his army? 9. Why does he withdraw his statement concerning the prowess of his soldiers? 10. Why does he reward Montjoy? 11. In what mood does he look forward to the battle?

Scene vii. 1. Do you think the Dauphin's praise of his horse sensible? Why? 2. What does the Constable think of him? Do you agree? 3. Do you like the way in which the Constable and Orleans engage in punning and capping proverbs? Is such repartee common today? 4. Do you wish the English or the French to win? Give reasons.

Act III as a Whole

1. Prepare a summary such as you made for Act I. 2. Where in earlier acts have we seen Henry under insult? How did he act then? How does he act now? 3. Where have we seen him threatened with revolution? What was his conduct? How does he treat infractions of discipline in this act? 4. In what spirit has he fitted out his army? Does he seem prudent in his conduct of his campaign here? 5. How does he conduct himself in actual battle? 6. Why, in the weakened condition of his army, does he persist in fighting the French? 7. Why do the French despise the English? Are they justified? 8. In how many ways are the Dauphin and Henry unlike? Quote passages to prove your views.

Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (III, vi, 162-191).

1. Why does Henry wish to reach Calais? 2. What superiority in the French does he recognize? 3. Why does he reveal his plans and admit his inferiority? 4. Why does he praise his soldiers? 5. Why does he repent of this praise? 6. What threat does he send the French King? Is the threat mere boasting or is it well founded? 7. Is Henry wise in this speech? Dignified? Brave?

B. For oral reading in class.

Prepare carefully to read aloud to the class III, iii, 1-43. The class should be prepared to criticize the rendering, to point out where it does not give the feeling of Henry. They can do this better if they keep their books closed.

C. For acting.

Select one scene to act before the class. Why do you think the one selected would be good for that purpose? Those who take part should memorize their lines as in Act II. The class should, as before, study the scene to become good critics of the acting.

ACT FOURTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemnéd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruined band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watchéd night,
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

1. **entertain conjecture of**, picture vividly to yourselves. 2. **poring**, that makes men strain their eyes to see. 9. **battle**, army. **umbered**, dusky in the flickering light of the camp fires. 12. **accomplishing**, completing the preparations of. 13. **rivets**. After the knight put his armor on, the armorer riveted the helmet at one point to the armor protecting the body.

25. **their gesture sad**, their grave bearing. 37–38. He does not look paler than usual in spite of his loss of sleep. 39. **over-bears attaint**, overcomes the effect of weariness. 45. **mean and gentle all**, soldiers of low or high birth. 46. **may unworthiness define**, I hope our poor actors may be able to represent. 53. **Minding**, calling to mind.

"WALKING FROM WATCH TO WATCH, FROM TENT TO TENT"

Scene I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out;
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

10. **dress us**, prepare ourselves.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."
K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased;
And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

16. **likes**, pleases. 23. **casted slough**, their members cast off, as a snake casts its skin. **legerity**, activity, nimbleness. 27. **Desire**, invite.

Glou. We shall, my liege.
Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [*Exeunt all but King.*
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the King.
Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts with your fierceness.

35. **Qui va là?** who goes there? 45. **imp,** scion, shoot. 55. **Saint Davy's Day,** March 1, when Welshmen wore the leek in their caps as their national emblem.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.
Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.
Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?
Gow. I will speak lower.
Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will. [*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*
K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?
Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.
Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?
K. Hen. A friend.
Will. Under what captain serve you?
K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.
Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?
K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?
K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should.

89. **out of fashion,** unusual, odd.

For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His cere- monies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Aye, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeared there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of Peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so,

112. **element**, the sky. 117. **are higher mounted**, soar higher; his interests and emotions are normally of a higher sort. 158. **rawly**, without due provision for them. 160. **charitably**, in good-will to all men.

161. **argument**, the thing they have to do with. 164. **against all**, etc., against all that is becoming in subjects. 167. **sinfully miscarry**, die in a state of sin. 173. **irreconciled**, for which peace has not been made with Heaven. 188. **bulwark**, protection (against arrest). 192. **native**, in their own country. 200. **unprovided**, spiritually unprepared for death.

death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Aye, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the King himself will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshipers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O Ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

231. **elder-gun.** Even today boys make pop-guns by removing the pith. 239. **round,** unceremonious, plain-spoken. 268. **to cut,** etc., referring to heads of French soldiers and also to French coins. To cut, or clip, a coin was treason for a Frenchman, but not for the English. 272. **careful,** full of care. 277. **But his own wringing,** anything but his own suffering. 286. **thy soul of adoration,** the essence or real nature of the adoration paid thee. 295. **blown from adulation,** breathed by a flatterer.

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcéd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony—
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labor, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent.
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.
Possess them not with fear. Take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposéd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord,
O not today, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interréd new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcéd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Aye;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt*

Scene II. *The French camp*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords!
Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse, varlet! lackey! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. Via! les eaux et la terre.
Orl. Rien puis? L'air et le feu.
Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

301. **balm,** consecrated oil with which a king is anointed at his coronation. **ball,** carried in the king's left hand as an emblem of sovereignty, as is the scepter in his right. 302. These would be carried before the king in processions. 304. **farcéd,** stuffed with pompous phrases. 311. **distressful,** earned by hard toil. 316. The line means that the peasant rises before the sun. 323. **gross,** thick, stupid. **wots,** knows.

334. **fault,** etc. His father, Henry IV, had deposed Richard II and had connived at his murder. 336. **interréd new.** Henry had had the body removed from its first grave and buried in Westminster Abbey. 344–346. Henry says there is no merit in these good acts, because nothing but true penitence will secure pardon for sins.

Scene II. 2. **Montez à cheval,** to horse! 4–6. These lines have been variously interpreted. The first may be taken as addressed to the horse; the others as referring to it. The Dauphin says, "Away, over water and land." Orleans replies, "Nothing more? Air and fire." The Dauphin answers, "Yes, heaven."

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yond poor and starvéd band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall today draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,
But that our honors must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field.
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;
The horsemen sit like fixéd candlesticks
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chewed grass, still, and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guard; on to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

9. **make incision**, etc., pierce the hide with your sharp spurs. 11. **dout**, do out, put out. Cf. *don* and *doff*. 18. **shales**, shells. 21. **curtle-ax**, a short sword; English pronunciation of the French *coutelas*. 29. **hilding**, contemptible, worthless. 31. **speculation**, looking on. How many syllables here? 35. **tucket sonance**, sound of the tucket, a peculiar series of notes.

36. **dare the field**, a term in falconry—strike fear in the adversary. 39. **desperate**, despairing. 40. **Ill-favoredly become**, disgrace. 41. **curtains**, banners. 44. **beaver**, visor. 47. **Lob**, hang. 49. **gimmal**, consisting of two similar parts hinged together. 54. **battle**, army.

Scene III. *The English camp.*

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host; Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glou. Where is the King?
Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly today!
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor. [*Exit Salisbury.*
Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work today!
K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart. His passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now abed

26. **yearns**, vexes, grieves.

45. **vigil**, the evening before the holy day. 63. **gentle his condition**, make him a gentleman. How many syllables has *condition* here?

Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Reënter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assuréd overthrow;
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valor in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day.
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry;
But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this—
As, if God please, they shall—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;

68. **bestow yourself**, take up your position in battle.

105. **grazing**, striking an object and glancing off to hit another. 107. **relapse of mortality**, the returning of the body to its original dust. Where must the accent of *relapse* be placed? 109. **are but warriors**, etc., make a business, not a mere pretense, of fighting. 114. **slovenry**, slovenliness.

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well;
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. Oh, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys,
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damnéd and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. Oh, pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. Oh, je vous supplie, pour l'amour le Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

130. **vaward**, vanguard.

Scene IV. Stage direction. **Excursions**, stage business, such as single encounters between soldiers. 2. **Je pense que vous êtes**, etc., I think you are a gentleman of good birth. 4. **Qualtitie calmie custure me!** The first word is Pistol's attempt to pronounce *qualité*. The rest of the line is thought to be the burden of an Elizabethan song. 7. **O Seigneur Dieu**, O Lord God! Pistol thinks the Frenchman is giving his name, and concludes he is a person of position. 10. **fox**, sword. The name arose from the trademark on some swords of foreign make. 13. Oh, take pity! Have pity on me! 15. **Moy.** Pistol thinks the Frenchman has mentioned a coin as ransom. 16. **rim**, midriff, or diaphragm. 18. Is it impossible to escape the power of your arm?

23. Oh, pardon me! 27. Listen: what is your name? 30. **firk**, whip. 31. **ferret**, worry. 37. What does he say, sir? 38–41. He bids me tell you to get ready; for this soldier feels like cutting your throat immediately. 45–48. Oh, I beg of you, for the love of heaven, pardon me! I am a gentleman of good family. Save my life, and I will give you two hundred crowns. 56. Little sir, what does he say? 57–61. Again that it is against his oath to pardon any prisoner; nevertheless, for the crowns that you have promised, he is willing to give you liberty, freedom.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thriceworthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. *O méchante fortune!*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honor! Once more back again!

Con. Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry and his train, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.
He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;

62–66. On my knees I thank you a thousand times, and I consider myself fortunate that I have fallen into the hands of a gentleman who is, I think, the bravest, the most valiant, and the most distinguished lord in England. 76. Follow the great captain. 82. **roaring devil i' the old play.** In the medieval plays, some of which survived into Shakespeare's own time, the character representing the devil was belabored by the Vice or clown, who sometimes threatened to pare his nails with his sword of lath.

Scene V. 1. O the devil! 2. O lord! the day is lost! Everything is lost! 3. **Mort,** etc., death of my life! 5. **O,** etc., O evil fortune!

7. **perdurable,** lasting. 13. **on,** in.

Scene VI. 8. **Larding,** enriching with his blood. 11. **haggled,** hacked.

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheered him up.
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble grip, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.
[*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reënforced their scattered men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. Oh, 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. Aye, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages and his furies and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that. He never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly doublet. He was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

21. **raught**, reached. 31. **all my mother**, all that was tender in me.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, with prisoners. Flourish.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforcéd from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? Know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great King;
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our commen men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their arméd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. Oh, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praiséd be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle called that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.
K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.
K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.
Flu. Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an honorable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.
K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.
Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!
K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.
Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.
K. Hen. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*]

72. **Enforcéd**, driven by force. 79. **fined**, etc., staked my bones as the ransom I would pay. 83. **book**, make a list of. 86. **mercenary blood**, the blood of our common soldiers (who were paid for their services). 90. **Yerk**, jerk, kick.

95. **peer**, come into sight. 108–116. Fluellen's explanation is not the historical one. See note on IV, i, 55, page 270.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all. But I would fain see it once, an please God of His grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favor
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear.
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *Before King Henry's pavilion.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King. There is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

156. **sort**, rank. 156–157. **from the answer**, etc., raised above the necessity of answering the challenge of anyone in a soldier's position.

Scene VIII. 13. **'Sblood**, God's blood, a form of oath common at that time.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggardly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An it please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offenses, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

52. **here is.** That is, he takes from his pocket the mate to the glove which he had given Williams when they exchanged gloves.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself. You appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offense; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, Uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honor in thy cap.
Till I do challenge it. Give him his crowns;
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Boucicqualt;
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six; added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights;
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The master of the crossbows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald shows him another paper.*]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but Thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaiméd through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is killed?

129. When scanning this line, notice the elision.

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites.
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity inclosed in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. This act is devoted to the Battle of Agincourt. Yet the actual history contained in it is limited to the continued emphasis on the disparity between the English and the French, the naming of the field by the King after the victory, the connection established with Saint Crispin's Day (October 25, named for the French shoemakers Crispinus and Crispianus, who became the patron saints of their craft), and the enumeration of the losses of the French and the English. Shakespeare makes little attempt to represent the battle; we get an impression from Chorus concerning the preparations, and Chorus appeals to our imagination once more to picture "true things" (facts) by these suggestions. The "alarums and excursions" off-stage give a little help, and the pictures of the night-scenes in both camps before the battle add details. The only actual conflict that we see is between the boaster, Pistol, and the frightened French soldier. Henry dominates the entire story. His night wanderings among his soldiers, his desire to get the point of view of the men in the ranks, his bitter comment on greatness ("ceremony"), his love of a practical joke, carried out even when the thrill of victory was upon him—these speak the democracy, the modesty, and the human qualities of the man.

2. Holinshed says that after Harfleur, Henry wished to attack other fortresses, but winter was approaching, so he determined to march to Calais as rapidly as possible lest his return be set down to fear. Yet the journey to Calais was perilous, since he had lost fifteen hundred men by disease. At the river Somme he found the bridges down and the fords blocked by stakes. His enemies swarmed on all sides. He went along the river, seeking passage, and he appeared "so terrible to his enemies that they durst not offer him battle." The French captains guarded all the passages, and "coasted aloof like a hawk though eager yet not hardy

on her prey." At length he came to Maience, where he found above thirty thousand Frenchmen and expected immediate battle. He was saved by the discovery of a "shallow" in the river so that he was able to cross with his whole army at night. He determined to make haste toward Calais, not seeking battle unless forced, partly because of further inroads of disease, the failure of supplies, and ceaseless rain and cold. Yet in the army's great necessity, Holinshed tells us, the poor people in the country were not molested nor anything taken without payment, except that a soldier robbed a church and was executed by the King's order for his offense. The French King was much chagrined that Henry had escaped across the Somme, and held a council. It was voted that battle should be forced, and Montjoy was dispatched to defy the English leader as the enemy of France. Henry replied: "Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God. I will not seek your master at this time, but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt to stop me in my journey now toward Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and yet wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood." He gave Montjoy "princely reward" and sent him home. The chronicle tells of the preparations for battle, which was to take place on October 25, the day of Crispin and Crispianus. Henry made "a right grave oration" to his captains and soldiers, entreating them to act manfully, assuring them that England should never be charged with his ransom, for either by famous death or glorious victory he would finish that day. The incident of the soldier's wish that they had with them the men who were in England, with the King's reply, and the story of how the French "in their jollity" sent a herald asking what ransom he would offer, Shakespeare took from the chronicle. With this preparation you are in a position to determine for yourself just what elements in the old story appealed to Shakespeare or supplied hints for his drama.

Questions and Topics

Prologue. 1. This Prologue is much admired for its descriptions. Pick out two that you particularly admire and explain why you like them. (You may here make use of what is said of the elements of poetic beauty on pages 43-44.) 2. Why does Chorus admire Henry? 3. Do you think the picture of the King here consistent with his actions in the rest of the play? 4. Do you think that a military leader could inspire his men in the fashion here described?

Scene i. 1. Is Henry serious or humorous in his praise of the enemy's early rising? 2. Does he seem worried or light-hearted at the beginning? 3. Why is he not offended by Pistol? 4. What do we learn of him by his praise of Fluellen? 5. In the conversation with Williams and the other soldiers, much of the interest comes from the fact that the King is known to the audience but not to the soldiers. In what speeches is this particularly effective? 6. Do you believe the argument used in lines 146-148? 7. What do you think of the modern declaration, "My country, right or wrong"? 8. How does this whole conversation make King Henry seem very real? 9. Does he argue by using his authority as a ruler or like a common man? Is his argument convincing to you? Where does he almost forget himself? Was it convincing to the soldiers? 10. Do the soldiers talk and act naturally? 11. How does the conversation with the soldiers remind the King of his own responsibilities? 12. Do you think the laboring man in Henry's time really was better off than the King? Why do you think so? 13. Is the laboring man today free from worry? 14. Would Henry's argument apply to men in responsible positions today? 15. What trait of Henry's comes out in his prayer? Has he anywhere else revealed his concern over his father's deeds? 16. This scene is said to contain the most eloquent passage in the play. Which speech would you select for this honor? Does it come in naturally? Why is it beautiful? Apply the tests you have used before (pages 43-44).

Scene ii. 1. Why do the French feel so confident? 2. How does their feeling about war differ from Henry's? 3. What is the most vivid description in this scene? What makes it vivid? 4. Could a scene like this occur in modern war? Why?

Scene iii. 1. How does Henry's feeling about the coming of battle differ from the French feeling? 2. Which combatant realizes the importance of battle more clearly? 3. How do their purposes differ? 4. Which do you admire more? Why? 5. What is the most eloquent passage (of thirty or forty lines) in this scene? Read it to the class so as to bring out its eloquence. Point out any ideas or expressions in it that you particularly admire.

Scene iv. 1. What notion do you get of the French conduct in the battle from this scene? 2. To bring out the humor of the scene, you may wish to act it out before the class. 3. Do you expect to see the Boy again? Why?

Scenes v, vi. 1. In what ways is the behavior of the two armies different? 2. Why would this contrast please Shakespeare's audience? 3. Could scenes such as are here described occur

in modern war? Why? 4. Is Henry justified in ordering the prisoners killed?

Scene vii. 1. According to Gower, why did Henry order the prisoners to be killed? 2. Does his explanation agree with Henry's? 3. Whom does Fluellen mean by Harry of Monmouth? 4. Do you think that, historically, there is any point to the comparison with Alexander the Great? 5. How does Montjoy's visit this time differ from his last visit? 6. In talking with Williams and Fluellen, why does Henry send one after the other to find Gower? 7. How many different sides of Henry's character come out in this scene? Quote passages to illustrate each point.

Scene viii. 1. Do you think Williams's independence manly or excessive? 2. How does the greatness of the victory affect Henry? 3. How would it naturally affect a leader? 4. Why does Henry think of it as a gift from God? 5. The audience looks at the victory through patriotic eyes. What effect do you think the victory had on the French?

Act IV as a Whole

1. Write out a summary of this act to correspond with those prepared for earlier acts. The summarizing sentence should give your total impression of the battle. 2. Is there anything to look forward to at the end of this act? Answer with specific events. 3. This act, from Prologue to final scene, is rich in passages of fine description or lofty rhetoric. Pick out the three that you like best, and explain why they appeal to you. Bear in mind the poetic elements already studied (pages 43-44). 4. This act presents some of the best effects of war as well as some of the horrible aspects. Pick out examples of each. Do you think the good outweigh the bad effects? Give full reasons here. 5. Henry has been called a democratic leader. Select scenes which you think prove or disprove this statement. 6. Some member of the class interested in history should give here, unless it was given at the beginning of the study, a historical account of the battle, putting on the blackboard a map of the battlefield.

Intensive Study

A. For oral discussion in class (IV, i, 298-325).

1. What is the dream Henry speaks of? 2. Why does Henry mention each detail from "balm" to "throne" in speaking of kings? 3. What does he mean by "the high shore of this world"? 4. Why does the laboring man, or "wretched slave," never see "horrid night"? 5. Do you think Henry pictures an interesting life for the slave? Why does Henry envy the slave that kind of life? 6. Do laboring men today toil as hard as Henry pictured the laborers of his time toiling? 7. What has improved their condition in life? 8. Can Henry's contrast between common man and ruler be applied to modern men and rulers? Explain carefully the reasons for your answers.

B. For oral reading in class.

The fine passages in the act are so numerous that some five or six might be chosen and each of them allotted to separate groups. Many of them would be well worth memorizing instead of reading to the class. The questions on them prepared by the leader should be just as carefully thought out as in earlier acts.

C. For acting.

The class should again select a scene, or part of one, to present.

ACT FIFTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your wingéd thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouthed sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
Where that his lords desire him to have borne

10. **Pales**, walls, hems. 12. **whiffler**, one who goes at the front of a procession to clear the way.

His bruiséd helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city. He forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broachéd on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home—
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have played
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*]

Scene I. *France. The English camp.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek today? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. (*Strikes him.*) Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you today a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

21–22. Transferring all the honors of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God. (Johnson's paraphrase.) 29. **by**, etc., by a comparison of a lower personage (a subject) with a higher (a king), but showing our love for them. 30. For **general** in this line, and **Emperor** in line 38, see Explanatory Note 2, page 294. 32. **broachéd**, spitted. 44. **brook abridgment**, put up with this curtailing of events.

7. **scald**, scabby, scurvy; a term of contempt. 25. **bedlam**, mad. This is a shortened form of Bethlehem, a London hospital for lunatics. 26. **Parca's fatal web**, the web of life spun by the Parcæ, or Fates. 35. **Cadwallader**, the last of the Welsh Kings. Pistol implies that he was a goatherd. 45. **a squire of low degree**, the title of a popular romance of the time.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question, too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Aye, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit, cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

86. **respect**, reason, consideration. 89. **gleeking and galling**, jeering and saying galling things. 95. **condition**, temper, disposition.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these cudgeled scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *France. A royal palace.*

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met!
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them

96. **huswife**, jilt. We still use "hussy" in this sense. 97. **Doll**, that is, Nell Quickly, whom he married. **spital**, hospital.

Scene II. 1–2. "Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting." (Johnson's paraphrase). The two Kings have met to discuss the terms of peace.

Against the French that met them in their bent
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labored,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevailed
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unprunéd dies; her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the colter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

16. **bent**, direction or glance. 17. **balls**, both eyeballs and cannon-balls. **basilisk**, the king snake, which was fabled to murder by a glance. The name was also given to a large cannon. The queen is punning. 31. **congreeted**, greeted each other. 42. **even-pleached**, once evenly interwoven. 46. **colter**, blade of the plow. 47. **deracinate**, uproot.

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favor
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles. Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To resurvey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, Uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,

52. **kexes**, dry, hollow weed-stalks. 61. **diffused**, disordered. 65. **let**, hindrance. 82. Return our accepted and positive answer.

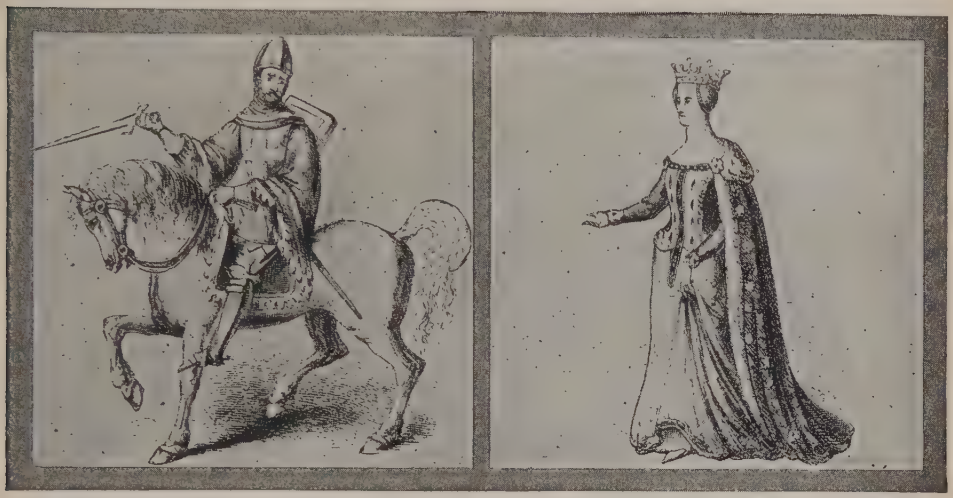
Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the King;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell wat is "like me."

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?



KING HENRY KATHARINE

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart,

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you"; then if you urge me further than to say, "Do you in faith?"

94. **nicely**, punctiliously. **stood on**, insisted upon.

109. **Pardonnez-moi**, I beg your pardon. 113–116. What does he say? That I am like the angels? Yes truly, save your grace, so he says.

I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rime themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English—canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells

136. **clap**, clasp, join. 138. **Sauf**, etc., save your honor. 143–145. **measure** has three meanings: (1) meter, (2) dance, (3) amount. 150. **buffet**, box. **bound**, make my horse bound or prance. 161. **let thine eye**, etc., let your eyes give me charming qualities, as a cook decorates a plain cake. 168. **uncoined constancy**, love that has never been given to others. 175. **fall**, shrink, fall away.

202–203. Very poor French. Henry means, "When I have possession of France and you have possession of me." 204. **Saint Denis be my speed**, may Saint Denis, the patron saint of France, help me in speaking French. 205. **donc**, etc., then France is yours and you are mine. 210–212. Save your honor, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.

me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling. What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?*

Kath. Your Majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine"; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine"; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France—I cannot tell wat is *baiser* en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Reënter the French Power and the English Lords.

Bur. God save your Majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

231. **scambling**, scrambling, struggling. 238–239. **la plus**, etc., the most beautiful Katharine in the world and my very dear and divine goddess. 248. **untempering**, without power to soften you. 278. **broken music**, a kind of part-music, for a group of instruments; used here for the sake of the pun. 278. **roi**, etc., king my father.

285–289. Let me go, my lord, let me go, let me go! Really now I will not permit you to lower your greatness by kissing the hand of your unworthy servant. Excuse me, I beg you, my most powerful lord. 291–293. It is not the custom in France for ladies and young misses to be kissed before their marriage. 300. **entendre**, etc., understands better than I do. 305. Yes, truly. 306. **nice**, scrupulous. 308. **list**, barrier. The plural designated the inclosure within which tournaments were held.

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article;

His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposéd natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

344. **condition**, disposition. 346. **wink**, shut their eyes. 355. **Bartholomew-tide**, August 24. 369. **perspectively**, as in a "perspective," a glass cut in such a way as to produce optical illusions.

389–393. **Notre très cher** etc., our very dear son Henry, King of England, heir of France. (The Latin should say the same, but "Præclarissimus" means "most famous"; "præcarissimus" was intended.)

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF HENRY INTO LONDON

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!
All. Amen!
K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Sennet. Exeunt.*

414. **ill office**, unworthy action. **416. paction**, compact. Stage direction. **Sennet.** A set of notes on a trumpet which marked the entrance or exit of a procession.

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing

2. **bending**, unequal to the weight of his subject. 4. **Mangling by starts**, giving only fragmentary pictures.

That they lost France and made his
England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for
their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[*Exit.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The last act completes the story of Henry's victory and ends happily in his betrothal to the French princess. Historical plays often end with the death of the hero, thus corresponding to tragedy. In the ending at the moment of the hero's highest success and glory, we have another resemblance between *Henry V* and the great epics (See Introduction, page 232). For the scene in which Henry woos Katharine we have been prepared by the story of how the French girl began her study of English. In the continuation of the story Henry's imperfect French and the girl's broken English add to the charm of the scene. We have seen Henry as king, as soldier, and as conqueror; now we see him as a lover. Besides this story, the punishment of Pistol by Fluellen, also foreshadowed in the preceding act, satisfies us thoroughly. The situation makes capital comedy; there is also a lesson, admirably phrased by Gower.

2. The historical events in Act V took place in 1420. Consequently Chorus has to bridge over a gap of about five years by alluding to some of the important occurrences of the period. The first lines are addressed to those in the audience who were familiar with the chronicle; the rest is meant for all the audience. Chorus also makes an allusion (lines 30-31) to an event that was familiar to the audiences that first saw the play. The "General" was the Earl of Essex, who left London amid great enthusiasm on March 27, 1599, to take charge of affairs in Ireland. Since he returned late in September of the same year, we know that this play was written during the summer of 1599. The reference in line 38 to the coming of the Emperor refers to the Emperor Sigismund, who visited Henry in May, 1416. Shakespeare's account of the peace conference follows in the main what we read in Holinshed. Of course the story of Pistol and Fluellen and the account of Henry's wooing are entirely Shakespeare's own.

Questions and Topics

Prologue. 1. Explain "the story" (line 1). 2. What things (line 4) cannot be presented in such a play as this? Would it be possible to dramatize, say, Roosevelt's administration, or Wilson's? What difficulties, then, confront a dramatist who seeks to write a play about the life of some great historical character? 3. If you have read or seen Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* you might tell the class how that dramatist met this difficulty. 4. Do you think a good play could be written with "George Washington" as a title? What would you put into such a play?

Scene i. 1. Does this scene seem comic to you? Are you glad or sorry that Pistol is humiliated? 2. Why does Fluellen offer him a groat? What is Gower's comment on the incident? 3. Should Americans mock at ancient traditions brought here by immigrants? Pistol was a Londoner born and bred; he therefore thought himself superior to all foreigners. But was he?

Scene ii. 1. What idea of the course of the war since Agincourt do you get from Burgundy's speech? 2. What do you know of the effects on France of the World War? 3. What do you think was Shakespeare's real attitude toward war? 4. Give reasons in the form of an oral report or a theme, citing passages to support your view.

Epilogue. 1. How many lines in this epilogue? 2. What is the rime-scheme? 3. What is such a poem called?

Act V as a Whole

1. By comparing the treaty of peace with Henry's claims in Act I, determine whether the King achieved his purpose. Give reasons for your view. 2. Do you think the conduct of Henry consistent with his character in earlier acts? Quote passages to establish your opinion.

The Play as a Whole

1. (*a*) Those who have read the two parts of *Henry IV* should report to the class on the subject, "Is the character of Henry V in the present play inconsistent with his character in *Henry IV*"? (*b*) Another question for debate is, "Was Henry's war against France just?" Those taking the affirmative may use Henry's conviction of his just claims and the uniting effects of the war on England. The negative may look into history for the weakness of his claims, and in the play for the horrors of the war.

2. (*a*) The first necessity in a play is that it tell a story clearly on the stage. You should be able to follow the steps of this action. The general theme of the play is the effort of Henry to gain the succession to the French throne. What is the situation at the beginning of the play? (*b*) Where does Henry actually begin to assert his claim to the French throne?

(*c*) How do the comic characters and scenes make the story more real? (*d*) Do you feel that Henry will succeed? (*e*) What actions bring you to this conclusion? (*f*) What obstacles does Henry overcome in France? (*g*) Does he prove a good military leader? (*h*) Why does he stand little chance of winning a pitched battle? (*i*) What is there in the French camp that offsets this handicap? (*j*) How does Henry personally help to overcome this handicap? (*k*) In the battle, where is the turning-point, both for the battle and for the play? (*l*) How is the actual achievement of Henry's purpose brought about?

3. (*a*) Which of the comic scenes is most amusing to you? (*b*) Can you explain why you enjoy it? (*c*) Which is the most humorous character? (*d*) Where is he most laughable? (*e*) Which comic character do you admire most? Why? (*f*) In what scene do you most admire him and why?

4. (*a*) In Shakespeare's day a play was something to be heard. It often gave a chance for fine declamation. In this play the patriotic appeal appears in the action of the story, but you will find it most conspicuous in the speeches of the Prologue and in the great speeches made by characters in the play. Pick out six that you think most likely to arouse the patriotism of the audience. (*b*) Which one of the prologues do you like best? Why? (*c*) Which one of the speeches? Why? (*d*) Memorize the best and deliver it to the class. (*e*) The class can vote, after everyone has spoken, to determine which chose most wisely and which rendered the lines most effectively.

5. (*a*) The only character in the play that stands out strikingly is King Henry. He has been called an ideal hero. Is he an honest and straightforward man or a wily and unscrupulous ruler? Give proof. (*b*) Is he a prudent statesman or a self-centered despot? (*c*) What is his feeling about royal displays? Give proof. (*d*) What convinces him that he should make war on France? (*e*) Why does he, a king, like to be with common men? (*f*) Why does he mingle with his soldiers? (*g*) Do they respect him more, or less, for his mingling with them? Why do they? (*h*) Is Henry successful as a military leader? Why? (*i*) In what ways is he in contrast with the Dauphin? (*j*) Does he show any imagination or poetry in his lovemaking? (*k*) Was his wooing consistent with the rest of his character? (*l*) Do you think that this medieval monarch had any elements of democracy in him? Give proof.

6. (*a*) In what ways does this play illustrate the general theme of Part III of this book—The National Ideal? (*b*) Why was *Henry V* popular in the days following the English victory over Spain? (*c*) Why was it popular in England during the World War?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. Historical Background of the Play.

Besant, Walter, and Rice, James: *Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.* If you are interested in the history of an actual person in King Henry's time, you will find in this volume all the information we possess about the most famous mayor London had in that age. Read also the introduction on the charters of London.

Cheyney, Edward P.: *A Short History of England.* Chapter XI will enable you to trace the results of Henry's policy of making war on France.

Green, John Richard: *A Short History of the English People.* An excellent historical report can be drawn up on Volume I, Chapter V, Sections 5-6. It will give you the political history of the entire period, so that your report will enable the class to understand the whole play much better.

Kingsford, Charles Lethbridge: *Henry V, The Typical Medieval King.* Chapters IX and X cover the Agincourt campaign. Chapter VIII will enable you to judge of the justice of the war. If you have become interested in the picture of Prince Hal in *King Henry IV*, you should read the earlier chapters. The Treaty of Troyes, which ends the play, is explained in Chapter XVIII.

Mowat, R. B.: *Henry V.* Chapters VI-VIII cover the period of the play. Chapter XI explains the Treaty of Troyes.

Quennell, Marjorie, and C. H. B.: *A History of Everyday Things in England.* Part I. 1066-1499. Turn the pages till you come to accounts of the warfare of the period and of the daily life of the people. Two or three fascinating reports can be made from these pages.

II. Literary Works Dealing with Henry V.

James, G. P. R.: *Agincourt, A Romance.* This old novel takes Henry from his youth through the glorious victory at Agincourt. It gives pictures of life in London and in the country, of Henry's coronation, and of the court life of France.

Pyle, Howard: *Men of Iron.* This popular romance begins in 1400 and ends with the coronation of Henry V. It pictures the chivalric life of court and castle. The illustrations by the author add interest.

Shakespeare, William: *King Henry IV,* Parts I and II.

King Richard II. For our purposes, the most interesting parts are Act IV and Act V, ii, lines 1-51. Study these scenes in order to be able to answer the following questions: Why was King Richard deposed? Why was Bolingbroke made King? What ideas about the office of king are uttered by King Richard? Are they still true?

Southey, Robert: *King Henry V and the Hermit of Dreux.* This poem deals with Henry's conquests in France. You should compare it with Drayton's *Agincourt.*

III. SHAKESPEARE. If you wish to learn more about Shakespeare, turn to *Literature and Life, Book One,* page 381, and *Book Two,* page 351.

LITTLE PICTURES OF NATIONAL IDEALISM

AN INTRODUCTION

The first four selections in the following group are related to the drama you have been studying. Michael Drayton was a contemporary of Shakespeare who wrote a large amount of patriotic poetry. His longest poem, "Polyolbion," or "All-Albion," is a description of England, its scenery, and its places of historic interest. He also wrote a number of ballads, among which this spirited song of Agincourt holds high place. You will find in it some names already met in Shakespeare's play, and you can imagine that King Hal would have enjoyed it if some wandering minstrel, long after his marriage to French Katharine and their return to England, had visited his court and sung it at a royal feast.

With the selection entitled "The Defeat of the Armada" you are introduced to one of the most interesting books in the world, *A History of the English People,* by John Richard Green. As you may see from this extract, Green gives vivid pictures of scenes in English history. The selection also illustrates what was said in the Introduction to *Henry the Fifth* about the Spanish peril and the way in which England's victory aroused a great wave of national feeling. The poem of Alfred Noyes, "The Admiral's Ghost," is interesting because it is a recent example of ballad literature; written three centuries after Drayton's "Agincourt" it has the same martial ring. It also suggests the way in which the exploits of England's heroes of the sea form a tradition from Drake to Nelson and beyond.

"Drake's Drum," another ballad-like poem written in the dialect of a sailor, represents the old idea that in a time of crisis the soul of a hero of past time will return to fight for his country. Hawthorne's story "The Grey Champion" is a familiar illustration.

The last three poems in this section present little pictures of the World War. "The Volunteer" and "The Return of the Soldier" express something of the idealism that animated thousands of soldiers. In "Comrades" we have the story of a subordinate officer who really loves his men, while they are equally attached to him. The mingling of King Henry with his soldiers is here reënacted in tragic fashion.

These poems are "little pictures." Additions could be made without number. In such a book as *A Treasury of War Poetry* you will find many poems that show how America and the Allies were inspired by devotion to national ideals and by love of country.

SELECTIONS

AGINCOURT

Michael Drayton

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance;
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth toward Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazéd!
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raiséd!

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me!

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main, Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there!
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan:
To hear was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake;
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,

2. **advance**, raise. 5. **main**, sea. 8. **King Harry**, Henry V. 17. **Which**, for *who* (the French General). 20. **sending**, i.e., an order.

41. **Poitiers and Cressy** (or Crécy), famous English victories in France during the Hundred Years' War. The battle of Crécy occurred in 1346 and that of Poitiers in 1356. 45. **Grandsire**, John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III.

That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts;
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent;
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruiséd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford, the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his ax did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily;
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
Fought was this noble fray;
Which Fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

82. **bilboes**, swords.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

As the Armada sailed on in a broad crescent past Plymouth, the vessels which had gathered under Lord Howard of Effingham slipped out of the bay and hung with the wind upon their rear. In numbers the two forces were strangely unequal, for the English fleet counted only eighty vessels against one hundred thirty-two, which composed the Armada. In size of ships the disproportion was even greater. Fifty of the English vessels, including the squadron of the Lord Admiral and the craft of the volunteers, were little bigger than yachts of the present day. Even of the thirty Queen's ships which formed its main body, there were but four which equaled in tonnage the smallest of the Spanish galleons. Sixty-five of these galleons formed the most formidable half of the Spanish fleet; and four galleasses, or gigantic galleys, armed with fifty guns apiece, fifty-six armed merchantmen, and twenty pinnaces made up the rest. The Armada was provided with 2500 cannons, and a vast store of provisions; it had on board 8000 seamen and more than 20,000 soldiers; and if a court favorite, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, had been placed at its head, he was supported by the ablest staff of naval officers which Spain possessed.

Small, however, as the English ships were, they were in perfect trim; they sailed two feet for the Spaniards' one, they were manned with 9000 hardy seamen, and their Admiral was backed by a crowd of captains who had won fame in the Spanish seas. With him was Hawkins, who had been the first to break into the charmed circle of the Indies; Frobisher, the hero of the Northwest passage; and above all, Drake, who held command of the privateers. They had won, too, the

advantage of the wind; and, closing in or drawing off as they would, the lightly-handled English vessels, which fired four shots to the Spaniards' one, hung boldly on the rear of the great fleet as it moved along the Channel. "The feathers of the Spaniard," in the phrase of the English seamen, were "plucked one by one." Galleon after galleon was sunk, boarded, driven on shore; and yet Medina Sidonia failed in bringing his pursuers to a close engagement. Now halting, now moving slowly on, the running fight between the two fleets lasted throughout the week, till on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of July, the Armada dropped anchor in Calais roads. The time had come for sharper work if the junction of the Armada with Parma was to be prevented; for, demoralized as the Spaniards had been by the merciless chase, their loss in ships had not been great, and their appearance off Dunkirk might drive off the ships of the Hollanders, who hindered the sailing of the Duke.

On the other hand, though the numbers of English ships had grown, their supplies of food and ammunition were fast running out. Howard therefore resolved to force an engagement; and, lighting eight fire-ships at midnight, sent them down with the tide upon the Spanish line. The galleons at once cut their cables, and stood out in panic to sea, drifting with the wind in a long line off Gravelines. Drake resolved at all costs to prevent their return. At dawn, on the twenty-ninth, the English ships closed fairly in, and almost their last cartridge was spent ere the sun went down.

Hard as the fight had been, it seemed far from a decisive one. Three great galleons indeed had sunk in the engagement, three had drifted helplessly on to the Flemish coast, but the bulk of the Spanish vessels remained, and even to Drake the fleet seemed "wonderful great and strong." Within the Armada itself, however, all hope was gone. Huddled together by the wind and the deadly English fire, their sails torn, their masts shot away, the crowded galleons had become mere slaughterhouses. Four thousand men had fallen, and bravely as the seamen fought, they were cowed by the terrible butchery. Medina himself was in despair. "We are lost, Señor Oquenda," he cried to his bravest captain; "what are we to do?" "Let others talk of being lost," replied Oquenda, "your Excellency has only to order up fresh cartridge." But Oquenda stood alone, and a council of war resolved on retreat to Spain by the one course open, that of a circuit round the Orkneys. "Never anything pleased me better," wrote Drake, "than seeing the enemy fly with a southerly wind to the northwards. Have a good eye to the Prince of Parma, for, with the grace of God, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees."

But the work of destruction was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake. The English vessels were soon forced to give up the chase by the running out of their supplies. But the Spanish ships had no sooner reached the Orkneys than the storms of the northern seas broke on them with a fury before which all concert and union disappeared. In October fifty reached Corunna, bearing ten thousand men stricken with pestilence and death. Of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces against the Irish

20. **Parma**, Duke of, an Italian noble, a general in the Spanish service. 24. **Dunkirk**, a seaport on the north coast of France. 38. **Gravelines**, near Dunkirk.

70. **Orkneys**, a group of islands north of Scotland. 90. **Corunna**, a Spanish seaport.

cliffs. The wreckers of the Orkneys and the Faroes, the clansmen of the Scottish Isles, the kerns of Donegal and Galway, all had their part in the work of murder and robbery. Eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets. On a strand near Sligo an English captain numbered eleven hundred corpses which had been cast up by the sea. The flower of the Spanish nobility, who had been sent on the new crusade, after twice suffering shipwreck, put a third time to sea to founder on a reef near Dunluce.

"I sent my ships against men," said Philip when the news reached him, "not against the seas." It was in nobler tone that England owned her debt to the storm that drove the Armada to its doom. On the medal that commemorated its triumph were graven the words, "The Lord sent His wind, and scattered them." The pride of the conquerors was hushed before their sense of a mighty deliverance. It was not till England saw the broken host "fly with a southerly wind to the north" that she knew what a weight of fear she had borne for thirty years.

The victory over the Armada, the deliverance from Spain, the rolling away of the terror which had hung like a cloud over the hopes of the new people, was like a passing from death into life. Within as without, the dark sky suddenly cleared. The national unity proved stronger than the religious strife. When the Catholic lords flocked to the camp at Tilbury, or put off to join the fleet in the Channel, Elizabeth could pride herself on a victory as great as the victory over the Armada. "Let tyrants fear," she exclaimed in words that still ring like the sound of a trumpet, as she appeared among her soldiers. "Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects! And therefore I am come among you, as you see, resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live and die amongst you all."

8. Donegal and Galway, counties of Ireland. Galway is on the west coast and Donegal on the northwest. **7. Giant's Causeway**, a celebrated volcanic rock formation on the northern coast of Ireland. **8. Sligo**, a coast county of northwest Ireland. **41. Tilbury**, a fortification near the Thames.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST*

ALFRED NOYES

I tell you a tale tonight
  Which a seaman told to me,
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
  And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars
  Twinkling up in the sky,
And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,
  And the same old waves went by,

Singing the same old song
  As ages and ages ago,
While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
  With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck;
  Ropes creaked; then—all grew still,
And he pointed his finger straight in my face
  And growled, as a sea-dog will.

"Do'ee know who Nelson was?
  That pore little shriveled form
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve
  And a soul like a North Sea storm?

"Ask of the Devonshire men!
  They know, and they'll tell you true;
He wasn't the pore little chawed-up chap
  That Hardy thought he knew.

*From *Collected Poems*, by Alfred Noyes, copyright 1913 by Frederick A. Stokes Company; by permission of the publishers.

3. lanthorn, variant of *lantern*. **19. patch . . . sleeve.** Admiral Nelson (1758-1805) had lost first an eye and then an arm in the service of his country. **24. Hardy**, one of Nelson's captains, and his intimate friend.

"He wasn't the man you think!
His patch was a dern disguise!
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,
If they looked him in both his eyes.

"He was twice as big as he seemed;
But his clothes were cunningly made.
He'd both of his hairy arms all right!
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

"You've heard of sperrits, no doubt;
Well, there's more in the matter than that!
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,
And he wasn't the laced cocked-hat.

"*Nelson was just—a ghost!*
You may laugh! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he'd come when England called,
And they know that he'll come again.

"I'll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
Two hundred years or so.

. . . . . .

"The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are today;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around;
'But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

" 'What shall I do,' he says,
'When the guns begin to roar,
An' England wants me, and me not there
To shatter 'er foes once more?'

'(You've heard what he said, maybe,
But I'll mark you the p'ints again;
For I want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain.)

" 'You must take my drum,' he says,
'To the old sea-wall at home;
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!

" 'If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.'

"That's what he said; and he died;
An' his pirates, listenin' roun',
With their crimson doublets and jeweled swords
That flashed as the sun went down,

"They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round-shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

"They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin' to say 'Good-night.'

"They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
The same as he told them to.

. . . . . .

"Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

" 'It's only my dead that count,'
She said, as she says today;
'It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

"D'you guess who Nelson was?
You may laugh, but it's true as true!
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

47. **Drake.** See page 298, lines 44-46, and page 299.
48. **Nombre Dios Bay,** on the Isthmus of Panama. 52. **Plymouth Sound,** an inlet on the coast of Devonshire, the starting point of the expedition against the Armada.

92. **Trafalgar Bay,** on the southwest coast of Spain, where Nelson was mortally wounded in 1805.

"The foe was creepin' close,
In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle;
They were ready to leap at England's throat,
When—oh, you may smile, you may smile;

"But—ask of the Devonshire men;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
On a ship all shining white.

"He stretched out his dead, cold face,
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and his arm,
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

"Nelson—was Francis Drake!
Oh, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?"

DRAKE'S DRUM

HENRY NEWBOLT

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

THE VOLUNTEER*

HERBERT ASQUITH

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city gray,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament;
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken, but he lies content
With that high hour in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

3. **Nombre Dios Bay.** See note on line 48, page 301. 4. **Plymouth Hoe**, an elevated promenade and park in Plymouth, England (*hoe* is an old word meaning "cliff"). 5. **lumes**, looms.

15. **Dons**, Spanish noblemen. 21. **Sound.** See note on line 52, page 301.

*From *The Volunteer and Other Poems*, by Herbert Asquith; by permission of the author and the publishers.

COMRADES: AN EPISODE*

ROBERT NICHOLS

Before, before he was aware
The "Very" light had risen . . . on the air
It hung glistering . . .
And he could not stay his hand
From moving to the barbed wire's broken strand.
A rifle cracked.
He fell.
Night waned. He was alone. A heavy shell
Whispered itself passing high, high overhead.
His wound was wet to his hand; for still it bled
On to the glimmering ground.
Then with a slow, vain smile his wound he bound,
Knowing, of course, he'd not see home again—
Home whose thought he put away.
His men
Whispered: "Where's Mister Gates?"
"Out on the wire."
"I'll get him," said one . . .
Dawn blinked, and the fire
Of the Germans heaved up and down the line.
"Stand to!"
Too late! "I'll get him." "Oh, the swine!
When we might get him in yet safe and whole!"
"Corporal didn't see 'un fall out on patrol,
Or he'd 'a got 'un." "Sssh!"
"No talking there."
A whisper: "'A went down at the last flare."
Meanwhile the Maxims toc-toc-tocked; their swish
Of bullets told death lurked against the wish.
No hope for him!
His corporal, as one shamed,
Vainly and helplessly his ill-luck blamed.

. . . . . .

Then Gates slowly saw the morn
Break in a rosy peace through the lone thorn
By which he lay, and felt the dawn-wind pass
Whispering through the pallid, stalky grass
Of No Man's Land . . .
And the tears came
Scaldingly sweet, more lovely than a flame.
He closed his eyes; he thought of home
And grit his teeth. He knew no help could come . . .

. . . . . .

The silent sun over the earth held sway,
Occasional rifles cracked, and far away
A heedless speck, a 'plane, slid on alone,
Like a fly traversing a cliff of stone.

"I must get back," said Gates aloud, and heaved
At his body. But it lay bereaved
Of any power. He could not wait till night . . .
And he lay still. Blood swam across his sight.
Then with a groan:
"No luck ever! Well, I must die alone."
Occasional rifles cracked. A cloud that shone,
Gold-rimmed, blackened the sun and then was gone. . . .
The sun still smiled. The grass sang in its play.
Someone whistled: "Over the hills and far away."
Gates watched silently the swift, swift sun
Burning his life before it was begun. . . .

Suddenly he heard Corporal Timmins' voice: "Now then,
'Urry up with that tea."
"Hi Ginger!" "Bill!" His men!
Timmins and Jones and Wilkinson (the "bard"),
And Hughes and Simpson. It was hard
Not to see them: Wilkinson, stubby, grim,
With his "No, sir," "Yes, sir," and the slim

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2. **"Very" light**, balls of red and green fire shot into the air. The arrangement in groups denoted numbers which have a meaning in a code.

Simpson: "Indeed, sir?" (while it seemed
he winked
Because his smiling left eye always
blinked),
And Corporal Timmins, straight and blond
and wise,
With his quiet-scanning, level, hazel
eyes;
And all the others . . . tunics that didn't
fit . . .
A dozen different sorts of eyes. Oh, it
Was hard to lie there! Yet he must. But
no;
"I've got to die. I'll get to them. I'll go."

Inch by inch he fought, breathless and
mute,
Dragging his carcass like a famished
brute . . .
His head was hammering, and his eyes
were dim;
A bloody sweat seemed to ooze out of him
And freeze along his spine. . . . Then he'd
lie still
Before another effort of his will
Took him one nearer yard.

. . . . . .

The parapet was reached.
He could not rise to it. A lookout
screeched:
"Mr. Gates!"
Three figures in one breath
Leaped up. Two figures fell in toppling
death;
And Gates was lifted in. "Who's hit?"
said he.
"Timmins and Jones." "Why did they
that for me?—
I'm gone already!" Gently they laid him
prone
And silently watched.
He twitched. They heard him moan
"Why for me?" His eyes roamed round,
and none replied.
"I see it was alone I should have died."
They shook their heads. Then, "Is the
doctor here?"
"He's coming, sir; he's hurryin', no fear,"
"No good . . .
Lift mé." They lifted him.
He smiled and held his arms out to the
dim,
And in a moment passed beyond their
ken,
Hearing him whisper, "Oh, my men, my
men!"

RETURN OF THE SOLDIER*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

The last flash . . . and the hideous attack
Dies like a wisp of storm-discouraged
flame;
And soon these battered heroes will come
back
The same, yet not the same.

They who have bandied words in No
Man's Land
Will never be the old and abject crowd;
They will not grovel and they will not
stand
What used to keep them cowed.

They will be dumb no longer; they will
speak
In tones they learned beneath a blood-red
sun;
A constant menace to the cowardly meek
And to all wars but one.

Strengthened to fight what all the world
abhors,
Hypocrisy and squalor and disease,
They will attain, even through war on wars,
What they had lost in peace.

*From *Roast Leviathan*, by Louis Untermeyer, copyright 1923 by Harcourt, Brace and Company; by permission of the author and the publishers.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Agincourt. Compare this poem, as a story of the battle, with the account in *Henry V*. Is the characterization of the King the same? Drayton's poem is a ballad. What are the characteristics of this form of literature? Describe the stanza of the poem.

Defeat of the Armada. 1. What differences can you point out between a naval battle in the sixteenth century and one in the twentieth? Why did the Armada carry so many soldiers? Would fire-ships be important in a modern engagement? Would the direction and strength of the wind play such an important part?

2. Report to the class on the deeds of Hawkins, Frobisher, and Drake before the Armada year.

3. What "victory as great as the victory over the Armada" is referred to in the last paragraph? Why was it significant?

The Admiral's Ghost and *Drake's Drum.* 1. Before reading these poems you should look up the history of Drake from the Armada to his death, noting the circumstances of his death. You should also look up the Battle of Trafalgar.

2. What details of the personal appearance of Nelson are given in "The Admiral's Ghost"?

3. In what ways does this poem remind you of "The Ancient Mariner"?

4. Compare "Drake's Drum" with the poem by Mr. Noyes. What differences in language do you notice? In theme? Which poem do you prefer, and why?

The Volunteer. 1. Why does he think of his days as *drifting* away? Why are the skies called "phantom"? Why does he picture an "oriflamme"? Why is he spoken of as *living* only in the hour of his death? In what sense does he "join the men of Agincourt"? Why are they thought of as the most heroic men in English history?

2. Note the rime-scheme of this poem. If you indicate each rime by a letter, the lines of the first stanza rime thus: *a b b a c d c d.* How does the second rime? What is the effect of the rime on you: solemn, grave, light, gay, impressive, frivolous? Does the meter help the effect of the rime? Quote specific lines to illustrate your opinion.

Comrades. Where does the action of the poem take place? What is the situation? As a scene from modern warfare, how does it compare with the camp scene in *Henry V*? How does the heroism differ from that alluded to in Henry's address to his soldiers?

Return of the Soldier. State the thought of this poem in your own language.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

AN INTRODUCTION

In the biographical sketch of Charles Dickens, given in the Appendix, page 615, you will learn something of the career of this great writer. His story is an illustration of what may be accomplished by genius under conditions that seem to point to failure or to a commonplace life. Even the hardships of Dickens's boyhood, and the sordidness of the scenes that surrounded it—the wretched tenements, the filthy streets, the warehouses, the prisons, and the miserable schools, became materials which he transmuted into the gold of literature. His father spent some time in a debtor's prison; often the house was almost destitute of furniture because of the necessity for pawning everything of value in order to get food; the boy was compelled to work long hours for a mere pittance when he should have been in school; he was eager for a fine education, but had almost no chance. Law-clerk, stenographer, newspaper reporter, he studied people and places. He observed keenly traits of character, and was sensitive to the humor as well as the pathos of life. In the crowds of the streets he found suggestions for the people that fill the pages of his novels. Many of these imaginary personages have become immortal: Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Bill Sykes, Mr. Peggotty, Mr. Micawber, Little Nell, Tiny Tim. Few novelists have created so many characters that seem endowed with real life, so that we speak of them as we speak of people well known to us.

To this Dickens gallery of portraits *A Tale of Two Cities* adds some notable figures. It is a thrilling story, to be read for the enjoyment that it brings you. But it is something more. Like all great stories, it translates human life into pictures that are deathless. You know, perhaps, people who would make good characters in a story, and you know stories about them that reveal their generosity or their pettiness or their high ideals. But by and by you may forget them, or you will yourself no longer be among them; they themselves will die. This is not true of Sydney Carton or Lucie or Doctor Manette. They are immortal. As long as language is understood by human beings their story will be renewed. In part this is true because of the marvel-

ous clearness with which they are delineated. In part it is because they have been created by a man who loved his fellows, enjoyed their absurdities, sympathized with their sufferings, realized how love may conquer even death.

There is yet another reason why this story should appeal to you. It is an interpretation of a period of revolution when the old national ideal was passing away. Since Agincourt, and since that stirring time when Shakespeare wrote his drama about his ideal king for audiences filled with national enthusiasm, great changes had taken place among men. The Elizabethan voyagers had been followed by thousands of colonists who had built up a great English dominion in America. These colonies, at the time when the story opens, were declaring their own independence of any government save only the government which they had set up over themselves. In England it had been determined a century earlier that the king was only the agent of Parliament, but Parliament was not yet fully representative of the people. The poor man had few privileges. For even slight offenses he might be thrown into prison. If he should even cut down a tree without permission from some great man he might be sentenced to death. His burden of taxes was not lightened merely because Parliament, instead of the king, fixed the amount. Most of all, he had no chance. He could not rise from a low position to one of comfort and power. In France, conditions were far more terrible, for even the measure of freedom that England enjoyed was there unknown. Revolution was under way in England, but it was not attended by any such frightful explosion as produced the French Terror.

Though the English government was far from being completely democratic, the people were more or less content because the national leaders were responsible to the parliament. The French, on the other hand, were discontented, because they regarded the nobility as their enemies. The noble lived in luxury, while the peasant in the country or the worker in the towns had to give more than four-fifths of his income to support that luxury. There was no rule about what a man should pay. If the tax gatherers found feathers in front of his door, they concluded that he lived on fowl and could pay more taxes. His life was often too miserable to be worth living. An English traveler talked with a French woman in the roadway whom he took to be about seventy years of age. He found later that she was only twenty-seven.

These conditions resulted in a great effort of the French people to secure a freedom patterned somewhat after that of the English. *A Tale of Two Cities* will give, in the course of an absorbing story, vivid pictures of life in both London and Paris during that period. It will show you how different the two peoples were. The English national spirit had developed a form of government in which the people had a share. In France, on the other hand, a bloody revolution, followed by years of anarchy, was necessary in order to bring about such participation of the people in state affairs.

The background of this story is England and France during this period of revolution. The two cities are London and Paris. Dickens is not trying to portray the Revolution itself, though he was inspired by Carlyle's great history and brooded over the subject for a year before he began to write. His method is somewhat like that of Shakespeare in dealing with Agincourt. He gives little pictures, vivid portraits, helps you to see and to feel. He also gives you the impression of the helplessness of men and women in the grasp of the mighty storms that now and then sweep through human destinies. There is little justice; innocent as well as guilty perish. The very people who had been most cruelly injured by tyranny became, for the time being, the worst of tyrants. The pity and the love and the triumph of the soul over circumstance are revealed by the author as well as the sordidness and beastliness that are in man. The old national ideal had passed; a new national ideal, based on democracy, was being born. Our story deals with some of the human lives caught in the tempest of the transition.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Charles Dickens

BOOK THE FIRST—CHAPTER V

THE WINE-SHOP

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group, or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of everyone to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a doorstep the little pot of hot ashes at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away, to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine,

in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees—BLOOD.

The time was to come when that wine too would be spilled on the stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and regrinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and plowed into every furrow of age, and coming up afresh, was the sign Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of firewood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of anything to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred into atomies in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow, winding street, full of offense and stench, with other narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and nightcaps, and all smelling of rags and nightcaps, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about enduring or inflicting. The trade signs—and they were almost as many as the shops—were all grim illustrations of Want: the butcher and the porkman painted up only the leanest scrags of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meager loaves. The people, rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition save tools and weapons; but the

cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gunmaker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement, with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all; which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamplighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For the time was to come when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamplighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long, as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over France shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, fine in song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of the shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way:

"Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe, too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me, thou—is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand—perhaps accidently, perhaps not—upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic, dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was—quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then recrossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humored looking on the whole, but implacable looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution

and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge, being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large earrings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is our man."

"What the devil do *you* do in that gallery there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilt wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! So much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Am I right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly rustled in her seat.

"Hold then! True!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen—my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she glanced in a casual manner round the wine-shop, took up her knitting with great apparent calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good-day. The chamber, furnished bachelor-fashion, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the fifth floor. The doorway of the staircase gives on the little courtyard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were studying his wife at her knitting when the elderly gentleman advanced from his corner, and begged the favor of a word.

"Willingly, sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost at the first word, Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted with nimble fingers and steady eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop thus, joined Monsieur Defarge in the doorway to which he had directed his other company just before. It opened from a stinking little black courtyard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a great number of people. In the gloomy, tile-paved entry to the gloomy, tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge bent down on one knee to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all gently done; a very remarkable transformation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, angry, dangerous man.

"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus, Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him, who should be with him?" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I would take him, and, at my peril be discreet —as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirits grew heavier and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded parts of Paris, would be bad enough now; but at that time it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high build-

ing—that is to say, the room or rooms within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition, so engendered, would have polluted the air, even if poverty and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere, by a steep, dark shaft of dirt and poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each of these stoppages was made at a doleful grating, by which any languishing good airs that were left uncorrupted seemed to escape, and all spoiled and sickly vapors seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighborhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

At last the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended, before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded to be asked any question by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

30. Notre Dame, Paris's most famous cathedral.

"The door is locked, then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Aye. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened — rave — tear himself to pieces — die — come to I know not what harm — if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room-door, and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it

had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged, through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned, and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well."

"*I* think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall. Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention he drew the key across it three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely around the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He set her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark; for the window, of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street; unglazed, and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold, one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty

portion of light was admitted through these means that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see anything; and long habit alone could have slowly formed in anyone the ability to do any work requiring nicety in such obscurity. Yet work of that kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back toward the door, and his face toward the window, where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

BOOK THE THIRD—CHAPTER VI

TRIUMPH

The dread Tribunal of five judges, public prosecutor, and determined jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailers of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailer-joke was, "Come out and listen to the evening paper, you inside there!"

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay!" So at last began the evening paper at La Force.

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass away so.

His bloated jailer, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pause at each name. There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to; for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in jail and been forgotten, and two had already been guillotined and forgotten. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the Massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the scaffold.

There were hurried words of farewell and kindness, but the parting was soon over. It was the incident of every day, and the society of La Force were engaged in the preparation of some games of forfeits and a little concert, for that evening. They crowded to the grates and shed tears there; but, twenty places in the projected entertainments had to be refilled, and the time was, at best, short to the lock-up hour, when the common rooms and corridors would be delivered over to the great dogs who kept watch there through the night. The prisoners were far from insensible or unfeeling; their ways arose out of the condition of the time. Similarly, though with a subtle difference, a species of fervor or intoxication, known, without doubt, to have led some persons to brave the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, was not mere boastfulness, but a wild infection of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons of pestilence some of us will have a secret attraction to the disease—a terrible passing inclination to die of it. And all of us have like wonders hidden in our breasts, only needing circumstances to evoke them.

The passage to the *Conciergerie* was short and dark; the night in its vermin-haunted cells was long and cold. Next day, fifteen prisoners were put to the bar before Charles Darnay's name was called. All the fifteen were condemned, and the trials of the whole occupied an hour and a half.

48. **Massacre.** Several hundred prisoners—"aristocrats"—were slaughtered by the populace at one time. 83. **Conciergerie,** the prison to which the condemned, and those about to be tried, were taken.

"Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay," was at length arraigned.

His judges sat upon the Bench in feathered hats; but the rough red cap and tricolored cockade was the headdress otherwise prevailing. Looking at the jury and the turbulent audience, he might have thought that the usual order of things was reversed, and that the felons were trying the honest men. The lowest, cruelest, and worst populace of a city, never without its quantity of low, cruel, and bad, were the directing spirits of the scene; noisily commenting, applauding, disapproving, anticipating, and precipitating the result, without a check. Of the men, the greater part were armed in various ways; of the women, some wore knives, some daggers, some ate and drank as they looked on, many knitted. Among these last was one with a spare piece of knitting under her arm as she worked. She was in a front row, by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but, what he most noticed in the two figures was that, although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked toward him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the tribunal, who wore their usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the *Carmagnole*.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree; he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England.

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—he submitted before the word emigrant in the present acceptation by the Tribunal was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses—Théophile Gabelle and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England, the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the well-known good physician rent the hall. So capriciously were

46. **Carmagnole**, French revolutionists. See page 318.

the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way, Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. The same cautious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why had he returned to France when he did and not sooner.

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature. He had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of the Republic?

The populace cried enthusiastically "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them. Which it did not, for they continued to cry "No!" until they left off, of their own will.

The President required the name of that citizen. The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the *Abbaye*—in fact, had rather passed out of the Tribunal's patriotic remembrance—until three days ago; when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered, as to himself, by the surrender of the citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but as he proceeded, as he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that, so far from being in favor with the aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and friend of the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and with the straightforward force of truth and earnestness, the jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial and could corroborate his account of it, the jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the jurymen voted aloud and individually), the populace

set up a shout of applause. All the voices were in the prisoner's favor, and the President declared him free.

Then began one of those extraordinary scenes with which the populace sometimes gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses toward generosity and mercy, or which they regarded as some set-off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of these motives such extraordinary scenes were referable; it is probable, to a blending of all the three, with the second predominating. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that after his long and unwholesome confinement he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion; none the less because he knew very well that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together, next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost that these five came down to him before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, "Long live the Republic!"

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in court—except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted, seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either out of the court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph, not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red caps heaving about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces, that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the guillotine.

In wild, dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican color, in winding and tramping through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the courtyard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before, to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet, she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawling crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly all the rest fell to dancing, and the court-

yard overflowed with the *Carmagnole.* Then they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the *Carmagnole* absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle against the water-spout of the *Carmagnole:* after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round his neck; and after embracing the ever zealous and faithful Pross, who lifted her, he took his wife in his arms, and carried her up to their rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe."

"O dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her,

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast, as she had laid his poor head on her breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength.

"You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved him."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Preliminary Reports

1. One report should deal with the conditions in France before the French Revolution. The student will find material for this talk in almost any school history; e.g., Robinson and Beard, *Outlines of European History,* Chapter v; Webster, *Modern European History,* Chapter vi. Another brief treatment is by Carleton Hayes, *Modern Europe,* Chapters xiii-xiv.

2. A second report should deal with the phases of the French Revolution, particularly down to 1793. Convenient sources are: Robinson and Beard, Chapters vi, vii; Webster, Chapter vii; Hayes, Chapter xv; Hilaire Belloc, *French Revolution,* Chapter iv. The students who make this report should make the half-dozen important dates stand out.

Questions and Topics

BOOK THE FIRST

Chapter I. Dickens begins by describing life in England during the reign of George III and in France during the time of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Why does he make so much of the superstition, of the cruel severity of law in France, and of the variety of crime in England?

Chapter II. 1. Why is everyone in the coach so much afraid? 2. What was the message sent to Mr. Lorry? 3. Why did he send back only "Recalled to life"?

Chapter III. 1. What is to be Mr. Lorry's mission? 2. In what sense do you suppose the person has been buried?

Chapter IV. 1. How far is the journey from London to Dover? 2. How did a gentleman's dress in 1775 differ from that of today? 3. Where had Mr. Lorry seen Miss Manette before? 4. What was the early history of Dr. Manette? 5. Why was he imprisoned? 6. Why is Mr. Lorry so very cautious about removing him from France? 7. Why does Miss Manette faint?

Chapter V. 1. Why does Dickens give the scene in front of the wine-shop? 2. Why does he include Gaspard, the tall joker? 3. Why does Defarge reprove Gaspard? 4. What system of signals have Defarge and his wife? 5. Why does she repeat it at every repetition of the word Jacques? 6. What is Defarge's relation to Miss Manette? 7. Why had the three Jacqueses gone up to see Dr Manette? 8. Why was Dr. Manette kept locked in so dark a garret?

Chapter VI. 1. Why had Dr. Manette lost his mind? 2. Why cannot Mr. Lorry recognize him? 3. Why does Dr. Manette recognize

Lucie? 4. What is your chief feeling about Dr. Manette—pity for his condition or indignation at his imprisonment? Why?

General Reports on Book the First

1. Report to the class in a connected fashion a comparison of 1775 and the present. You will wish to include such matters as safety of person, care of roads and streets, modes of travel, hotel accommodations. Be as concrete as you can in your illustration of each point, both in 1775 and now.

2. Report on Dickens's notion of the causes of the French Revolution. Was it poverty or injustice or both that caused it? Why do you think so?

3. Why does Dickens place the first book in 1775—to get the story started or to show the causes of the French Revolution? Why does he entitle it "Recalled to Life"?

BOOK THE SECOND

Chapter I. 1. Contrast Tellson's with a modern bank. 2. What business does Jerry follow at night that muddies his shoes? 3. Why does he object to his wife's praying?

Chapter II. 1. How is treason punished today? 2. Perhaps someone can compare, with diagrams, a modern court-room with the one at Old Bailey.

Chapter III. 1. What notion of John Barsad do you form from the cross-examination? 2. Of Roger Cly from his cross-examination? 3. Does Mr. Lorry's testimony help or hurt the prisoner? How? 4. Miss Manette's? Why? 5. How does Mr. Carton help the prisoner? Why? 6. Why does Mr. Carton notice Miss Manette and talk to Mr. Darnay? 7. What is the attitude of the audience throughout the trial? 8. Why was Darnay acquitted? 9. A good way to think out this trial is to divide a sheet of paper into two columns. In the left, jot down all the evidence for his conviction as a traitor; in the right, all the evidence against his conviction. On which side do you think the stronger evidence lies?

Chapter IV. 1. What has brought about the change in Dr. Manette? 2. Why does he look at Darnay closely? 3. Do you like or dislike Mr. Carton? Why? 4. Why does he bring Miss Manette into his conversation with Darnay?

Chapter V. 1. Why is Carton called a jackal? What has been his past history? 2. Why has he not succeeded? 3. Why has Stryver?

Chapter VI. 1. Why does Miss Pross believe in her brother Solomon? 2. Why does Dr. Manette keep his workbench and tools? 3. Why does Darnay's story of the Tower affect Dr. Manette as it does? 4. What does Lucie mean by "footsteps that are coming by-and-by in our lives"?

Chapter VII. 1. What causes of the French Revolution does Dickens give in telling of Monseigneur? Draw up a list. 2. How does the scene differ from the one in front of the wine-shop? 3. Who is the gentleman who devotes Monseigneur "to the Devil"? 4. Where have we seen Gaspard before? 5. Who threw the coin into the Marquis's carriage? 6. Why does Madame Defarge continue to knit?

Chapter VIII. 1. Why are the people in the country so poor? 2. Who was the man under the Marquis's carriage? Why had he stuck there? 3. What causes of the French Revolution are revealed in this chapter?

Chapter IX. 1. What did the Marquis see or hear at the window? 2. Why has Darnay visited his uncle? 3. How do he and his uncle differ? Why does his uncle hate him? 4. Why does he refuse to follow his uncle's wishes? 5. Why does the Marquis ask about Manette and his daughter? 6. Who murdered the Marquis? Why do you think so? 7. Does this chapter throw any light on why Darnay was tried for treason?

Chapter X. 1. Why does Dr. Manette not look at Darnay while the latter refers to the doctor's "old love" and talks of his own? 2. Why will he not permit Darnay to reveal his true name? 3. Why did he go back to his shoemaking?

Chapter XI. 1. Is Stryver's opinion of Carton well-founded? That is, do you think Lucie would agree with him? 2. Do you agree with Stryver's opinion of himself? Why? Do you think Carton did? Why? 3. Does Stryver's advice to Carton show that he is a "tender man"?

Chapter XII. 1. The English law-courts sat for four brief terms: Hilary, January 11–31; Easter, April 15–May 8; Trinity, May 22–June 12; Michaelmas, November 2–25. When would the long vacation come? 2. Why did not Miss Manette go with Stryver to Vauxhall or Ranelagh? 3. Why did he think that Miss Manette would accept him? Did he love her? 4. Why does Mr. Lorry advise him not to offer himself? 5. Why does Mr. Lorry become angry at Mr. Stryver? 6. What traits of Stryver's come out in his explanations to Mr. Lorry at the close of the chapter? 7. Is the title of the chapter appropriate?

Chapter XIII. 1. What purpose had Carton in calling on Lucie? 2. What effect has she had on him? 3. Why does she consent to keep his revelation a secret? 4. Do you think he could not reform? 5. Do you think his promise

to her to "give his life to keep a life you love beside you" one he could keep? 6. Is this chapter well named?

Chapter XIV. 1. Do you think the mob very intelligent? 2. Why is it incensed at Roger Cly? 3. Why did Jerry call on the distinguished surgeon? 4. What kind of fishing did Jerry engage in? 5. Why was he in an ill humor the next morning?

Chapter XV. 1. Why was everyone curious about the return of Defarge? 2. Why does the mender of roads meet the three Jacqueses? 3. Who was the tall man who was put in prison? 4. Why had Defarge presented a petition to the King? 5. Why was he roughly treated? 6. The story about Damiens is true. What does it show about French nobility? 7. What action does the narrative of the mender of roads lead to? 8. How was the register kept? Do you think it could be successfully so kept? 9. How does the mender of roads differ from the other Jacqueses?

Chapter XVI. 1. Why does the guard tell Defarge so minutely of the new spy? 2. Why should Defarge be discouraged? 3. Why does Madame Defarge put the rose in her hair? 4. For whom is Barsad a spy? 5. Why does Barsad tell of Lucie's marriage? 6. Why is Darnay's name included in the register? 7. Do you agree with Defarge's praise of his wife?

Chapter XVII. Is this chapter pathetic to you? Point out particular passages.

Chapter XVIII. 1. Is Mr. Lorry a mere man of business? That is, has he no sentiment? 2. What did Darnay tell Dr. Manette just before the wedding? 3. Why does Dr. Manette return to the shoemaking? 4. Why cannot Mr. Lorry get him to take a walk?

Chapter XIX. 1. Why does Mr. Lorry talk to Dr. Manette about the Doctor's relapse? 2. What caused "the strong and extraordinary revival" of which the Doctor speaks? 3. Was Mr. Lorry wise in urging the destruction of the bench?

Chapter XX. 1. Why does Carton ask permission to visit in the new home? 2. Why does Lucie speak to her husband about Carton?

Chapter XXI. 1. Do you think the little boy who dies talks like a real child? 2. What qualities of Carton's do you like here? 3. The storming of the Bastille was one of the most famous events of the French Revolution. A member of the class should report on it. An account which gave Dickens many suggestions is Carlyle, *French Revolution*, Part I, Book V, Chapters VI, VII. The student might read to the class the most striking parts, particularly the letter of Quéret Démery. He should point out resemblances in Dickens. Perhaps some student will wish to give the historical setting of the fall of the Bastille. A good report can be made from Shailer Mathews, *The French Revolution*, Chapter X, "The Uprising of the Masses."

Chapter XXII. 1. Do you like or dislike the part the women take in the riots? 2. What estimate do you make now of Madame Defarge? 3. Some member of the class should report on Carlyle, Part I, Book V, Chapter IX, reading the most impressive parts of the episode of Foulon. The class should then point out differences between the accounts of Dickens and Carlyle.

Chapter XXIII. 1. How had the mender of roads learned the meaning of the various signs used by the visitor? 2. Where had he come from? 3. Who is Monsieur Gabelle and why is he alarmed? 4. Why do the people wish to interview him? 5. Why do they not break in?

Chapter XXIV. 1. The student who is eager to follow the history of the Revolution to 1792 can find it in Robinson and Beard, *Outlines of European History*, Chapters VI, VII. If he desires more details, let him read Carlton Hayes, *A Political and Social History of Modern Europe*, Part III, Chapter XV. He will find still more in Shailer Mathews, *The French Revolution*, Chapters XI-XIV. 2. Why do the French refugees hate St. Evrémonde? 3. Why does Stryver hate him? 4. Why does Gabelle suppose Darnay can help him? 5. Why does Darnay suppose he can help Gabelle? 6. Why does he give no names to Mr. Lorry? 7. Did Darnay act rightly in leaving secretly?

General Questions on Book the Second

1. (*a*) On what occasions has Darnay been registered for death by Madame Defarge? Make each one clear. (*b*) Recall your history to determine whether August, 1792, was a particularly safe date on which to go to Paris. (*c*) Has Darnay's life been fortunate or unfortunate up to this point? Give reasons.

2. (*a*) Dickens is famous for his descriptions. Think back over the story, and jot down the various scenes that arise in your mind. You might glance hastily at the successive chapters to add to the list. (*b*) What are the six most vivid scenes so far? What makes them particularly striking? Verbs? Adjectives? Adverbs? (*c*) Which scenes are most important for the story, so that they should be drawn for an illustrated edition?

3. (*a*) You have now a pretty complete notion of Dickens's understanding of the causes of the French Revolution. Draw up a list of

the causes; as, unjust taxes, oppressive power of the nobility, and so on. Relate an instance of each in this part. (*b*) Some student should report on a historian's explanation of the causes. Brief accounts you can find in Robinson and Beard, Chapters v, vi; Carlton Hayes, Chapters xiii, xiv (part), and xv (part); and for the enthusiast, a fuller account, in Shailer Mathews, Chapters i-viii. The students who report on the history ought to draw up a list of the chief causes and show whether Dickens emphasizes the most important ones.

BOOK THE THIRD

Chapter I. 1. How do the people in Beauvais know Darnay is an aristocrat? 2. Where have we heard of Beauvais before? 3. Why is such strict watch kept at the gates of Paris? 4. How does Defarge happen to be there? 5. How does Defarge feel about Darnay? 6. How does La Force differ from modern jails and prisons, in construction and treatment of prisoners?

Chapter II. How had Dr. Manette and Lucie been able to enter Paris without being sent to prison? These famous September Massacres are explained very clearly in Shailer Mathews, Chapter xv. Very vivid glimpses are given in Carlyle, Part III, Book I, Chapters iv, v. Selected students should report on each of these.

Chapter III. 1. What, in your opinion, is Madame Defarge's purpose in going to Lucie's apartment? 2. Why is Lucie afraid of her? 3. What impression do you form of Madame Defarge from her reply to Lucie's appeal?

Chapter IV. 1. What influence, do you suppose, kept Darnay from being freed? 2. Why does not the excitement cause Dr. Manette to relapse? The political events of this period will be clearer if some student reports on Robinson and Beard, Chapter vii; or on Carlton Hayes, Vol. I, pages 500-512.

Chapter V. 1. Why is the mender of roads now in Paris? 2. Why is he interested in Lucie? 3. Why does Mr. Lorry hide his visitor?

Chapter VI. 1. Why is Darnay freed by the court? 2. Why do not the Defarges look at him? 3. Compare this trial with the earlier one in England. You will probably include such topics as the judge or president, the jury, the attorneys, the audience, the charge, the result. What part did the earlier trial play in this one?

Chapter VII. 1. Why doesn't Darnay leave Paris at once? 2. Why is he arrested?

Chapter VIII. 1. Why does Solomon think Miss Pross will be the death of him? 2. How does Carton happen to appear at this minute? 3. Why does Barsad go with him to the Bank? 4. How did Carton learn of Darnay's arrest? 5. What does the spy mean by "You need have good cards"? 6. What cards has Carton? 7. What additional reasons to fear had Barsad? 8. What new card does Carton find? 9. How does Jerry's disclosure help Carton? 10. Why does Carton talk with Barsad apart?

Chapter IX. 1. Do you find any new trait in Carton in this chapter? 2. Why do you suppose Carton wishes to talk with Mr. Lorry? 3. Why is the mender of roads amused by the Guillotine? 4. Can you explain the thoughts that come to Carton on his walk? 5. Where have we met a member of the jury before? 6. What new facts in the life of Defarge do we learn?

Chapter X. 1. What does the E on the scarf stand for? 2. Why does the boy make such an effort to tell his whole story? 3. Why does he mention his younger sister? 4. Why did the brothers, the nobles, not wish Manette to speak of the case? 5. What particular reason have they for disliking Manette? 6. Why does Manette not accept the gold? 7. Why does he write to the minister? 8. Why does the Marquis call on Manette? 9. How did the Marquis get the letter? 10. How was he able to put Manette in the Bastille?

Chapter XI. 1. Do Darnay and Lucie act naturally? 2. What had Carton in mind when he said, "A life you love"? 3. Why did he suggest to Dr. Manette further effort?

Chapter XII. 1. Why does Defarge wish vengeance to stop at Darnay? 2. What special reason has Madame Defarge for wishing to exterminate Lucie and her daughter? 3. Why has Dr. Manette relapsed? 4. When had Carton thought out all these directions he gives to Mr. Lorry? 5. Is Carton now the same man we have seen in earlier chapters?

Chapter XIII. 1. What mysteries are cleared up in Darnay's letter to Lucie? 2. Find out from your family physician whether there is any such mixture of powders as Carton employs. Who invented anæsthetics? When? 3. Where does Carton show strength of will? 4. What quality comes out in his conversation with the seamstress? 5. What is the most interesting incident in the chapter?

Chapter XIV. 1. What is your frank opinion of Madame and Jacques Three? 2. What is now her purpose in visiting Lucie? 3. Was it an accident that Miss Pross was left behind? 4. Why does Jerry vow to reform? Does it seem natural? 5. Would Madame Defarge have chosen this form of death? Why do you think so? Was it an appropriate death? 6. Why did Miss Pross lose her hearing?

Chapter XV. 1. What light on Carton does the seamstress's conversation throw? 2. Do you think his death appropriate? Compare it with Madame Defarge's death. 3. What reward does he receive for his sacrifice? 4. Find out what the Place de la Concorde in Paris is and what it looks like today.

General Questions on Book the Third

1. (*a*) Is the third book more, or less, interesting than the second? Why? (*b*) In which are the events themselves more absorbing? (*c*) In which is the suspense stronger; that is, in which are you more eager to find out what is going to happen? (*d*) In which are the events more natural; that is, more likely to happen?

2. (*a*) What scenes in this part are most vivid? Turn through the chapters rapidly to see that you have missed no important ones. (*b*) What is the general impression in each of these scenes?

3. (*a*) Do historical events occupy a more, or less, important place in Book the Third than in Book the Second? (*b*) Are they more, or less, closely connected with the plot? In both cases, make definite comparison of the prominence and kind of event.

4. How faithful to history is Dickens in this Book? A very good basis for making this comparison is *The French Revolution*, by Shailer Mathews, Chapter xv, which covers the period described by Dickens.

The Novel As a Whole

1. (*a*) Are you more interested in the scenes in England and in France, or in the train of events, or in the characters? Can you explain why? (*b*) Which do you think Dickens was most interested in while he was writing?

2. (*a*) Do you think the English or the French scenes are the more vivid? (*b*) Which seem to you the more real? (*c*) Are these scenes necessary for the story, or to reveal the characters, or to throw light on the conditions of the time? (*d*) In your opinion, which is the most realistic scene in the book? (*e*) Which is the most horrible?

3. If you were preparing a movie version of the story, what six scenes would you make most prominent? Would you emphasize them because of their importance in the story or because they would be fascinating to watch on the screen?

4. (*a*) In your movie version, how many reels would you provide for? (*b*) What would be the topic or section of the story allotted to each? Justify your selection by showing how each reel would help the audience to understand the other reels, particularly the last.

5. (*a*) Dickens conceived this romance while he was acting in a play, and when he was writing it, he had in mind possible dramatization. If you were dramatizing it, would you have three, four, or five acts? (*b*) What parts of the story would go into each act? (*c*) What situations or incidents would you make particularly prominent? Justify your answer in each case. (*d*) Where would come the climax, or turning point? What incident is it? (*e*) Do you think the plot is good or bad for drama? Show why you think so.

6. (*a*) In the story, is every event the consequence of some earlier event? Or are some of the incidents merely episodes, having little connection with the current of events? (*b*) Does Dickens ever make use of coincidence; that is, do two events or two persons just happen together fortunately for the progress of the story? Cite passages to prove your answer. (*c*) Does this make the romance more or less interesting to you? More or less real? (*d*) Dickens often foreshadows coming events. Pick out several incidents that were mystifying to you at the first reading, but which were cleared up later, and show how they were cleared up.

7. (*a*) Novelists give the reader a notion of character in three ways: by describing and analyzing the persons, by having other characters talk about them, and by making the characters talk and act in a fitting manner. How many of these methods does Dickens use in this romance? Point out examples. (*b*) Which does he use most? Prove your statement. (*c*) Which in your opinion is the best method? Give your reasons.

8. (*a*) Which character is to you the most vivid? (*b*) Does Dickens succeed best with aristocrats, like the Marquis, or with humble people, like Miss Pross? (*c*) Does he idealize his characters or are they presented realistically? Cite examples to prove your point. (*d*) Dickens is sometimes said to make his famous characters the embodiment of some single trait. Illustrate this by reference to one of the persons in this story.

9. (*a*) Who is the hero of the story, Darnay or Carton? Give full reasons for your choice. Which is the more lifelike? (*b*) Do you agree with Carton that Lucie is "a golden-haired doll"? Give several instances of her appearances in the book to prove your point.

10. (*a*) What types of women did Dickens admire? (*b*) What was his purpose in writing this book? What evidence of it do you find in the book?

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. History

Belloc, Hilaire: *The French Revolution.* This interesting book is valuable for several features. The fundamental causes of the Revolution are discussed very clearly in Chapters I and II. The reader of Dickens will be interested in the portraits of the King and Queen in Chapter III. Chapter IV deals with the successive phases of the Revolution.

Carlyle, Thomas: *The French Revolution.* The very peculiar style in which this is written will make it hard reading at first. You should read at least the parts which Dickens followed pretty closely. See the questions and directions for Book II, Chapters XXI, XXII, XXXIV; Book III, Chapter II.

Mathews, Shailer: *The French Revolution.* This is one of the best brief histories. It will give the student all the information he needs. For comparison with Book III of *A Tale of Two Cities,* the student should read Chapter XV.

Robinson, James Harvey, and Beard, Charles A.: *Outlines of European History,* Part II. From the Opening of the Eighteenth Century to the Present. Chapters V-XV will carry the student down to the fall of Napoleon, 1815. They will give an excellent understanding of the whole period.

II. Novels Dealing with the French Revolution

Belloc, Hilaire: *The Girondin.* The hero has to enter the Republican army. You will think you have actually seen some of the events that end at the Battle of Valmy.

Dumas, Alexandre: *Ange Pitou.* One of the most dramatic episodes in this romance is the taking of the Bastille. It will introduce you to both the royal family and the Revolutionary leaders. It fills two volumes.

The Comtesse de Charny. This romance follows *Ange Pitou* and carries you through the Reign of Terror to the execution of Louis XVI. It will acquaint you with all the chief Revolutionary leaders.

Doyle, A. Conan: *Uncle Bernac, The Exploits of Brigadier Girard,* and *The Adventures of Girard.* These stories are as interesting as the author's more famous detective stories. They carry the reader down to the Battle of Waterloo, which in a way ends the revolution described by Dickens.

Gras, Felix: *The Reds of the Midi, The Terror,* and *The White Terror.* These three books will carry you from the fall of the Bastille through the career of Napoleon, probably without giving you a chance to stop. Read them in the order set down.

Hayens, Robert: *The Red Caps of Lyons.* This deals with the south of France.

Hugo, Victor: *Ninety-three.* One of the most vivid scenes in fiction is the account here of a Chouan stronghold which is besieged and set burning. There are many other splendid scenes.

Lytton, Edward Bulwer: *Zanoni.* This novel introduces you to Robespierre, René Dumas, and other interesting figures of the Reign of Terror.

Mitchell, S. Weir: *The Adventures of François.* You will follow this foundling's adventures with bated breath, for he has any number of surprising escapes.

Orczy, Baroness: *The Scarlet Pimpernel, I Will Repay, The Elusive Pimpernel, Lord Tony's Wife,* and *El Dorado.* There is as much mystery and adventure in these books as any boy or girl can desire.

Wentworth, Patricia: *A Marriage under Terror.* The suspense in this novel is kept up to the very last page. It will carry you through the Reign of Terror.

Wayman, Stanley J.: *The Red Cockade.* The narrator is a young Englishman, but he passes through many perils in France before the final page.

III. Other Novels by Dickens

Any novel by Dickens will furnish interesting reading, but the following have proved most popular with pupils reading *A Tale of Two Cities.*

Bleak House. This is a kind of detective story. Is the plot as good as the plot of *A Tale of Two Cities?* Are the men of law, Inspector Buckett, Mr. Tulkinghorn, and Mr. Guppy, at all like similar men today?

Christmas Stories—*The Chimes, A Christmas Carol, The Cricket on the Hearth.* How do these, or does any one of them, illustrate the spirit of Christmas as we know it today? How do they, or does it, illustrate the humor and pathos of Dickens?

David Copperfield. This is a very good novel to read for comparison with *A Tale of Two Cities.* It is often considered Dickens's masterpiece. It gives us a pretty good notion of his family and boyhood. Besides, it is a very interesting story. Why are Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, and Betsy Trotwood famous characters?

Dombey and Son. Do you like Paul Dombey? Which character do you hate most? How does Dombey differ from Sidney Carton? How does the death of Cark differ from the death of Carton? Why is Captain Cuttle comic? In what scenes is he most amusing?

Nicholas Nickleby. What purpose did Dickens have in writing this novel? What are the most humorous scenes? What are the most pathetic? Which characters are most odious? Name some of the instances of injustice in this novel. Could any of them occur today? Are schools today at all like the school in this book? Does anyone like Smike exist today?

Oliver Twist. Dickens wanted to improve the condition of the poorhouses by this novel. Do you think the book would accomplish this purpose? The story of little Oliver is very appealing. What are the most pathetic scenes? Which character do you hate most in the book? What characters besides Oliver do you love?

Old Curiosity Shop. Do you like little Nell better or less than Lucie in *A Tale of Two Cities?* What is the saddest scene before her death? What is the funniest scene in the book? Is there anyone in *A Tale of Two Cities* like Dick Swiveler or Quilp?

Pickwick Papers. At least a few of these sketches should be read. They contain some of the best humor in all of Dickens. Besides, they are the writings that made Dickens famous.

IV. Books about Dickens

Chesterton, G. K.: *Charles Dickens, A Critical Study.* This volume contains many original views about Dickens.

Dolby, G.: *Charles Dickens As I Knew Him.*

Forster, John: *Charles Dickens.* This standard life appears in two volumes, but there is an abridgment appearing in one volume.

Gissing, George: *Charles Dickens, a Critical Study.* This is one of the best critical studies of the great novelist.

Langton, Robert: *The Childhood and Youth of Dickens.*

Final Reports

1. From your reading of this novel and of history would you say that revolution is a good means of bringing about changes in a country? Support your opinion by referring to particular scenes in *A Tale of Two Cities.*

2. Each member of the class should report on one of the novels dealing with the French Revolution, listed under "Interesting Books." Suggestions given under each title may be supplemented by comparison with *A Tale of Two Cities.* (*a*) What period of the Revolution does each represent? (*b*) What historical characters are introduced? (*c*) Do you think the historical characters make the story more, or less, interesting? (*d*) Why did not Dickens introduce some of them? (*e*) Which novel, in your opinion, gives the better picture of the Revolution? (*f*) In which do you think the Revolution is more necessary to the plot? (*g*) Which is the more interesting narrative?

3. Each member of the class should also report on some other novel by Dickens. He should compare this novel with *A Tale of Two Cities.* (*a*) Which has the better plot? (*b*) In which is there the more humor? Compare two scenes. (*c*) Which has the more pathos? Again compare two scenes. (*d*) In which do the characters seem more real or true to life? Discuss characters that seem exaggerated. (*e*) Which contains the more odious charters? Compare two. (*f*) Which the more lovable characters? Again compare two.

4. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* treats of the same problem of alternating personality that Dickens presents in Dr. Manette. What is the difference in the way the change is brought about?

THE AMERICAN NATION

AN INTRODUCTION

The speech by Theodore Roosevelt that follows represents "The National Ideal" as it concerns our own time and our own nation. In brief compass it indicates the vicissitudes through which our country has passed—vicissitudes which parallel the crises in English and French history of which you have just been reading.

It is important also because of the speaker. Theodore Roosevelt was at the time serving his second term as president of the United States. He was a man of rare abilities. One of his admirers declares: "Since Cæsar, perhaps no one has attained among crowded duties and great responsibilities such high proficiency in so many separate fields of activity." He was an explorer and a lover of nature. He was also a student and writer of history. Consequently, when he speaks of the development of the American nation, he is on familiar ground. "With him, love of country was based upon complete knowledge. He knew his country's history as few men know it." Besides, he thought about what it means to be an American more than most public men of his time.

In this address you will find a definition of the National Spirit as interpreted for Americans by one of the greatest of Americans. Mr. Roosevelt dwells on the composite nature of our population, and on the contribution of each racial strain to the American character. He speaks of the manner in which the crises of our history have deepened and strengthened this character. The dangers of the present he finds in the vastness of the problems of self-government for a people so numerous and holding so great an expanse of territory as ours. And, finally, we come upon a definition of the American ideal in the passage beginning: "The corner stone of the Republic lies in our treating each man on his worth as a man."

The ideal of chivalry and feudalism was in personal loyalty to an overlord. The ideal of Elizabethan England was the same, except that the nation, personified in the sovereign, took the place of the older personal loyalty. The struggle of the French Revolution was one phase of that greater struggle, appearing in different places and at different times, which sought to realize the ideal of equal opportunity for people of all classes. To the working out of this ideal America has made notable contributions, and in the last paragraph of Roosevelt's address we find an eloquent characterization of the highest reach of the National Spirit, "a nation of men."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN NATION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

At the outset I wish to say a word of special greeting to the representatives of the foreign governments here present. They have come to assist us in celebrating what was in very truth the birthday of this nation, for it was here that the colonists first settled, whose incoming, whose growth from their own loins and by the addition of newcomers from abroad, was to make the people which one hundred sixty-nine years later assumed the solemn responsibilities and weighty duties of complete independence.

In welcoming all of you I must say a special word, first to the representative of the people of Great Britain and Ireland. The fact that so many of our people, of whom as it happens I myself am one, have but a very small portion of English blood in our veins in no way alters the other fact that this nation was founded by Englishmen, by the Cavalier and the Puritan. Their tongue, law, literature, the fund of their common thought, made an inheritance which all of us share, and marked deep the lines along which we have developed. It was the men of English stock who did most in casting the mold into which our national character was run.

Let me furthermore greet all of you, the representatives of the people of continental Europe. From almost every nation of Europe we have drawn some part of our blood, some part of our traits. This mixture of blood has gone on from the beginning, and with it has gone on a kind of development unexampled among peoples of the stock from which we spring; and hence today we differ sharply from, and yet in some ways are fundamentally akin to, all of the nations of Europe.

Again, let me bid you welcome, representatives of our sister Republics of this continent. In the larger aspect, your interests and ours are identical. Your problems and ours are in large part the same; and as we strive to settle them, I pledge you herewith on the part of this nation the heartiest friendship and good will.

Finally, let me say a special word of greeting to those representatives of the Asiatic nations who make up that newest East which is yet the most ancient East, the East of time immemorial. In particular, let me express a word of hearty welcome to the representative of the mighty island empire of Japan; that empire, which, in learning from the West, has shown that it had so much, so very much, to teach the West in return.

To all of you here gathered I express my thanks for your coming, and I extend to you my earnest wishes for the welfare of your several nations. The world has moved so far that it is no longer necessary to believe that one nation can rise only by thrusting another down. All far-sighted statesmen, all true patriots, now earnestly wish that the leading nations of mankind, as in their several ways they struggle constantly toward a higher civilization, a higher humanity, may advance hand in hand, united only in a generous rivalry to see which can best do its allotted work in the world. I believe that there is a rising tide in human thought which tends for righteous international peace; a tide which it behooves us to guide through ra-

tional channels to sane conclusions; and all of us here present can well afford to take to heart St. Paul's counsel: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

We have met today to celebrate the opening of the Exposition which itself commemorates the first permanent settlement of men of our stock in Virginia, the first beginning of what has since become this mighty Republic. Three hundred years ago a handful of English adventurers, who had crossed the ocean in what we should now call cockle-boats, as clumsy as they were frail, landed in the great wooded wilderness, the Indian-haunted waste, which then stretched down to the water's edge along the entire Atlantic coast. They were not the first men of European race to settle in what is now the United States, for there were already Spanish settlements in Florida and on the headwaters of the Rio Grande; and the French, who at almost the same time were struggling up the St. Lawrence, were likewise destined to form permanent settlements on the Great Lakes and in the valley of the Mississippi before the people of English stock went westward of the Alleghenies. Moreover, both the Dutch and the Swedes were shortly to found colonies between the two sets of English colonies, those that grew up around the Potomac and those that grew up on what is now the New England coast. Nevertheless, this landing at Jamestown possesses for us of the United States an altogether peculiar significance, and this without regard to our several origins. The men who landed at Jamestown and those who, thirteen years later, landed at Plymouth, all of English stock, and their fellow-settlers who during the next few decades streamed in after them, were those who took the lead in shaping the life history of this people in the colonial and revolutionary days. It was they who bent into definite shape our nation while it was still young enough most easily, most readily, to take on the characteristics which were to become part of its permanent life habit.

Yet let us remember that while this early English colonial stock has left deeper than all others upon our national life the mark of its strong twin individualities, the mark of the Cavalier and of the Puritan—nevertheless, this stock, not only from its environment but also from the presence with it of other stocks, almost from the beginning began to be differentiated strongly from any European people. As I have already said, about the time the first English settlers landed here, the Frenchman and the Spaniard, the Swede and the Dutchman, also came hither as permanent dwellers, who left their seed behind them to help shape and partially to inherit our national life. The German, the Irishman, and the Scotchman came later, but still in colonial times. Before the outbreak of the Revolution the American people, not only because of their surroundings, physical and spiritual, but because of the mixture of blood that had already begun to take place, represented a new and distinct ethnic type. This type has never been fixed in blood. All through the colonial days new waves of immigration from time to time swept hither across the ocean, now from one country, now from another. The same thing has gone on ever since our birth as a nation; and for the last sixty years the tide of immigration has been at the full. The newcomers are soon absorbed into our eager national life, and are radically and profoundly changed thereby, the rapidity of their assimilation being marvel-

ous. But each group of newcomers, as it adds its blood to the life, also changes it somewhat, and this change and growth and development have gone on steadily, generation by generation, throughout three centuries.

The pioneers of our people who first landed on these shores on that eventful day three centuries ago had before them a task which during the early years was of heartbreaking danger and difficulty. The conquest of a new continent is iron work. People who dwell in old civilizations and find that therein so much of humanity's lot is hard, are apt to complain against the conditions as being solely due to man and speak as if life could be made easy and simple if there were but a virgin continent in which to work. It is true that the pioneer life was simpler, but it was certainly not easier. As a matter of fact, the first work of the pioneers in taking possession of a lonely wilderness is so rough, so hard, so dangerous, that all but the strongest spirits fail. The early iron days of such a conquest search out alike the weak in body and the weak in soul. In the warfare against the rugged sternness of primeval Nature, only those can conquer who are themselves unconquerable. It is not until the first bitter years have passed that the life becomes easy enough to invite a mass of newcomers, and so great are the risk, hardship, and toil of the early years that there always exists a threat of lapsing back from civilization.

The history of the pioneers of Jamestown, of the founders of Virginia, illustrates the truth of all this. Famine and pestilence and war menaced the little band of daring men who had planted themselves alone on the edge of a frowning continent. Moreover, as men ever find, whether in the tiniest frontier community or in the vastest and most highly organized and complex civilized society, their worst foes were in their own bosoms. Dissension, distrust, the inability of some to work and the unwillingness of others, jealousy, arrogance and envy, folly and laziness—in short, all the shortcomings with which we have to grapple now, were faced by those pioneers, and at moments threatened their whole enterprise with absolute ruin. It was some time before the ground on which they had landed supported them, in spite of its potential fertility, and they looked across the sea for supplies. At one moment so hopeless did they become that the whole colony embarked, and was only saved from abandoning the country by the opportune arrival of help from abroad.

At last they took root in the land, and were already prospering when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. In a few years a great inflow of settlers began. Four of the present states of New England were founded. Virginia waxed apace. The Carolinas grew up to the south of it, and Maryland to the north of it. The Dutch colonies between, which had already absorbed the Swedish, were in their turn absorbed by the English. Pennsylvania was founded and, later still, Georgia. There were many wars with the Indians and with the dauntless captains whose banners bore the lilies of France. At last the British flag flew without a rival in all eastern North America. Then came the successful struggle for national independence.

For half a century after we became a separate nation there was comparatively little immigration to this country. Then the tide once again set hither, and has flowed in ever-increasing size until in each of the last three years a greater number of people came to these shores than had landed on

them during the entire colonial period. Generation by generation these people have been absorbed into the national life. Generally their sons, almost always their grandsons, are indistinguishable from one another and from their fellow-Americans descended from the colonial stock. For all alike the problems of our existence are fundamentally the same, and for all alike these problems change from generation to generation.

In the colonial period, and for at least a century after its close, the conquest of the continent, the expansion of our people westward, to the Alleghenies, then to the Mississippi, then to the Pacific, was always one of the most important tasks, and sometimes the most important, in our national life. Behind the first settlers the conditions grew easier, and in the older-settled regions of all the colonies life speedily assumed much of comfort and something of luxury; and though generally it was on a much more democratic basis than life in the Old World, it was by no means democratic when judged by our modern standards; and here and there, as in the tidewater regions of Virginia, a genuine aristocracy grew and flourished. But the men who first broke ground in the virgin wilderness, whether on the Atlantic coast, or in the interior, fought hard for mere life. In the early stages the frontiersman had to do battle with the savage, and when the savage was vanquished, there remained the harder strain of war with the hostile forces of soil and climate, with flood, fever, and famine. There was sickness, and bitter weather; there were no roads; there was a complete lack of all but the very roughest and most absolute necessaries. Under such circumstances the men and women who made ready the continent for civilization were able themselves to spend but little time in doing aught but the rough work which was to make smooth the ways of their successors. In consequence observers whose insight was spoiled by lack of sympathy always found both the settlers and their lives unattractive and repellent. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* the description of America, culminating in the description of the frontier town of Eden, was true and lifelike from the standpoint of one content to look merely at the outer shell; and yet it was a community like Eden that gave birth to Abraham Lincoln; it was men such as were therein described from whose loins Andrew Jackson sprang.

Hitherto each generation among us has had its allotted task, now heavier, now lighter. In the Revolutionary War the business was to achieve independence. Immediately afterwards there was an even more momentous task: that to achieve the national unity and the capacity for orderly development, without which our liberty, our independence, would have been a curse and not a blessing. In each of these two contests, while there were many great leaders from many different states, it is but fair to say that the foremost place was taken by the soldiers and the statesmen of Virginia; and to Virginia was reserved the honor of producing the hero of both movements, the hero of the war, and of the peace that made good the results of the war—George Washington; while the two great political tendencies of the time can be symbolized by the names of two other great Virginians—Jefferson and Marshall—from one of whom we inherit the abiding trust in the people which is the foundation stone of democracy, and from the other the power to develop on behalf of the people a coherent and powerful government, a genuine and representative nationality.

56. **Martin Chuzzlewit**, a novel by Dickens.

RUINS AT JAMESTOWN

Two generations passed before the second great crisis of our history had to be faced. Then came the Civil War, terrible and bitter in itself and in its aftermath, but a struggle from which the nation finally emerged united in fact as well as in name, united forever. Oh, my hearers, my fellow countrymen, great indeed has been our good fortune; for as time clears away the mists that once shrouded brother from brother and made each look "as through a glass darkly" at the other, we can all feel the same pride in the valor, the devotion and the fealty toward the right as it was given to each to see the right, shown alike by the men who wore the blue and by the men who wore the gray. Rich and prosperous though we are as a people, the proudest heritage that each of us has, no matter where he may dwell, North or South, East or West, is the immaterial heritage of feeling, the right to claim as his own all the valor and all the steadfast devotion to duty shown by the men of both the great armies, of the soldiers whose leader was Grant and the soldiers whose leader was Lee. The men and the women of the Civil War did their duty bravely and well in the days that were dark and terrible and splendid. We, their descendants, who pay proud homage to their memories, and glory in the feats of might of one side no less than of the other, need to keep steadily in mind that the homage which counts is the homage of heart and of hand, and not of the lips, the homage of deeds and not of words only. We, too, in our turn, must prove our truth by our endeavor. We must show ourselves worthy sons of the men of the mighty days by the way in which we meet the problems of our own time. We carry our heads high because our fathers did well in the years that tried men's souls; and we must in our turn so bear ourselves that the children who come after us may feel that we too have done our duty.

12. **as through a glass darkly.** See *Romans* xiii, 12.

We cannot afford to forget the maxim upon which Washington insisted, that the surest way to avert war is to be prepared to meet it. Nevertheless the duties that most concern us of this generation are not military, but social and industrial. Each community must always dread the evils which spring up as attendant upon the very qualities which give it success. We of this mighty western Republic have to grapple with the dangers that spring from popular self-government tried on a scale incomparably vaster than ever before in the history of mankind, and from an abounding material prosperity greater also than anything which the world has hitherto seen.

As regards the first set of dangers, it behooves us to remember that men can never escape being governed. Either they must govern themselves or they must submit to being governed by others. If from lawlessness or fickleness, from folly or self-indulgence, they refuse to govern themselves, then most assuredly in the end they will have to be governed from the outside. They can prevent the need of government from without only by showing that they possess the power of government from within. A sovereign can not make excuses for his failures; a sovereign must accept the responsibility for the exercise of the power that inheres in him; and where, as is true in our Republic, the people are sovereign, then the people must show a sober understanding and a sane and steadfast purpose if they are to preserve that orderly liberty upon which as a foundation every republic must rest.

In industrial matters our enormous prosperity has brought with it certain grave evils. It is our duty to try to cut out these evils without at the same time destroying our well-being itself. This is an era of combination alike in the world of capital and in the world of labor. Each kind of combination can do good, and yet each, however powerful, must be opposed when it does ill. At the moment the greatest problem before us is how to exercise such control over the business use of vast wealth, individual, but especially corporate, as will insure its not being used against the interest of the public, while yet permitting such ample legitimate profits as will encourage individual initiative. It is our business to put a stop to abuses and to prevent their recurrence, without showing a spirit of mere vindictiveness for what has been done in the past. In John Morley's brilliant sketch of Burke he lays especial stress upon the fact that Burke more than almost any other thinker or politician of his time realized the profound lesson that in politics we are concerned not with barren rights but with duties; not with abstract truth, but with practical morality. He especially eulogizes the way in which, in his efforts for economic reform, Burke combined unshakable resolution in pressing the reform with a profound temperateness of spirit which made him, while bent on the extirpation of the evil system, refuse to cherish an unreasoning and vindictive ill will toward the men who had benefited by it. Said Burke, "If I cannot reform with equity, I will not reform at all. . . [There is] a state to preserve as well as a state to reform."

This is the exact spirit in which this country should move to the reform of abuses of corporate wealth. The wrongdoer, the man who swindles and cheats, whether on a big scale or a little one, shall receive at our hands

68. **John Morley** (1838-), English statesman and writer. 69. **Burke, Edmund** (1729-1797), a famous English statesman, author of *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

mercy as scant as if he committed crimes of violence or brutality. We are unalterably determined to prevent wrongdoing in the future; we have no intention of trying to wreak such an indiscriminate vengeance for wrongs done in the past as would confound the innocent with the guilty. Our purpose is to build up rather than to tear down. We show ourselves the truest friends of property when we make it evident that we will not tolerate the abuses of property. We are steadily bent on preserving the institution of private property; we combat every tendency toward reducing the people to economic servitude; and we care not whether the tendency is due to a sinister agitation directed against all property, or whether it is due to the actions of those members of the predatory classes whose anti-social power is immeasurably increased because of the very fact that they possess wealth.

Above all, we insist that while facing changed conditions and new problems, we must face them in the spirit which our forefathers showed when they founded and preserved this Republic. The corner-stone of the Republic lies in our treating each man on his worth as a man, paying no heed to his creed, his birthplace, or his occupation, asking not whether he is rich or poor, whether he labors with head or hand; asking only whether he acts decently and honorably in the various relations of his life, whether he behaves well to his family, to his neighbors, to the State. We base our regard for each man on the essentials and not the accidents. We judge him not by his profession, but by his deeds; by his conduct, not by what he has acquired of this world's goods. Other republics have fallen, because the citizens gradually grew to consider the interests of a class before the interests of the whole; for when such was the case it mattered little whether it was the poor who plundered the rich or the rich who exploited the poor; in either event the end of the Republic was at hand. We are resolute in our purpose not to fall into such a pit. This great Republic of ours shall never become the government of a plutocracy, and it shall never become the government of a mob. God willing, it shall remain what our fathers who founded it meant it to be—a government in which each man stands on his worth as a man, where each is given the largest personal liberty consistent with securing the well-being of the whole, and where, so far as in us lies, we strive continually to secure for each man such equality of opportunity that in the strife of life he may have a fair chance to show the stuff that is in him. We are proud of our schools and of the trained intelligence they give our children the opportunity to acquire. But what we care for most is the character of the average man; for we believe that if the average of character in the individual citizen is sufficiently high, if he possesses those qualities which make him worthy of respect in his family life and in his work outside, as well as the qualities which fit him for success in the hard struggle of actual existence—that if such is the character of our individual citizenship, there is literally no height of triumph unattainable in this vast experiment of government by, of, and for a free people.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

This address was delivered by Theodore Roosevelt at the opening of the Jamestown Exposition, Norfolk, Virginia, on April 26, 1907. The exposition, as you will gather from the speech, was held to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the colony of Jamestown. All that remains now of the original settlement, on the James River, thirty-seven miles northwest of Norfolk, is the tower of the church and a few tombs, but the site has a lasting importance in our history as that of the first permanent English settlement in the present territory of the United States.

Questions and Topics

1. What act marked our assuming complete independence? What was the date?

2. Of the members of the class, how many know their ancestry? It would be very interesting to draw up a list to see how many nations are represented. In what ways are you good Americans? Perhaps you will be able to answer this better after you have read this speech.

3. Some few members may be interested enough to make reports on what the different peoples have contributed to America. There is a very brief account in Chapter I of Charles A. Beard's *History of the United States.* In John Fiske's *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America,* Chapters IV-IX recount very picturesquely the fortunes of the Dutch and Swedish colonies here. Roosevelt himself was a descendant of the Dutch. H. J. Ford's *The Scotch-Irish in America* summarizes in Chapter XX what that stock has contributed to America. Each report should bring out clearly this contribution and should select the material that will be most interesting to the class.

4. What is the difference between the "twin individualities" of English stock, the Cavalier and the Puritan, which Roosevelt mentions? If some pupil will volunteer to draw up a report for the class, he will find material in Henry Cabot Lodge's *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.* Chapter I gives the history of Virginia from 1606 to 1765. Chapter XVIII deals with Massachusetts to 1765. Lyon G. Tyler's *England in America* devotes Chapter III to the founding of Virginia and Chapter IX to the founding of Massachusetts. A briefer account is in Carl L. Becker's *Beginnings of the American People.* Chapter III tells of the founding of the various colonies. In making your report, be sure to select the material that will bring out the differences between these "twin individualities."

5. What resemblance do you find between Roosevelt's description of the pioneer's lot and the poems "The Explorer" and "The Trail Makers"? Quote passages to bring out the resemblance.

6. Roosevelt gives a general account of the settlement at Jamestown. Some pupil may deliver a very interesting report from John Fiske's *Old Virginia and her Neighbors.* Chapters III-VII give a vivid account of this period—as fascinating as a novel. Tyler's *England in America* devotes Chapters III-V to the vicissitudes in Virginia and is almost equally absorbing. A briefer account may be found in Lodge's *Short History,* Chapter I. How do these details bear out each of Roosevelt's statements?

7. Roosevelt's statements about immigration were made in 1907. What has been the history of immigration since then? Do you believe in unrestricted immigration? It would be very interesting to have a class debate on this question after completing the speech.

8. If any pupil has read *Martin Chuzzlewit* by Charles Dickens, he should report on Chapters XV-XVII, XXI-XXIII, XXXIII-XXXIV. These parts relate Martin's experiences in America. Chapters XXI, XXIII, and XXXIII describe Eden. Why has the book given offense to Americans? How does Roosevelt imply that such a picture is untrue?

9. A report on the achievement of national unity which Roosevelt mentions should be prepared by some pupil. The best short account is in Charles A. Beard's *History of the United States.* Read Chapters VIII and IX. Any good history of this country will give the facts. Particularly helpful is William Macdonald's *From Jefferson to Lincoln.* This is a small volume, but it will give you more ideas than many larger books. Chapters I-IV explain how the sense of nationality developed. William E. Dodd's *Expansion and Conflict* shows in Chapters I-V why Roosevelt thinks Jackson a great figure in our history. Allen Johnson's *Union and Democracy* contains in Chapter XIX an explanation of the effects of Marshall's decisions as chief justice.

10. What point of pride does Roosevelt say all Americans can take in the struggle of the Civil War?

11. What danger did Roosevelt see in self-government? Do you think that danger still exists? Can you mention any occurrences, such as violent strikes or gathering of mobs, in your community or in your section of the country that have endangered "orderly liberty"? How were they settled? What "sane and stead-

fast purpose" was responsible for their settlement? Was this purpose manifested by the community or by the state or national government?

12. What danger arising from our "abounding material prosperity" does Roosevelt fear? How do we make sure that great wealth will be used for "the interest of the public"? Do you know of any commissions that exercise some control over street-car lines, railways, or other corporations? What are some of the regulations which these bodies enforce?

13. What are the "essentials" in an American citizen? What are the "accidents"? Does "equality of opportunity" mean equal success for all men? What traits of character should the "average man" possess to be a good American citizen?

14. The members of the class should memorize the last paragraph, for it is a good statement of the American creed. In looking back over Part III of this book do you find any parts of this American ideal in the history of England and France? What part of our ideal seems to be different from the national ideals of other countries?

PART IV

MEN AND MANNERS

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

—**Pope.**

Arthur Ackermann & Son, Inc.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GATHERING

MEN AND MANNERS

AN INTRODUCTION

The spirit of chivalry, the love of adventure, the love of country—these are ideals developed in certain periods of our past history and present in many aspects of our life today. These ideals you have found illustrated in the selections that you have been reading. Every epoch has certain outstanding characteristics that help to explain what men did in that period, what they thought, and what they wrote. The Age of Queen Anne, in early eighteenth century England, is as distinct as any of the great periods that preceded, and certain elements in modern life, certain forms of literature that are familiar to us today, took their beginnings or became especially prominent in that age.

In the Introduction to the *Tale of Two Cities* you read something about the political changes that swept over England between the death of the great Elizabeth and the end of the eighteenth century. The troubles between Charles I and the Parliament resulted in Civil War and the rule of the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell. In 1660 the throne was reëstablished and Charles II became the monarch. But the troubles were not over, and it was not until 1688, in the Revolution which drove James II from the throne and made William and Mary the sovereigns, that the principle was established, once for all, that the English sovereign is a constitutional monarch, subject to the people as represented in the Parliament. Thus a contest that had continued, at intervals, for five centuries was settled by the establishment of the supremacy of Parliament. The next year after the Revolution, in 1689, the Act of Toleration was passed, curbing the religious disputes that had raged for more than a century.

These great events contributed to a feeling of order, a sense that however much men might engage in the debates of political parties, the great fundamental questions about the nature of the British Constitution were settled. There was a feeling, too, that hotly debated religious controversies which in former times had led to persecution and martyrdom, were out of place in modern civilization. The life of people of ordinary rank, outside the court circle, became more ceremonious and polite. The Age of Queen Anne, dating from her coronation in 1702, was an age of sanity and order. Its chief characteristic was urbanity.

The urbane man is, strictly speaking, the man of the city. That is what the word means. For our purpose urbanity means what the French call *savoir faire*, knowing how to conduct oneself, tact. It involves good manners, poise, breeding, ceremonious politeness. It is supposed to result from city life, where men have to learn to get along with their fellows, and gain this knowledge by constant association with them. It was originally a product of a high state of civilization, or of what seems to be a high state of civilization. When genuine, it is a very fine quality indeed. Like other virtues, it may be assumed as a cloak for an artificial courtesy that does not come from the heart, and may be applied only to ceremony and external observances, not to true consideration for others.

Of course, you must not get the idea that people said, about 1702, "Well, we have settled that foolish claim of the kings that they rule by divine right, and that

other foolish idea that people of one religion have a right to hang or burn all who do not hold to their religious faith; now let's give our attention to good manners." In school we may finish arithmetic and take up algebra, and then finish algebra and take up geometry; but human society does not move, or progress, from one period to another in any such fashion. As a matter of fact, chivalry paid great attention to good manners. There was an elaborate code telling what a knight might do and what he might not do. But these ideas of conduct were not such as develop in city life; they are not *urbane*, in the strict sense of the word.

There are many interesting things about the development of such manners and customs as we are familiar with today. In the volumes of Traill's *Social England* you will find a great deal of fascinating lore, if you care to look for it. You will also find in such books, and in literature as well, much information about rules of social life that are different from ours and seem strange. Life at Elizabeth's court or the ceremonies attending one of her visits to the home of some favored lord, reveal a life of great stateliness and dignity. Court life after the restoration of the monarchy in 1660 became very gay and frivolous. Books on "Courtesy" have been known for centuries in Italy, France, and England. But most of this social development affected the court and the nobility; it did not extend to the middle and lower classes. In the Age of Queen Anne, the English middle classes acquired some of the characteristics of the modern man that we associate with urbanity.

There were no great enthusiasms. To die for an ideal or for a faith would not be good form. Extravagance in expression and manner was frowned upon. The great problems of life, religion, and conduct appeared to be settled. It was regarded as a very good world. Science was improving living conditions; houses were more comfortable; there was less open poverty and suffering. Men and women turned to conversation, to manners, to observing the external matters of daily association instead of to searching their souls. A comedy of manners sprang up, by which is meant literature, sometimes drama and sometimes essay or verse, which finds its chief appeal in holding the mirror up to polite society. Essays that dealt wittily or scornfully with fashionable foibles were written. Thus the new age contributed its quota to the *types* of literature. Light comment on life took the place of the heroic epic or imaginative romance, or the tragedy of a soul.

In this section you are to study chiefly the essay as a reflection of a writer's personal observations on life and society, and that form of drama which satirizes or mirrors the manners of a period or class. Both these kinds of literature were very popular in the early eighteenth century. Both of them reflect perfectly the characteristics of that brilliant age. Both of them are also practiced today, and so we have included three modern one-act plays and a group of essays of more recent times. We have also included a number of interesting letters, related in many ways to the essay because of their themes and their style. At its best, the letter is, in fact, a personal essay.

Your definition of the complete and many-sided modern man and woman will be still further extended by this study. "The Complete Gentleman" was a title they loved in old England. It expresses a good ideal for any age. Such a man, as we have observed, is chivalrous, eager to know new things, a lover of his country. He is also *urbane*, tactful, able to get on with others. "Manners maketh man," as the old proverb has it. All that is implied in good manners is the subject that is illustrated, in many different ways, by the literature you are now to read.

MEN AND MANNERS IN THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE

AN INTRODUCTION TO "THE DE COVERLEY PAPERS"

When you pick up a newspaper, you do not read it through. You may glance over the account of an explosion or a storm in some neighboring state. You may note the activities of some visiting prince or the incidents in some baseball game in the national leagues. But the chances are that you are most interested in the life immediately about you. You con eagerly the details of an automobile accident or an entertainment if you know some of the persons concerned. Your interest in the life about you may extend to the editorial page. You want to know what the editor thinks of some candidate for office or of some public improvement, or of the proposal to have moving pictures all day Sunday, or of the extravagance people are displaying in automobiles or dresses or parties. If you find that the editor expresses ideas that you like, giving them, perhaps, a novel or witty application, you are particularly pleased.

Newspapers have not always expressed opinions on current interests. The first daily newspaper in England dates back only to 1702, the beginning of Queen Anne's reign. This *Daily Courant*, as it was called, contained nothing that we should recognize as editorials. In those days, when a man wished to express his opinions about some political or religious question, he usually printed them in a pamphlet. He did not secure a large audience, because relatively few people could read. Though London contained about a half-million people, a sale of sixty thousand copies of a pamphlet was extraordinary. The upper classes, whose wealth came from estates in the country, could send their sons to schools and to the universities or could employ tutors. Many of the merchants were able to buy the same privileges for their sons. But the great mass of the population was too poor to be admitted to these schools for "gentlemen," and there were no free schools for them to attend. The daughters even of the upper classes were not expected to read. Swift, one of the brilliant writers of Queen Anne's time, declared that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand could read her own language or "be the judge of the easiest books that are written in it." Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, declared that "they are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so; and that is the height of a woman's education."

Thus the greater part of the reading public of today was cut off at once. Many of those who could read often led lives of leisure, at least in London, where most of them were to be found. A man of the period writes: "We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve the *beau monde* [fashionable world] assembles in coffee or chocolate houses." Besides these aristocrats there were many of the great and rising middle class who were able to gratify a growing interest in news and conversation. Manufacturers, merchants, shippers were increasing their wealth day by day. Financiers had become so independent by this time that they had been able to found the Bank of England and to lend vast sums to the government. Times had changed greatly from the far days of Henry V, when the whole government and conduct of affairs were in the hands of men of high birth. In fact, one of the chief reasons for the popularity of the coffee-house was the subconscious desire of these middle-class men of leisure to educate themselves in the urbanity and culture that had once been considered proper only for aristocrats.

For these various reasons the coffee-houses were so popular that every intelligent man in London went to one or more of them to see the fine gentlemen, to hear the latest news, to listen to witty con-

versations, or to meet his friends and receive his mail. So important were these meeting-places during Queen Anne's reign that two thousand flourished in different parts of London. Some appealed to wits and poets, others to lawyers or clergymen, still others to merchants or military men. Here they sipped their coffee and discussed every topic under the sun. One of the writers for the *Spectator* relates that in an inner room "Within the steams of the coffeepot, I heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of and all the line of Bourbons provided for in less than a quarter of an hour." The coffee-houses were, nevertheless, the places where most of the intelligent men in London exchanged and formed opinions.

Such daily intercourse developed in the frequenters new interests. They came to observe each other's manners and ways of thinking. They noted prejudices and eccentricities, and kept an eye out for trivial but characteristic actions and sayings. Instead of indulging in scurrilous attacks such as most political writers of the time delighted in, they became tolerant, respected each other's opinions, and grew versatile, alert, and urbane in conversation. At the same time, they did not lose their middle-class convictions. They disapproved of the frivolities and dissipations of fashionable circles and applied standards of sound sense and morality to the gay life of the town. Thus the coffee-house enriched and widened the interest of Londoners in each other and tended to develop a public opinion about the affairs of daily life. In short, these Londoners were very much like you when you criticize someone's manners or dress at some recent party.

Opinions about the manners of the time did not get into *The Daily Courant*, however. Indeed, that paper had been running seven years before a new paper, called *The Tatler*, began to appear on April 12, 1709, with editorial articles but very little news. It was a single sheet, no larger than a piece of foolscap, printed in double columns. Part of the last column was left blank for the insertion of late news in handwriting. It appeared every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and after the first four issues sold for a penny a copy. The anonymous editor of *The Tatler*, Richard Steele, tried to represent the different shades of opinion in the clubs and coffee-houses. He announced: "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffee-house; learning under the title of the Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on any subject offer shall be dated from my own apartment." Steele thus began a new kind of writing. It was not bookish. It used short, simple sentences. It borrowed terms and phrases from daily talk to make the discussion seem natural and personal. Though it was informal, it discussed matters in more detail and with fuller reasoning than a coffee-house conversation, but with the same insight and urbanity.

Steele had published only his sixth number when his identity was discovered by Joseph Addison. He and Addison had been born in the same year (1672), had gone to the same school, the famous Charterhouse School in London, had both gone to Oxford, and were now through this discovery to be associated in developing the periodical essay. Addison soon contributed to *The Tatler* and continued to do so until the paper was terminated suddenly on January 2, 1711. He seems to have been by nature rather bookish. He traveled for four years over Europe, but when he came to write of his travels he composed a treatise on *Ancient Medals* which revealed that he knew classical authors almost by heart but disclosed no warm human interest. After he began writing for *The Tatler*, however, he applied his knowledge of ancient literature to the observation and criticism of the morals and manners of Londoners. He developed a sense of humor in relating their inconsistencies and failings. He kept in his writing a good deal of the naturalness of conversation, but increased its clearness and polished it by a singular care in the choice of words.

Steele grew tired of *The Tatler*. Besides, he feared that everybody had pierced to the secret of its authorship. But the friends drew up a new plan, and in accord-

ance with it issued on March 1, 1711, the first number of *The Spectator*. It looked almost exactly like *The Tatler*, but it appeared every day except Sunday. At first it sold for a penny, but later because of a government tax the price was raised to two pence. It contained no news, and each number was given over to a single paper or essay. One of the guiding principles was the exclusion of politics, for the bitterness of party feeling was then at its height. But nearly every folly or extravagance to be found in London or in England might be made the subject of ridicule. The wisdom of the ancients, their maxim of "nothing too much," was applied to the manners, customs, and ideals of the age. So eager were the intelligent people of that era for satire of the routine of their daily lives, and so aptly did Addison and Steele express the serious ideals of the middle class that lay hid under the wit and gossip of club and coffee-house that *The Spectator* became a necessary part of every breakfast. When it was about to come to an end on December 6, 1712, one reader complained: "We cannot without sorrow reflect that we are likely to have nothing to interrupt our sips in the morning, and to suspend our coffee in mid-air between our lips and right ear but the ordinary trash of newspapers." At times in the course of its five hundred and fifty-five numbers its circulation reached 20,000 copies, and when the separate papers were bound up in volumes it continued to have an immense sale. No editorial writing before or since has had so great success.

You are not going to read all of *The Spectator*. You are going to read only a few papers, but those few belong together. As you will see, the original design was to make Mr. Spectator, the author, a member of a club. His associates were to represent nearly every interest in the life of the time, and were to suggest to him various topics for discussion. With amazing fertility the authors dwelt on dress, manners, beliefs and superstitions, business and recreation, literature, the theater, history, science, and philosophy. In an almost uninterrupted series of eighteen papers, however, Mr. Spectator visits unexpectedly the most important member of the club, Sir Roger de Coverley, at his estate in the country. After a five months' silence, Sir Roger again appears on a visit to Mr. Spectator in town and apparently remains for four months. Another five months passes and *The Spectator* is about to be discontinued, before Sir Roger appears for the last time. Addison, according to report, "said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, 'I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.' "

His affection for the kindly old knight is one you will share. He is so lifelike, he is so obstinately loyal to old ideas, yet he has such honest, simple manners and so large and amiable a benevolence that you cannot get him out of your mind. You will picture him praising his ancestor who narrowly escaped death at the battle of Worcester because he left only a day before, or thinking of how fine a tobacco-stopper might be carved from the coronation chair, or saying with solemn emphasis, as if he had made an important discovery, "Church work is slow, church work is slow." So artless is the simplicity that you will like him quite as well as you like any of your neighbors in the real life about you.

JOSEPH ADDISON
THE SPECTATOR

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

JOSEPH ADDISON AND RICHARD STEELE

PART I

THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB IN LONDON

PREFACE BY THE SPECTATOR

[*No. 1.—Addison. Thursday, March 1, 1711.*]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
—*Horace.*

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family that my mother dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite with my schoolmaster, who used to say that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words, and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this

Motto. "He means to reduce not smoke from flame but light from smoke, so that he may bring forth in succession wondrous beauties." **4. black,** of dark complexion. **24. William the Conqueror,** ruler of England from 1066 to 1087.

34. depending, pending. **48. coral,** a teething-ring. **54. of,** of being. **56. parts,** abilities.

learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised that, having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theaters, both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen,

22. **pyramid.** Addison was never in Egypt. He is here poking fun at scientific writings both in his own day and earlier, on this subject. 36-49. **Will's** Coffee-house was frequented by poets and other literary men; **Child's** by the clergy; **St. James's** by Whigs, the progressives of that day; and the **Cocoa Tree** by the Tories, or conservative party. 41. **Postman**, a London triweekly newspaper of the time.

50. **Drury Lane, Haymarket**, famous London theaters, still in existence. 72. **blots**, in backgammon, pieces exposed so that they may be taken.

read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fullness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time—I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets, though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in tomorrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work. For, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted—as all other matters of importance are—in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.

THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB

[*No. 2.—Steele. Friday, March 2, 1711.*]

——Ast alii sex,
Et plures uno conclamant ore.
—*Juvenal.*

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world

6. **print myself out**, make my character and opinions clear. 9. **discoveries**, disclosures.

60. **Buckley**, Addison's publisher, whose office was in Little Britain, a section in the center of London. 67. **C.** Addison's papers were signed C, L, I, or O, from *Clio* the name of the muse of history. Steele used the letters R and T. 73. **country-dance.** This dance, called the "Roger de Coverley," was similar to the Virginia Reel. Note carefully the names of the rest of the club members. Motto. "But six others and more cry out together with one voice."

is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster." But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the

1. **humor**, oddity of behavior. 15. **Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege**, writers and brilliant wits during the reign of Charles II. 17. **Bully Dawson**, a "swaggering sharper" of the time. 45. **justice of the quorum**, justice of the peace.

46. **quarter-session**, a quarterly meeting of a local court. 49. **Game Act**, laws controlling the hunting of game. 52. **Inner Temple**, one of the four Inns of Court (four societies, or colleges, of lawyers and law-students), which had (and still have) the sole right of admitting to the bar. 61-63. **Aristotle and Longinus**, the standard authorities from Greek times on poetry and drama. **Littleton**, Sir Thomas (1422-1481), and **Coke**, Sir Edward (1552-1634), were the standard authorities on English law. 73. **Demosthenes** (B.C. 384-322), a noted Athenian orator. 74. **Tully**, Marcus Tullius Cicero (B.C. 106-43), famous Roman author, orator, and statesman. 78. **wit**, intelligence.

ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man, he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural, unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself —the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it, "For," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him." Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindica-

5. five, the theater hour of the period. 6. New Inn. See note on line 52, page 346. Pleasant walks were connected with these Inns. 11. the Rose, a tavern on the corner of the block in which stood the Drury Lane Theater.

THE COFFE-HOUSE
A coffe houſe the learned hold
It if a place where coffes ſold
That derivation can not fail vs
For where Ales vended thats an
Ale houſe

tion. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins. Tom Mirabell begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair. That young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his functions would oblige him to. He is therefore among divines what a chamber-counselor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud

18. **humorists**, eccentric characters. 33. **habits**, styles. 50. **Duke of Monmouth**, profligate son of Charles II. He was executed in 1685 for attempting to usurp the throne. 53. **Park**, Hyde Park, London's largest and most famous park. 90. **chamber-counselor**, a lawyer who gives counsel, but does not appear in court.

advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.

A MEETING OF THE CLUB

[*No. 34.—Addison. Monday, April 9, 1711.*]

——Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera——.
—*Juvenal.*

The club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind; by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies ("But for your comfort," says Will, "they are not those of the most wit") that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigue. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish, beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion,

12. **R.** See note on line 11, page 345. Motto. "A wild beast spares the creature spotted like itself."

75. **King Charles.** Charles II (ruled 1660-1685). 78. **Horace** (B.C. 65-8), a Latin poet. **Juvenal** (A.D. 60-140), a Latin satirical poet. **Boileau** (1636-1711), a French poet and satirist.

in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a "Pish!" and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack everyone that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator" (applying himself to me), "to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornament of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club, and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had aversion to they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised; that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof; that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid, ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right, and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain—who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate

44. **quality**, good family.

95. **Roman triumvirate**, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. The incident narrated in the next few lines is strikingly presented in *Julius Caesar*, IV, i.

were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said; for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people, or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind. C.

A LADY'S LIBRARY

[*No. 37.—Addison. Thursday, April 12, 1711.*]

——Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Femineas assueta manus——.

—*Virgil.*

Some months ago my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady, whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of *a lady's library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios—which were finely bound and gilt—were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture and stained with the greatest variety of dyes.

That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets and other loose papers was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in chinaware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuffbox made in the shape of a little book.

17. **Punch**, the chief character in a Punch and Judy show. Motto. "Unbred to spinning, to the loom unskilled" (Dryden's translation).

57. **jars of china.** The fad of collecting china was at its height at this time. 76. **scaramouches**, figures of clowns, so-called from Scaramuccia, an Italian buffoon, of the seventeenth century. 82. **snuffbox.** Ladies of fashion were just beginning to use snuff.

I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use; but that most of them had been got together either because she had heard them praised or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's *Virgil.*
Dryden's *Juvenal.*
Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astræa.
Sir Isaac Newton's Works.
The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke of *Human Understanding;* with a paper of patches in it.
A spelling-book.
A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon *Death.*
The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir William Temple's *Essays.*
Father Malebranche's *Search after Truth;* translated into English.
A book of novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's *Midwifery.*
The Ladies' Calling.
Tales in Verse, by Mr. D'Urfey; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the classic authors in wood.
A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.
Clelia; which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
Baker's *Chronicle.*
Advice to a Daughter.
The New Atalantis; with a key to it.
Mr. Steele's *Christian Hero.*
A prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.
Fielding's *Trial.*
Seneca's *Morals.*
Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying.*
La Ferte's *Instructions for Country Dances.*

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health. I answered, "Yes," for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men—as she has often said herself—but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure and without scandal.

5. **fagots,** persons hired to take the place of others.
21. **Ogilby's Virgil,** etc. See Explanatory Note 3, page 355.

As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her countryseat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness about a hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of "The Purling Stream."

The knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not," says Sir Roger, "that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants as upon her larks and nightingales; for she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion. What improvements would a woman have made who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination.

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C.

3. **particular**, peculiar. 16. **turtles**, turtle-doves.

60. **nice**, requiring careful analysis. 62. **thoughts**. These are given in Numbers 92 and 140 of *The Spectator*.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The essays in this group introduce a number of the characters that are to figure in the story of Sir Roger and also give you the background for understanding the life of the time of Queen Anne. This background you should make clearer by reading in some of the books listed on page 412. The first essay, giving an account of the Spectator himself, is in part a portrait of Addison, drawn, of course, in humorous vein and not to be taken too literally. Sir Roger represents the country gentleman; "the Templar," who is a lawyer, knows more about dramatic criticism than about law; Sir Andrew Freeport represents the business man of the time; Captain Sentry, the retired soldier; Will Honeycomb, the former man of fashion; the clergyman completes the group. Each portrait is individual, but each also represents a type, so that you are introduced to many of the groups into which the middle class, as distinguished from the nobility and the peasants, was divided. They are spoken of as "humorous" people; that is, each one was marked by certain eccentricities of manners and opinion. What these were, you will learn as you read the book.

2. On the Club, refer to what is said about the coffee-houses in the Introduction (page 340) and, if possible, to some of the books for supplementary reading. Observe that these clubs were small groups of men who met at a

public coffee-house, not in a club-house designed for their exclusive use.

3. Leonora's library contained books which she read faithfully and others designed for show. *Cassandra, Cleopatra,* and *Astræa* were translations of long French romances, very sentimental. *The Grand Cyrus* and *Clelia,* also translations from the French, each filled ten volumes. *Arcadia,* by Sir Philip Sidney, was an English pastoral romance telling at great length how two young princes in disguise wooed two princesses who were kept by their father in the country in order to prevent them from falling in love. The book was dedicated to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and was often called, as here, "Pembroke's *Arcadia.*" John Locke was a famous English philosopher who published a learned book on *The Conduct of the Human Understanding.* Leonora stored "patches" in it, bits of black silk or court-plaster which ladies used on their faces because of a fad of the day. Sir William Temple wrote essays on various learned matters. *The Search after Truth, The Ladies' Calling,* Steele's *Christian Hero,* and Taylor's *Holy Living and Holy Dying* were religious books then popular. Sir Isaac Newton's works were devoted to the discussion of the sciences. The classic authors, and the Elzevirs (famous editions of Latin and French classics), formed a part of every library at that time. Baker's *Chronicle,* a jumble of tales about the kings of England; *The New Atalantis,* a coarse attack on prominent Whigs under feigned names but with a "key" which gave the real names; and Dr. Sacheverell's Speech attacking the Whigs, we may assume Leonora to have known rather well.

4. For the convenience of the student, the editors of this series have designated the four natural divisions of the present text as Parts I, II, etc.

Questions and Topics

Preface by the Spectator. 1. Are you interested in the author of a book before you have read it or after? Think of a particular book you have read in earlier parts of this volume.

2. Do you find any instances of humor in this paper? Point them out. Observe other instances as you continue your reading.

3. Why do you think Mr. Spectator will make a good editor? What is his purpose? Quote his own words on this. Point out particular statements or paragraphs.

4. Considering this paper as an advertisement, think out (*a*) what classes of people it would interest, (*b*) what feature of the proposed periodical would be most interesting to each class, and (*c*) how this paper makes readers friendly to later issues.

The Spectator's Club. 1. Look up Worcestershire on the map. Does it seem mountainous or level?

2. What do you recall about game laws in connection with *A Tale of Two Cities?*

3. Sir Roger is the most important member of the Club. What features of his character do you like?

4. Do we feel today that business ought not to be brought into conversation? That a knowledge of Latin and Greek makes one a better observer of life about one?

5. What topics will the Templar bring into the Club discussions?

6. Have you ever known one who was pleasant company because of the "perspicuity of his talk"? Are Sir Andrew's views strange to you? Specify particular views.

7. What is the chief trait of Captain Sentry? How does it appear? Do Americans think of the army as a way to rise in the world? How did one rise in the army in Addison's day?

8. Do you find Will Honeycomb amusing or not? Point out particular instances. Why do the members of the Club like him?

9. Considering this paper also as an advertisement, what additional inducements to subscribe would it hold out? What new class of people would be attracted? In which member are you most interested? Show why.

A Meeting of the Club. 1. To show the liberties Mr. Spectator had taken with opera and puppet-show, a member should report on the most amusing parts of Nos. 5, 13, 14, 18, 22, 29, 31 of *The Spectator.*

2. Explain why the ladies found fault with Mr. Spectator.

3. Explain both parts of Sir Andrew's remarks to Mr. Spectator.

4. Why does the Templar disagree with Sir Andrew? Why does he criticize Mr. Spectator?

5. Why does Sir Roger take offense at Mr. Spectator?

6. Why does the Clergyman defend Mr. Spectator?

7. State precisely, from this discussion, the true purpose of light social satire and of the *Spectator* papers. Compare this purpose with the purpose of some weekly journal of opinion or of some editorial page in a daily paper that you are familiar with.

A Lady's Library. 1. Which books had Leonora bought for her own use? Which "because she had heard them praised" or "had seen the authors"? Which are the religious works? Which could she not understand at all?

2. How does Addison poke fun at the

literary taste of Leonora? How is her literary taste reflected in her country estate?

3. Can you draw up a similar satirical list of the books or magazines that a lady might buy today? Do you think it likely women would not understand books or magazines today? Would they take the same interest in religion and politics that Leonora took?

PART I—REVIEW

1. From these specimens of the *Spectator* papers, do you think the subscribers were chiefly women or men? Why? Would they be successful today? Why?

2. Think of the picture of life in London given in these pages. In what ways are men and women now like those of 1711? How do people today differ in education? Interests? Manners?

3. How does the style or manner of writing differ from that common in periodicals today? Pick out words that you think would not be used today. Which style do you like better? Why?

PART II

THE SPECTATOR'S OBSERVATIONS IN THE COUNTRY

THE SPECTATOR VISITS COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 106.—Addison. Monday, July 2, 1711.*]

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
—*Horace.*

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counselor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at

Motto. "Here plenty shall flow for you and pour out the riches of the honors of the country."

39. **pad**, horse with an easy gait.

his countryseat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I like the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it; I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happend above once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all

13. **is pleasant upon**, jokes with. 46. **humorist**, odd character.

the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached tomorrow—for it was Saturday night—told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Doctor South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow, Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

14. **Bishop of St. Asaph**, etc., all renowned clergymen of the time, or earlier.

THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD

[*No. 107.—Steele. Tuesday, July 3, 1711.*]

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.
—*Phædrus.*

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet which I meet with here in the country has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming

Motto. "The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, a slave, on an eternal pedestal, to show that the path to honor lies open to all." 85. **to be stripped**, i.e., of his livery; dismissed.

language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life—I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant for his more comfortable maintenance if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him and those who stayed in the family was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might on this occasion recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that

1. **mean**, lacking the qualities befitting his rank. 46. **husband**, manager; economist.

52. **tenement falls.** If the tenant of a farm wished to turn over his lease to another man he had to pay a fee, or "fine." This fine Sir Roger often turned over to a worthy servant.

fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love toward the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and, looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and, observing him taken with some sudden illness and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R.

96. **he**, the servant, because it was a badge of inequality.

WILL WIMBLE

[*No. 108.—Addison. Wednesday, July 4, 1711.*]

Gratis anhelans; multa agendo nihil agens.
—*Phædrus.*

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

Sir Roger:

I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it. I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

Will Wimble

This extraordinary letter and message that accompanied it made me very curious to know the character and

Motto. "Out of breath for no purpose; in doing many things, doing nothing." 77. **Eton**, England's most famous boarding school for young boys.

quality of the gentlemen who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty, but, being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with anglerods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has woven or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them, *how they wear*. These gentlemanlike manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

WILL WIMBLE

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods as he came through them in his way to the house.

17. **officious**, obliging. 21. **good correspondence**, intimacy. 23. **tulip-root**. Some years earlier there had been a mania for growing tulips. 30. **made**, trained.

I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rang to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion toward the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

L.

48. **quail-pipe**, a whistle that lured birds into the net.

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS

[*No. 109.—Steele. Thursday, July 5, 1711.*]

Abnormis sapiens.

—*Horace.*

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me and, advancing toward me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations, the de Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced toward one of the pictures, and as we stood before it he entered into the matter after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe also that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus, the vast jetting coat and small bonnet which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller and a foot and a half broader. Besides that the cap leaves the face expanded and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard—which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot; he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy. However, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat—for they were rivals—and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife; she brought ten children, and, when I show you the

Motto. "Oddly wise." 32. **Harry the Seventh,** Henry VII (1457-1509).

45. **Tilt Yard,** tournament grounds. 52. **came within the target,** struck the shield with his lance. 84. **go-cart,** a small framework, with castors, in which children learned to walk without falling.

library, you shall see, in her own hand —allowing for the difference of the language—the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little—because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view—these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happened in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in—which to be sure was his own choosing. You see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate, with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds' debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded—though he had great talents—to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that *great* and *good* had not the same signification. He was an excellent husband-

5. **white-pot**, a boiled white pudding. 27. **slashes**, cuts in a fabric to show a brighter-colored material beneath.

77. **knight of this shire**, representative in the House of Commons. 80. **offices**, duties.

man, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me as we followed the servant that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the Battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity. R.

THE COVERLEY GHOST

[*No. 110.—Addison. Friday, July 6, 1711.*]

Horror ubique animos; simul ipsa silentia terrent.

—*Virgil.*

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms which are shot up so very high that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason—as I have been told in the family—no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with specters and apparitions.

19. **Battle of Worcester,** battle in which the Puritan Cromwell defeated the Royalists, supporters of Charles I, in 1651. Motto. "On every side horror makes our hearts quail; the very silence terrifies."

38. **beautiful language,** *Psalms* 147, 9.

Mr. Locke in his chapter of the Association of Ideas has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind he produces the following instance:

"The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again as long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and specters much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless; could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respec-

1. **Mr. Locke.** See note 3, page 355; note 2, page 373.

81. **Lucretius** (died 55 B.C.), a Roman philosophic poet.

tive bodies one after another, and that these surfaces, or thin cases that included each other, whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words:

"Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands—being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage—had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming toward her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him he reproached her after the following manner:

" 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach and make thee mine forever.'

"Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance and died soon after.

"I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul and of divine providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue." L.

SUNDAY WITH SIR ROGER

[*No. 112.—Addison. Monday, July 9, 1711.*]

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται, Τιμα.

—Pythagoras.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces and in their cleanliest habits to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself

11. **Josephus** (died about 95 A.D.), a Jewish historian of the first century.

50. **those kings**, the husbands of Glaphyra. Motto. "First fear the immortal gods, as the law directs."

as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the Singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees to count the congregation or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent. The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger had been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place, and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

63. **polite**, genteel. 90. **clerk's place.** The clerk is a layman who reads the responses.

SIR ROGER LEAVING CHURCH

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain and their mutual concurrence in doing good is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters have come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

13. **tithe-stealers**, those who withhold from the church their tithes, or dues.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

L.

SIR ROGER IN LOVE

[*No. 113.—Steele. Tuesday, July 10, 1711.*]

——Hærent infixi pectore vultus.
—Virgil.

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with

Motto. "The face abides deep graven in one's heart."

in his youth—which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before, and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man—who did not think ill of his own person—in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature—who was born for destruction of all who behold her—put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the Sheriff also was

9. **settled upon**, associated in my thoughts with.

12. **assizes**, sessions of the county court.

become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that, when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as everyone besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is a witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps toward love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and had been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least destestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted and taught to throw their legs well and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came toward her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her,

and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aide of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature—but after all you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently. Her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her you would be in the same condition, for as her speech is music her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him toward the house that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial which one knows not how to render in English, "*Dum tacet hanc loquitur.*" I shall end this paper with that whole epigram which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo;
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur;
Cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit—una est
Naevia, si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
"Naevia lux," inquit, "Naevia lumen, ave."

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Naevia talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Naevia or be mute;
He writ to his father, ending with this line—
"I am, my lovely Naevia, ever thine."

21. **sphinx.** See "Œdipus" in any encyclopedia. **posing,** outwitting. 39. **tansy,** a pudding flavored with an extract made from the tansy plant.

62. **that,** that passage. **Martial** (died about 102 A.D.), a Latin writer of epigrams. This is Epigram xviii of Book I, but the last two lines are omitted. 63. **Dum tacet hanc loquitur,** Even when silent, he is speaking of her.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The sketches in this group introduce us to Sir Roger's home, where as a person of importance he lived an interesting though uneventful life. We are introduced to the servants, who love the master devotedly; to the chaplain, who has a wisdom above learning; to Will Wimble, very adept in all the handicrafts of an idle man; and to the tenants who live upon the great estate. We learn something about Sir Roger's ancestors, are amused by his love affair, now of long standing, and have some observations upon the old gentleman's management of his affairs. In several of the essays, such as "Will Wimble," "The Coverley Ghost," and "Sunday with Sir Roger," we observe one of the motives which led to the writing of the *Spectator:* the desire to reform certain abuses in English life as observed by the authors.

2. The praise of Lucretius and Locke is in keeping with the gravity and learning of the time. Lucretius was a Roman philosophical poet of the century before Christ. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was in Leonora's library, but she did not read it. It was written in 1690.

Questions and Topics

The Spectator Visits Coverley Hall. 1. Some member of the class should report on Macaulay's *History of England,* Chapter III. He should point out how it throws light on the chaplain and on Sir Roger's education.

2. What is the chief quality Sir Roger displays here? Take up his relations with his servants, his butler, his chaplain.

3. What are the chief eccentricities he displays? Why should he feel insulted by Latin and Greek? Do you like him less or better for his eccentricities? If Sir Roger had been married, would he have been more, or less, likable?

4. What do you infer about the education and intelligence of the country clergy? Is the satire kindly or is it stinging at times?

5. What qualities do you look for in a preacher or priest? Which of these did the chaplain have? Which did he lack? What qualities did he have that you would not look for?

The Coverley Household. 1. How did the ordinary life of servants at that date differ from their life today in America? Point out passages that are most significant in settling this point.

2. What features of an ideal country gentleman's conduct are brought out in this paper? Point out the passages that reveal these most clearly.

3. What inconsistency do you notice between this paper and the preceding, which was written only the day before by Addison? How do you account for it?

4. Could the principles followed by Sir Roger in dealing with his servants be applied to a store or factory today? Talk this question over at home to get all the evidence you can on one side or the other. Perhaps a debate on this interesting subject can be arranged in class.

Will Wimble. 1. Look up "wimble" both as a noun and as an adjective in an unabridged dictionary. Why did Addison choose the word as a name?

2. Turn to the Introduction to *A Tale of Two Cities,* page 306. How does the contrast between England and France explain Will Wimble's situation?

3. What is Addison satirizing here? Is he attacking a common custom or one little observed? Where does he drop satire for serious discussion? Has he done this in preceding papers?

4. Some member should report on *Spectator* No. 21, comparing and contrasting it with this paper.

The Family Portraits. 1. In how many places does Steele satirize dress? Are any of the styles of today subject to satire? Write a similar satire.

2. Where does Mr. Spectator show his delicate courtesy?

3. What details show the wealth and standing of the De Coverley family? Which one of his ancestors is to you the most interesting? Why have these particular ancestors been chosen for description?

4. What traits does Sir Roger reveal in "The Family Portraits" that he has not exhibited before? In what ways does he suggest traits previously observed?

The Coverley Ghost. 1. What is Addison ridiculing? Is such superstition to be found now?

2. Was, or was not, Sir Roger a believer in ghosts? Give proof.

3. Why does Addison believe in ghosts? Do these authorities convince you? Some student may be interested to look up the beliefs of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and other believers in modern psychic research and

to prepare a report showing the difference between these views and the ideas of Sir Roger.

Sunday with Sir Roger. 1. What reform in manners did Addison wish to accomplish by this paper? What manners in church might be satirized today? Write out such a satire.

2. What ideals of Sunday are dwelt on? Does Sunday in your community reach these ideals?

3. Are Sir Roger's good qualities or his singularities made more prominent? Cite particular acts to establish your view. What do you consider the most amusing incident in "Sunday with Sir Roger"?

Sir Roger in Love. 1. When did Sir Roger first see the widow? Had he seen her frequently since? How did she treat him when he called? In what ways did she have the advantage over him? Had he any reason to resent her treatment? Why did he fail in his suit?

2. What act of the widow impressed Sir Roger with the belief that she had the "finest hand of any woman in the world"? Does he remember chiefly her beauty or her mind? How long has it been since he began wooing? Does Sir Roger think of her now as wrinkled and gray-haired?

3. What effects had the widow had on Sir Roger? Where in this paper does he show his sound sense and where his singularities? What good qualities and what shortcomings in the country gentleman of that time does this paper reveal?

4. Why did Sir Roger's account raise him in the Spectator's estimation? Does it have the same or an opposite effect on you? Why?

Part II—Review

1. In this part Mr. Spectator mingles satire of actual conditions with descriptions of ideal conditions. What particular piece of satire seems to you keenest or most amusing? What picture of an ideal is to you most charming? Does the satire apply to conditions in America today? Have we arrived at the ideal which is pictured? Give reasons for each answer.

2. Sir Roger appears in every one of these papers. In which one does he seem most eccentric? In which one most lovable? The class might select by vote the most interesting passage of each kind.

PART III

SIR ROGER'S ACTIVITIES IN THE COUNTRY

SIR ROGER AND THE HUNT

[*No. 115.—Addison. Thursday, July 12, 1711.*]

——Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
—*Juvenal.*

Bodily labor is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with.

This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibers that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties

Motto. "That there may be a sound mind in a sound body"—the Greek ideal.

of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase; and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that

26. **spleen**, ill-humor; melancholy. 29. **vapors**, the "blues."

for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow whom I have given some account of was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader would see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*.

For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb-bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition. It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties, and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise as well as the other in study and contemplation. L.

26. **Dr. Sydenham**, Thomas (1624-1689), the most noted physician of his time. 32. **Medicina Gymnastica**, written by Francis Fuller, and published in 1704. 36-44. **dumb-bell . . . ringing**, an apparatus similar to that used in ringing a church bell.

THE COVERLEY WITCH

[*No. 117.—Addison. Saturday, July 14, 1711.*]

——Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt. —*Virgil.*

Motto. "They invent dreams for themselves."

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that

I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather—to speak my thoughts freely—I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapped
The tattered remnants of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different colored rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church and cried "Amen" in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairymaid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger,

31. **witchcraft.** Most people in Addison's time believed in witchcraft. 43. **Otway,** Thomas (1652-1685), the chief tragic dramatist of the generation preceding Addison's.

"I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found, upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the meantime the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence toward those poor, decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage. L.

42. **trying experiments.** If she floated she would be proved a witch; if she sank she would be innocent.

SIR ROGER TALKS OF THE WIDOW

[*No. 118.—Steele. Monday, July 16, 1711.*]

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.
—*Virgil.*

This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in,

Motto. "The deadly shaft is fixed in his side."

ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned on the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow.

"This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her, indeed, perverse, but alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem; I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? And how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun," continued he, calling me by my name, "be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer, and think they are in a state of freedom while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered only by proxy in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that—"

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting, as it were, in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The

55. is, has.

"O THOU DEAR PICTURE"

huntsman, looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream: "O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied forever without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with. But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William. Her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile?—it is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holliday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dare not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father. I will interpose in this matter and

hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty, mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself. However, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her. Whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is perhaps to this dear image in my heart owing that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain; for I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass beehive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no; for all she looks so innocent, as it were, take my word for it, she is no fool." T.

21. **this woman**, the perverse widow.

SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

[*No. 122.—Addison. Friday, July 20, 1711.*]

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
—*Publius Syrus.*

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by everyone that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself

Motto. "Pleasant company on the way is as good as a carriage."

with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveler an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such a one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran

11. just within the Game Act. Hunting privileges were granted by law only to those of rank or of a certain income. **22. petty jury,** twelve men that determined on conviction or acquittal in civil or criminal cases. It was to this court—the county assizes—that the party was going. **38. cast,** defeated.

among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation to the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

THE EVILS OF PARTY FEELING

[*No. 125.—Addison. Tuesday, July 24, 1711.*]

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriae validas in viscera vertite vires.
—*Virgil.*

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties,

Motto. "Do not, my children, accustom your minds to great conflicts, nor turn your sturdy strength against the vitals of your country."

very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way was told that she had been a saint before he was born and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane"—by which ingenious artifice he found the place he inquired after without giving offense to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says, very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends or those who are indifferent to you. I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality, which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself and not from its object, answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about a hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed

5. **Roundheads.** The Puritans were so called because they wore their hair cut short. The **Cavaliers** had flowing curls. 8. **St. Anne's Lane**, probably the one near Westminster Abbey. 16. **prick-eared**, a gibe at the short-haired Puritans. 35. **land-tax.** See Explanatory Note 3, page 391.

66. **Plutarch** (46-120 A.D.), a Greek writer, whose *Lives* is one of the most interesting works of biography ever written. Addison here quotes from his *Morals*. 80. **great rule.** See *Luke, vi, 27.*

passions in the hearts of virtuous persons to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight or entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations—an abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practiced by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary *postulatums* of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League. But it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good! What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party whom they would honor and esteem if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part, I could heartily

47. **postulatums**, assumptions.

64. **Guelphs and Ghibellines**, two fierce political parties in Italy between the twelfth and the fifteenth centuries. The Guelphs, or popular party, supported the Pope. The Ghibellines, the aristocratic party, supported the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. 66. **the League**, the Catholic League formed in the sixteenth century to oppose the Huguenots and the Protestant Henry of Navarre.

wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in the great figures of life because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded because they are above practicing those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear. On the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy. C.

WHIGS AND TORIES

[*No. 126.—Addison. Wednesday, July 25, 1711.*]

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
—*Virgil.*

In my yesterday's paper I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defense of one another and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner:

We whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places, and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that, upon any day of the year, shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men who, without any regard to places, would endeavor to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate, immoral retainers to each side that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders—we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active

Motto. "I will make no difference between Trojans and Rutulians."

86. **Diodorus Siculus**, a Roman historian of the first century

little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying these pernicious creatures that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good breeding and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory fox-hunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers that my friend Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles; the first of them inclined to the landed, and the other to the moneyed interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them that it proceeds no further than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest.

In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such a one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper, and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of anyone that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

71. **interest**, influence. 74. **bait**, stop to eat.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humor. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the other day—for that is the place where the gentlemen of

From an eighteenth century print

one side meet once a week—I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised that, notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one that had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories, that he had picked up nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense and renders us in a manner barbarians toward one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions, and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children. C.

7 **meet once a week**, for the purpose of bowling, dining, dancing, or discussing the news of the country.

SIR ROGER AND THE GYPSIES

[*No. 130.—Addison. Monday, July 30, 1711.*]

——Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto.
—*Virgil.*

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counselor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairymaid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend, the butler, has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for about half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see, now and then, some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have often very white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in the corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was older and more sunburned than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life; upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage!" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant and that she should dream of him tonight. My old friend cried "Pish!" and bade her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated she was an idle baggage and bade her go on. "Ah, master," says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's

Motto. "It is always a pleasant thing to gather fresh spoils and live on one's thefts."

56. **Cassandra**, daughter of Priam, King of Troy. Apollo bestowed upon her the gift of prophecy, but afterwards decreed that she should never be believed.

heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing—." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle, profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago:

As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy and secretly touched with compassion toward him, paid the money for him and ordered him to be taken on board.

Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have been inclined toward the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it.

Upon laying together all particulars and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son returned to him whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages.

Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments toward a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy. C.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The first two sketches in this group touch upon some of the scientific interests of the time. The "humors" (blood, phlegm, choler, and bile) were the four fluids in the body which according to medieval physiology kept the body in health so long as they were mixed in the proper proportion, but gave rise to disease when their balance was disturbed. The circulation of the blood had been discovered by Harvey less than a century before the date of this essay. Dr. Thomas Sydenham was a noted physician of the seventeenth century who wrote upon medical subjects. Fuller's *Medicina Gymnastica* (1704) was also devoted to medical subjects; it was an essay on the relation of health to exercise. These references remind us that slowly but surely careful study of the body and its functions was leading to progress in medical science. On the other hand, the belief in witchcraft died very slowly. In Shakespeare's time there was no doubt as to the reality of witches and their evil influence. Even the Royal Society, at the end of the seventeenth century, though devoted to the study of science based on exact observation and seeking to drive out all superstition, believed in witchcraft. So it is small wonder that Addison speaks of witches with respect.

2. "Sir Roger and the Hunt," besides touching on a scientific interest, introduces a favorite sport of English country-gentlemen: hunting the fox. See John Masefield's recent poem "Reynard the Fox," for an account of the sport as followed today.

3. The essays on "Party Feeling" and "Whigs and Tories" introduce us to the great political divisions of Addison's time. The points of difference between Whigs and Tories are sometimes hard to discover, but in general they disagreed about the crown, the church, and the war. The Tories believed the king had a divine right to the throne by reason of hereditary succession. The Whigs believed that the king was the creature of Parliament, and that Parliament was the supreme power in the land. The Tories believed that religion should be supervised by the Established (or State) Church. The Whigs believed that each man had a right to choose his own form of belief, and consequently were more liberal toward the Dissenters, who had nothing to do with the Established Church. The Tories opposed the War of the Spanish Succession, which was fought to prevent the French and Spanish crowns from being joined. One reason for this opposition was the fact that they (the Tories) were of the aristocracy and had large estates in the country. Nearly all the taxes to support the war were laid on land. The Whigs supported the war because they belonged to the great middle commercial class who were much benefitted by the growth of British trade during the war. Besides, their funds were invested in tax-exempt government bonds, on which the landed aristocrats had to pay the interest.

During the Civil War (1642-1649) the Puritans (forerunners of the Whigs) were called Roundheads because they wore their hair short. The Cavaliers or Royalists (forerunners of the Tories) allowed theirs to fall over the shoulders. The bitterness between the two parties was particularly intense after 1710. As the country was getting tired of the war, which had been going on since 1701, the Whigs were thrown out of power. Both the Commons and the Lords became Tory. The *Spectator* papers appeared while this party spirit was at its height.

Questions and Topics

Sir Roger and the Hunt. 1. Talk with your gymnasium instructor or your family physician about the reasons for taking exercise. Compare his statements with Addison's. How does modern physiology differ from the physiology of Addison's day?

2. Is riding as popular now as in Addison's day? Why? What are the most popular outdoor exercises for men and women today?

3. What is shadow-boxing today? What indoor exercises are common nowadays?

4. Do you think Americans as a people take more or less exercise than Englishmen did in Addison's day?

The Coverley Witch. 1. What bits of evidence against Moll White does Sir Roger recount or point out to Mr. Spectator? Do you think these good evidence or reasoning? Why?

2. The paper contains several different attitudes toward witchcraft. What is the chief feeling of each of these: Mr. Spectator, Sir Roger, the chaplain, the tenants?

3. Why do people nowadays reject witchcraft? Can you point out other superstitions, such as, "knocking on wood," or "Friday the thirteenth," which many still half-way believe?

Sir Roger Talks of the Widow. 1. Sir Roger has spoken before of the widow's confidante and of her learning. Where? Do you think him right in ascribing his rejection to the confidante? Do you think his estimate of her

learning (e.g., her understanding of trade) well founded?

2. Compare Sir Roger's estimate of the influence of the widow on his character with Mr. Spectator's earlier comments.

3. Three confidantes are mentioned in this paper. Which of them seems most real to you? Which of them best illustrates the danger of having a confidante?

4. What part of the conduct of the lovers in the thicket seems to you natural? What part seems unlikely or artificial?

Sir Roger at the Assizes. 1. What oddities of conduct does Sir Roger display in this paper? Are they similar to, or different from, those displayed at church? (See pages 367-369). Are they due to the influence of the perverse widow or some other cause? Show clearly why you think so.

2. What opinion do the country people have of Sir Roger's conduct? Does it agree or disagree with Mr. Spectator's? Can you explain why this is natural?

3. Why does Mr. Spectator reply that much may be said on both sides? What reason had Sir Roger for using the same expression earlier? Why has Mr. Spectator enjoyed the day so much?

The Evils of Party Feeling. 1. Why is the humorous anecdote at the beginning introduced? Is it in keeping with the quotation from Plutarch? Does the quotation help Addison to make his point? How do the references to Guelphs and Ghibellines and the League apply to Whigs and Tories in England?

2. Sum up the thought of the paper in a single sentence. Does this evil apply to the United States in any way? Look for proof of your contention in the occurrences of some local or national campaigns. Ask your father for anecdotes that will show which side you should support. Look for the effect on both *morals* and *judgment.* If you find these effects, try to determine whether they are greater or less now than in Addison's day in England.

3. Can you gather from Addison what are the causes of this party spirit? What light does Explanatory Note 3, page 391, throw on the matter? If you find party spirit in America, what causes can you find for it?

Whigs and Tories. 1. What remedy does Addison here propose for the evil he diagnosed in the preceding paper?

2. Why are the resolutions humorous? Do you think signing them would help to carry out Addison's proposed reform?

3. Try to find out whether party factions in America are more violent in the country or in the city. Do you think Sir Roger would have agreed with Mr. Spectator on this point? What do you suppose Will Wimble meant by a fanatic?

4. Are hotel keepers today guided by political prejudices? Why? Why were they in Sir Roger's day? Do political prejudices keep men from hunting or playing golf together now?

Sir Roger and the Gypsies. 1. What opinion does Sir Roger entertain concerning the gypsies at the beginning? What opinion of them does he have after their prophecies? Write out his opinion after he tries to find a coin for a beggar.

2. Why is the story of the Dutch boy introduced? Does it establish or disprove the point Addison wishes to make about gypsies?

3. Compare this paper with the one on ghosts (page 365) and the one on the Coverley witch (page 376). What points do they make about the supernatural? Which of the three is the most humorous? Pick out the passages which make it so.

Part III—Review

1. In narrating Sir Roger's activities, Mr. Spectator takes occasion to comment on the recreations of Englishmen, on their superstitions, on their political prejudices, and so on. Select one of these topics, imagine that Sir Roger visits your community, and try to criticize American failings in the respect you have chosen, but keep the kindliness of the old man as he is here drawn. The class may wish to decide by vote or by committee which is the best article.

2. This part contains several famous accounts of Sir Roger. Which one seems to you the most amusing or delightful revelation of the old knight's character? Read aloud to the class the parts that in your eyes make him most lovable.

PART IV

THE SPECTATOR'S ENTERTAINMENT OF SIR ROGER IN LONDON

THE SPECTATOR DECIDES TO RETURN TO LONDON

[*No. 131.—Addison. Tuesday, July 31, 1711.*]

——Ipsae rursum concedite sylvae.
—*Virgil.*

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house and gets into the frontiers of his estate before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that, the sport is the more agreeable when the game is harder to come at and does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects and hunted them down with some pleasure to myself and, I hope, to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, while I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes that they foil the scent of one another and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjuror; and some of them, hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him to cure the old woman and free the country from her charms; so that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood is what they call here a "White Witch."

A justice of peace who lives about five miles off and is not of Sir Roger's party has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his

Motto. "Once more, ye woods, adieu."

41. **Westminster**, now a part of London. 68. **White Witch**, a witch that does good.

house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions that are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine but because I do not hoot and hollo and make a noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells them *that it is my way* and that I am only a philosopher; but that will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London tomorrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer; that will be the master of his own time and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

DEAR SPEC.

I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairymaids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew has grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us Commonwealth's men.

Dear Spec.,
Thine eternally,
WILL HONEYCOMB

C.

THE COACH TO LONDON

[*No. 132.—Steele. Wednesday, August 1, 1711.*]

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.—*Tully.*

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for

12. **out of place**, out of office. The Tories had come into power the year before, and Addison, as a Whig, had lost his post as Secretary to Ireland. 15. **disaffected person**, discarded Whig, i.e., one out of favor with his own party.

68. **cock and a bull**, absurd stories. Today we say "cock and bull stories." 78. **Commonwealth's men**, Whigs. Motto. "He is said to be inept who does not see that he is taking up the time, or talking too much, or obtrudes himself, or has no regard for those he is with."

London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight in order to be ready for the stagecoach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow, her mother; a recruiting officer, who took a place because they were to go; young Squire Quickset, her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to; Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach. And the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious, behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character; you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town; we will wake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep to be the bridesman, and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee that if I have the giving of her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty.

11. **Mrs.**, pronounced "mistress," for which it was an abbreviation. "Miss" was applied in Addison's day only to very young girls; "Mrs." was a title of respect for both married and unmarried women. 22. **intelligence**, news. 34. **half pike**, short pike, carried by an officer. 37. **equipage**, retinue; here sarcastically applied to a single attendant.

Verily, it is not from thy fullness but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee. To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle is in some degree assaulting on the highroad."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with a happy and uncommon impudence—which can be convicted and support itself at the same time—cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind and a right inward man as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him. Such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again. But be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man; therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet with affec-

36. **smoky**, keen at detection.

53. **right**, etc. The roads were muddy and so narrow that two coaches could barely pass.

tions as we ought to have toward each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

SIR ROGER VISITS LONDON

[*No. 269.—Addison. Tuesday, January 8, 1712.*]

—Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas——. —*Ovid.*

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me that there was a man below desired to speak to me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave, elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio—for so the knight always calls him—to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air—to make use of his own phrase—and is not a little pleased with anyone who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many shakes of the hand and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another; after which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble; upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Motto. "Simplicity, the rarest of things in our age." 19. **Gray's Inn Walks**, one of the Inns of Court. See note on line 52, page 346. 24. **Prince Eugene** (1663-1736), a famous Austrian general. He had been an ally of the British in several campaigns of the War of the Spanish Succession. 34. **Scanderbeg** (1403-1468), a noted Albanian commander, who won many victories against the Turks.

66. **thirty marks**, twenty pounds. 72. **tobacco-stopper**, a small plug of wood or bone—often very fancifully made—to pack the tobacco in the bowl of the pipe.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer and set it a-running for twelve days to everyone that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me with great satisfaction that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man whose presence does so much honor to the British nation.

He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's *Chronicle* and other authors who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest

35. **small**, weak.

50. **Act of Parliament**, the law which forbade anyone who had ever attended a Dissenter's meeting from holding any office under the government. 57. **plum-porridge**, plum pudding. Rigid Dissenters did not approve of the elaborate Christmas festivities. 70. **Pope's Procession**, a Protestant processional on November 17, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. It had been suppressed by the Government the year before the writing of this paper. 86. **Baker's Chronicle**. See note 3, page 355.

part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in the coffee-room—who seemed to take pleasure in serving him—were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.

SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[*No. 329.—Addison. Tuesday, March 18, 1712.*]

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.
—*Horace.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, "in which," says he, "there are a great many ingenious fancies." He told me at the same time that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further that he looked upon it to be very good for a man, while he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county—that she distilled every poppy that grew within

5. **Squire's**, a coffee-house near Gray's Inn, frequented by lawyers. 16. **Supplement**, a newspaper issued three times a week. 18. **boys**, waiters. Motto. "It remains to go down whither Numa has gone and Ancus." 27. **my paper**, No. 26. **Westminster Abbey**, a famous church in London, and the chief burial place of England's most distinguished dead.

49. **Widow Trueby's water**, an old-time medicine. 71. **sickness**, the great plague in Dantzig in 1709.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her. "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist and take in a roll of their best Virginia.

Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby —a great man! he whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

8. **engaged**, attached to the perverse widow.

38. **Sir Cloudesley Shovel**, a gallant English admiral drowned off the Scilly Isles in 1707. 41. **Busby**, Richard (1606-1695), for fifty-five years the headmaster of Westminster school, near the Abbey.

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow instead of returning him an answer told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger in the next place laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

4. **historian**, guide. 6. **account**, a legendary story of Sir Bernard Brocas, beheaded in 1399. 10. **Cecil**, William (1520-1598), Lord Burghley, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth. He is represented as kneeling by the tomb of his wife and daughter. 13. **martyr**, Lady Elizabeth Russell (died 1601). The story has not been verified. 23. **two coronation chairs.** In one chair, said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor (1004-1066), every English king since Edward I (ruled 1272-1307) has been crowned. The other chair was made for Queen Mary when she was crowned with her husband, William III, in 1689. 25. **stone.** The "stone of Scone" is a block of common Scotch sandstone which had been set into the chair in which the Scottish monarchs were crowned. It was seized in 1296 by Edward I, and placed in the English coronation chair. It was reputed to be the stone on which Jacob rested his head when he saw the vision of the ladder reaching up to heaven. See *Genesis xxviii*, 10-22. 36. **forfeit**, fee, i.e., for sitting in the chair.

47. **Edward the Third's sword.** This "monumental sword that conquered France" stands between the coronation chairs. 49. **Black Prince**, the promising oldest son of Edward I, who died in 1376 at the age of thirty-six. 57. **the evil**, scrofula. It was strongly believed in Edward the Confessor's time (1002-1066) that the royal touch had healing power. The superstition lasted into Queen Anne's time. 58. **Henry the Fourth** (reigned 1399-1413) usurped the throne from Richard II. 64. **one**, etc., Henry V. Above the monument are the saddle, helmet, and shield said to have been used by him at Agincourt.

For my own part I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out toward everyone he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY

[*No. 335.—Addison. Tuesday, March 25, 1712.*]

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
—*Horace.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," says Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*, which I should not have gone to, neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us tomorrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bade Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among

Motto. "I'll bid the trained actor look for a model of life and manners, and thence get truth of speech." **21. new tragedy.** See Explanatory Note 3, page 410. **25. The Committee,** a play by Sir Robert Howard, which satirizes the Puritans. **31. Hector,** one of the Trojan heroes.

38. Mohocks, a band of aristocratic young rowdies. **80. Steenkirk.** Captain Sentry is jesting. The English army was badly beaten by the French at Steenkirk, in Belgium, in 1692.

the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, "Aye, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though at the same time he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him."

Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage."

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to

26, 37, 38. **Pyrrhus, Andromache, Hermione.** See Explanatory Note 3, Page 410.

59. **dramatic rules.** See last part of Explanatory Note 3, page 410.

express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear toward Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious and took occasion to moralize, in his way, upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

L.

16. **smoke**, ridicule. 24. **not done upon the stage.** The English followed the Greek rule of never presenting murders or other tragic deaths on the stage.

WILL HONEYCOMB

[*No. 359.—Budgell. Tuesday, April 22.*]

Torva leaena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
—*Virgil.*

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us, and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation Sir Roger told us in the fullness of his heart that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the county, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am and a noted Republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female

Motto. "The savage lioness hunts the wolf, the wolf the kid, the frisky kid the flowering clover."

world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately with his usual fluency rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty," though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore. "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father, happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbade me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprise that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had she not been carried off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and, taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:

Oh! why did our
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;

22. **put**, fool (slang).

53. **Miss**, slightly contemptuous.

Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex. For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gained
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed! X.

SIR ROGER AT SPRING GARDEN

[*No. 383.—Addison. Tuesday, May 20.*]

Criminibus debent hortos——. —*Juvenal.*

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next "Spectator," I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud, cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking toward it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that had been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Fox-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections

22. **X**, the signature of Eustace Budgell, Addison's cousin; he contributed a number of papers to the *Spectator*. Motto. "They bind over their gardens to vice."

35. **Spring Garden**, often called Fox-Hall or Vauxhall, a fashionable pleasure ground on the south side of the Thames. 51. **Temple Stairs**, a boat-landing. 76. **La Hogue**, a naval battle off Cape la Hogue, on the northwestern coast of France, in 1692. The Dutch and the English defeated the French.

on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bade me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger's character his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire.

He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town when he meets with anyone in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them instead of returning the civility asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mohammedan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingales!" Here he fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her that she was a wanton baggage and bade her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating, ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him and bade him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I

18. **Temple Bar**, the gateway dividing the old or business part of London from the more fashionable part. 21. **fifty new churches.** In 1711 Parliament decreed that fifty more churches should be built in the outer parts of the rapidly growing city.

51. **Middlesex**, county in which is London. 77. **mask**, woman wearing a mask. 88. **hung beef**, beef slightly salted and hung up to dry.

perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message and was going to be saucy, upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer masks.

I.

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER

[*No. 517.—Addison. Thursday, October 23, 1712.*]

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!—
—*Virgil.*

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead*. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the Chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Motto. "Alas! for that old-time piety and faith!"

Honored Sir,

Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably

upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the Quorum. The whole Parish followed the corps with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in ridinghoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honored Sir,
Your most Sorrowful Servant,
Edward Biscuit.

P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for everyone in the club. O.

58. **Act of Uniformity**, the law which required all ministers to accept everything in *The Book of Common Prayer*. 70. **rings and mourning.** It was customary to will rings, gloves, and hatbands to the mourners.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. The last group of essays tells how the Spectator returned to London, describes some of Sir Roger's adventures on a visit there, and ends with the death of the old knight. The humorous references to the suspicions aroused by the Spectator's stay in the country remind us of Silas Marner at Raveloe, where the villagers looked upon him with suspicion because he was a stranger. The account of the journey by stage from Worcester to London enables us to contrast modern travel. The best stages made seventy-five miles a day and the trip from Worcester would require three days. The roads were so narrow and muddy that two coaches could pass only with difficulty; hence disputes were frequent. (Cf. *A Tale of Two Cities*, Chapter II).

2. Some political references in these essays need brief explanation. Sir Andrew, as a Whig, would be charged with inheriting the Puritan principles that were in the ascendancy under Cromwell and the Commonwealth (1649–1660). Prince Eugene of Savoy was a famous Austrian general who had served as an ally of Marlborough in several campaigns of the War

of the Spanish Succession which the Tories were now trying to end. Three days before the publication of paper 269 he came to England to urge the continuation of the war, but did not succeed. Sir Roger, as a Tory, was not supposed to be in sympathy with the war, but he was vastly interested in trying to get sight of the hero. His interest in history and politics comes out often in the essays in this group. You remember that Baker's *Chronicle*, which he often refers to, was in Leonora's library.

3. The story of Sir Roger's visit to the theater is interesting because of the old knight's amusing actions and also because in it Addison was writing of a play popular at that time. To his readers, therefore, this sketch appealed in much the same way as if a writer nowadays should tell the impression upon a visitor from the country made by some very popular play in one of our great cities. Sir Roger visits *The Distressed Mother*, a play written by Addison's friend, Ambrose Phillips, and first acted only eight days before Sir Roger went to see it. It was based on a celebrated play by Racine, the great French dramatist, and tells how Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, captured Andromache, the distressed mother of Astyanax. He wins her consent to marry him by promising to make Astyanax king of Troy. But Hermione, who is in love with him, conspires with Orestes to slay him. She commits suicide and Orestes goes mad. Sir Roger speaks of "the dramatic rules," meaning the rules then in vogue which held that a tragedy should tell but one story (unity of action), should introduce but one place (unity of place), and should not represent a time longer than twenty-four hours (unity of time). The excellence of a play was then determined by its fidelity to these rules, which were supposed to have been laid down by Aristotle. Shakespeare was severely criticized because he did not observe them.

Questions and Topics

Mr. Spectator Decides to Return to London. 1. What is the purpose of the first paragraph?

2. What are the Spectator's reasons for wishing to return to London? Are they consistent with this character? Answer by bringing in his other appearances in the series, from the first paper onward. Has he anywhere shown he is at heart a "city fellow"?

3. Why did the country people not understand Mr. Spectator? Explain their guesses.

The Coach to London. 1. How does the discussion arise between the Quaker and the Captain? Which do you think the more merited, the Quaker's first speech or his parting advice? Why?

2. Could such a situation have risen in modern traveling in this country? Why? Do the same types of character appear today? Write an account of a trolley or train trip which Sir Roger might take near your home.

Sir Roger Visits London. 1. Why doesn't Mr. Spectator entertain Sir Roger in his own rooms in return for the hospitality at Coverley Hall?

2. How many of the earlier papers are brought to mind by Sir Roger's news?

3. What parts of Sir Roger's conversation might not have pleased a Whig like Mr. Spectator? How would Sir Andrew have acted during those parts of the conversation?

4. Does Sir Roger appear in a more, or a less, attractive light here than in earlier ones?

Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey. 1. If you were to visit Westminster, do you think you would note the same features that Sir Roger did? Does he observe the impressive and significant, or the trivial, features of the tombs? Where does his character come out most clearly?

2. Some student should report on paper 26, and another on Washington Irving's "Westminster Abbey" in *The Sketch Book*. What matters did these observers note that Sir Roger did not note at all?

3. Westminster Abbey, since it contains monuments to the most distinguished men and women in English history, arouses very strongly the patriotism of the ordinary Englishman. Show that Sir Roger shares this feeling?

Sir Roger at the Play. 1. Where do Sir Roger's traits come out most amusingly?

2. In your judgment, how did the playhouse and the play differ from the same things today?

3. Write an imaginary account of Sir Roger at a moving-picture show. Bring out the features which would be sure to astonish him.

Will Honeycomb. 1. In the description of the Club, what character was given Will Honeycomb? In the present paper, written by Budgell, is he consistent with the earlier sketch?

2. Do you think Will Honeycomb is an authority on women? Why has he never succeeded in getting married? Point out particular passages that support your view.

3. Some student should report on *Spectator* No. 530, in which Will Honeycomb marries. Does he marry the kind of woman you would predict? Has he changed at all?

4. Are there any Will Honeycombs today? What did he chiefly require in the woman he sought to marry?

Sir Roger at Spring Garden. 1. How often does Sir Roger's love of humanity, kindliness, or charity appear in this paper? Recall a few similar instances from earlier papers.

2. Where does he show his patriotism?

Where in earlier papers has he displayed love of England?

3. On what two occasions was Sir Roger insulted? Is he able to take care of himself or does he need the aid of Mr. Spectator?

4. Some critics have said that Sir Roger's most engaging trait is his simplicity. Where does he show it here in act or speech? What notable instances of it occur in earlier papers?

The Death of Sir Roger. 1. Why do you think the butler's letter was chosen to communicate the news of the death to Mr. Spectator? Do you find his English as bad as Mr. Spectator implies?

2. Is Sir Roger's death consistent with his life? Cite passages to support your opinion.

3. Would you expect all members of the Club to be affected by the death? Who would be the least affected? Who most? Why?

Part IV—Review

1. This part gives vivid accounts of modes of travel in country and city in 1711, of different types of recreation in London, and other glimpses of life then. Which is to you the most vivid? Try to write a similar account of life in your part of the country. You may wish to introduce Sir Roger. The class may wish to decide on the best account as in Part III.

2. Do you think Sir Roger more lifelike in this part or in Part III? Pick out particular essays in each to substantiate your opinion.

3. A famous critic said, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addision." You have now read a good deal of Addison. Can you illustrate what is meant by "familiar but not coarse," and "elegant but not ostentatious"? Select two or three passages that illustrate each of the two qualities the critic had in mind. Do you think a writer today should try to imitate Addison's manner of writing? Cite particular passages in which the choice of words, the turn of the sentences, or the expression of humor or satire, will bear out your opinion.

FURTHER READING ABOUT ADDISON AND STEELE

I. Literary

Addison and Steele: *The Spectator.* Besides the numerous references in the notes to interesting numbers, the student should dip in here and there to see how gracefully almost any subject is dealt with by these famous authors. Moreover, this is the best way to see how people acted and thought in that day.

Lee, Albert: *A Baronet in Corduroy.* This story begins in Button's Coffee-house as the Sacheverell mob was surging past. It brings in highwaymen and other characters of the day.

Thackeray, William Makepeace: *Henry Esmond.* Probably no finer historical novel has been written. To read it is to live again in those far-off days.

Woods, Margaret L.: *Esther Vanhomrigh.* This tells more of Swift than of Addison and Steele, but it introduces you to many prominent figures of the age.

II. Historical

Ashton, John: *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.* For those who want all the facts about Addison's day, this book is a mine. Separate reports on each of the following chapters would be interesting. I. Childhood and education (boys). II. Childhood and education (girls). VI. Servants (connect with Coverley Hall). VII. Daily Life (men). VIII. Daily Life (women). X. Superstition (connect with Sir Roger's beliefs in gypsies and witches.) XVIII. Coffee Houses and Taverns. XXIII. Horse Racing, Hunting, Shooting. XXIX. Literature and the Press. XXXV. The Streets. XXXVI. Carriages.

Macaulay, T. B.: *Addison.* This biographical essay, a very interesting and flattering account of Addison, will give you more in shorter space than any other book.

History of England, Chapter III. This describes the state of England in 1685 in Macaulay's vivid style. All that he says is substantially true of the time of Addison and Steele.

Sydney, William Connor: *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century.* Though this deals in general with a later part of the eighteenth century, several chapters give a pretty good picture of the age of Addison. Read Chapter II for a picture of the town then; Chapter IV deals with Dress and Costume; Chapter VI with Coffee-houses; Chapter VIII with superstitions; Chapter XI with traveling; Chapter XVII with Life in the Provinces.

Traill, H. D.: *Social England,* Volume IV. Reign of Queen Anne, pages 511-17; Social Life, pages 592-608. If you are at all curious these two sections will satisfy you on most points.

GOLDSMITH'S "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

AN INTRODUCTION

Laughing at life about you, at people or events in your experience, is almost universal. Everybody laughs, or should laugh, for laughter arises from sound common sense, from a feeling of proportion, from a balanced way of looking at life. A perfectly selfish person, one whose thought and actions are all centered on himself, may not see much to laugh at. A fanatic, one who is terribly in earnest about getting some change brought about or some project pushed through to completion, may not take time to laugh. But with most people a sense of humor is one of the most valuable possessions. It tends to grow richer year by year. Those who in youth come to enjoy humor in literature are likely to have a keener appreciation of it in life. Let us see how some writers have found amusement in the oddities of everyday life.

Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the first play in this section, had a very delightful sense of humor. He liked to tell a story of his own schooldays. He went to a school only fifteen miles away from his home in Ireland, but he boarded there because the roads were difficult. As most traveling was done in the saddle, he rode back home on his vacations. After his last vacation he set out in high spirits, for a friend had given him a guinea and he felt as rich as Croesus. He was on a borrowed horse, and he rode so slowly that he was only half way to the school when night overtook him. Here was an opportunity to put up at an inn. He asked for the "best house" in the place. He inquired with so much swagger and importance that the gentleman to whom he applied, and who enjoyed playing practical jokes, directed him to the mansion of the squire. The youth consequently rode up briskly, shouted for someone to take his horse, and went into the supposed inn. The squire knew the boy's father, who was rector of the English Church in the next village, and allowed him to order his supper, accepted his invitation to share a bottle of wine, and even took his directions for a hot cake for his breakfast. It was not until leaving the next morning that Oliver Goldsmith learned that he had assumed these lordly airs in a private house.

The picture of the awkward youth condescending to the squire lingered in Goldsmith's mind so vividly that he made it the basis of his famous and still popular play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The two young men in the play are misled by a practical joker in much the same way. One of them, who is usually very modest, but who is kept in the dark about the mistake, mistreats the good old gentleman, the master of the house, in a very superior fashion. Much of the fun comes from the innumerable mistakes, both in act and speech, into which the practical joke leads this modest young man.

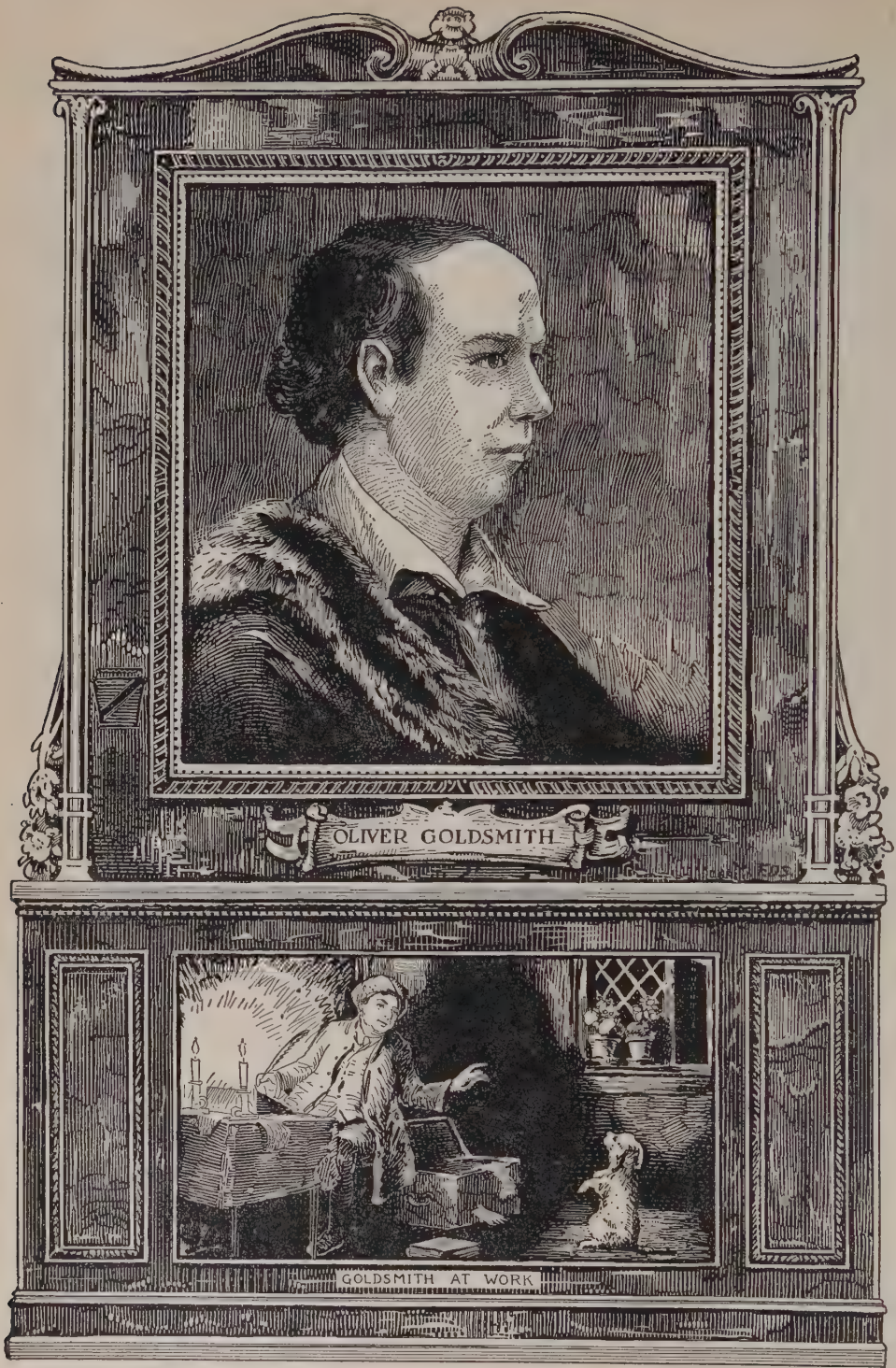
Goldsmith introduces other practical jokes into the play, but he does not rely entirely on this kind of humor to amuse his audiences. To mistake one person for another, to say or do the wrong thing in any situation is usually a low form of wit. Goldsmith enriched his comedy by making fun of features of the everyday life of the time. Ridicule of the extravagant is a never-ending source of amusement. You will laugh heartily at Mrs. Hardcastle. She pets her boisterous grown-up son as if he were a weakly child. She is in her fifties, but she tries to dress in the latest fashion for women much younger. She has never been in London and is indeed very ignorant about it, but she pretends to be well acquainted with it. Silly mothers and vain, ignorant old women may be found today almost anywhere. Everywhere there will be enough sensible people to enjoy any satire of them.

Goldsmith satirized also matters which

were peculiar to his age. In fact, when the play was produced, it was considered a very bold one. Plays weren't written in that way then. The characters had to be "genteel." They had to be people of wealth and their servants. Goldsmith introduces as his chief character a young man little better than a country bumpkin. In one scene he introduces some very commonplace persons at a country inn. The satire comes when they all protest their "gentility." Even the bear dances to "genteel" tunes. In democratic America, we may have to read that scene twice to see the keenness of the satire. Even more difficult for us is Goldsmith's satire of "sentiment." With us the sentimental person is likely to idealize, to think of even the most hardened criminals as unfortunates, and to believe that they may be reclaimed by kindness. In Goldsmith's day comedy was called sentimental for a different reason. A sentimental play was one in which the characters spoke the most proper sentiments or opinions on very slight provocation. For example, some character may declare, "Those who generously labor for the happiness of others will sooner or later arrive at happiness themselves." When the characters are frequently saying truths like this, the play ceases to be very funny. The situations are likely to be serious or even sad. Goldsmith wanted hearty laughter. He made Marlow and Miss Hardcastle carry on a "sentimental conversation," but he had his audience laugh at them while they did so. You should bear in mind Goldsmith's satire of "sentiment" in reading the play.

In his satire Goldsmith is never biting. In the ludicrous situations in which he places characters, he always deals with them gently. There is laughter, however, that arises not merely from satire or comical mistakes or unexpected turns of events. Sometimes you laugh, like the baby, just because you are happy. The scene simply sounds funny. Take the opening of the second act. Nothing unexpected happens. No one is satirized or held up to ridicule. Of course these faithful servants are absurdly ill fitted to act gracefully in the new roles that are assigned them. But it is something else that makes this scene a delightful piece of comedy. It is the hearty good will that reigns between master and servants. He calls them blockheads, but they know his kindly heart. He can't help laughing when Diggory refers to Old Grouse in the gun room. Much of the best humor, both in literature and in life, has back of it this kindly feeling. It is tender at the same time that it is merry.

The little play entitled *The Beau of Bath* is added as a sort of epilogue. It introduces once more that courtly and dignified society to which Addison and Goldsmith belonged and reminds us of Sir Roger and the Club. It is a picture of eighteenth century life as viewed by a recent writer.


OLIVER GOLDSMITH
GOLDSMITH AT WORK

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

or

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

Oliver Goldsmith

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

CHARACTERS	ORIGINAL CAST
Sir Charles Marlow	*Mr. Gardner*
Young Marlow (his son)	*Mr. Lewes*
Hardcastle	*Mr. Shuter*
Hastings	*Mr. Dubellamy*
Tony Lumpkin	*Mr. Quick*
Diggory	*Mr. Saunders*

WOMEN

Mrs. Hardcastle	*Mrs. Green*
Miss Hardcastle	*Mrs. Bulkley*
Miss Neville	*Mrs. Kniveton*
Maid	*Miss Willems*

Landlord, Servants, etc.

ACT FIRST

Scene I. *A chamber in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbor Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hard. Aye, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stagecoach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hard. Aye, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I've been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hard. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're forever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty—makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hard. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Aye, you have taught him finely.

Mrs. Hard. No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hard. Humor, my dear; nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Hard. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the

Original cast, those who first acted in the play, some of them stage celebrites. 16. **basket**, a receptacle for baggage in the rear of old-fashioned coaches.

26. **Prince Eugene.** See note on line 24, page 397. **Duke of Marlborough**, an English general who fought with Prince Eugene. 35, 36. **Darby . . . Joan**, types of married bliss. 54. **quotha**, indeed!

kittens be humor, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Aye, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly, so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—(*Tony hallooing behind the scenes*)—Oh, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly!

Enter Tony, crossing the stage.

Mrs. Hard. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother; I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hard. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Aye; the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. Hard. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins, the exciseman; Jack Slang, the horse-doctor; little Aminadab, that grinds the music-box; and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. Hard. (*Detaining him.*) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [*Exit, hauling her out.*

Hard. (*Alone.*) Aye, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling, Kate! the fashions of the times have almost infected her, too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress, to please you.

Hard. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband, from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow, himself, shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow,

2. **wig.** All genteel men wore wigs in Goldsmith's day.

whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*), he's mine—I'll have him.

Hard. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Aye, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime, I'll go prepare the servants for his reception. As we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. (*Alone.*) Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome—these he put last, but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured—I like all that. But then, reserved and sheepish—that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cured of his timidity by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—but I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Hard. I'm so glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face today?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—surely no accident has happened among the canary birds or the goldfishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name—

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp; you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm

62. **in face,** looking my best.

not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. Would it were bedtime, and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *An alehouse room.*

Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco. Tony at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Bravo!

First Fell. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Aye, a song, a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, The Three Pigeons.

SONG

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
  With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
  Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
  Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,
Their *quis*, and their *quæs*, and their *quods*,
  They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
  A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
  They alway preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
  For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
  But you, my good friend, are the Pigeon.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
  And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
  Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons forever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
  Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
  Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo!

First Fell. The squire has got some spunk in him.

Second Fell. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

Third Fell. Oh, damn anything that's low; I cannot bear it.

Fourth Fell. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time; if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fell. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes—"Water Parted," or "The Minuet in Ariadne."

Second Fell. What a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

Second Fell. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place that he kept the best horses and dogs in the whole county.

18. **Allons**, Let's go! Scene II. 37. **Lethe, Styx**, rivers of Hades. 41. **Methodist.** The Methodist sect, less than half a century old at this time, was much ridiculed by Church of England adherents.

48. **Pigeon**, dupe. 63-66. **low . . . genteel.** Goldsmith is making fun of other playrights, who would not introduce characters that did not belong in "society." 68. **concatenation**, nonsense as used here. 75. **Water Parted**, a song in Arne's opera, *Artaxerxes*. 76. **Ariadne**, an opera by Handel.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt mob.*

Tony. (*Alone.*) Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.

Marl. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore!

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to everyone I meet; and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offense, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

17. **woundily**, extremely. 24. **father-in-law**, stepfather.

Hast. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you come?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Marl. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marl. That's not necessary toward directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offense; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, wellbred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of!

Marl. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winking upon the Landlord*)—Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me?

Land. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marl. Cross down Squash Lane!

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marl. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Aye; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

"YOU BEN'T SENDING THEM TO YOUR FATHER'S AS AN INN?"

Marl. Oh, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Marl. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude.

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marl. This house promises but a poor reception; though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Marl. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then, let me see—what if you go on a mile farther, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no; but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

12. **longitude.** In 1773, the year in which *She Stoops to Conquer* appeared, John Harrison had received £20,000 for an explanation of how to determine longitude.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

Land. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant, mischievous son. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Act I, Scene i

1. Remember that the play is supposed to take place about the time when Mr. Lorry takes his trip to Dover in *A Tale of Two Cities.* Why does Mr. Hardcastle use the expression "faster than a stage-coach"?

2. Why does Mrs. Hardcastle think Latin will improve Tony's mind? Do we hold such views today?

3. In how many ways are Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle unlike? Do such people exist today? Sketch some persons of your acquaintance to illustrate.

4. What seems to be the chief trait of Tony? How does it appear?

5. What notable difference is there between the way in which matches were made in those days and in these?

6. What does Kate like in a young man? What does she dislike? Do young ladies have the same views today?

7. Why does Miss Neville object to Tony as a future husband? Why does he object to her as a future wife? Why is Mrs. Hardcastle set upon the match?

Scene ii

1. Why do you suppose Tony likes the gatherings at the inn? Is he true to the conception you get of him in scene i?

2. Why does he wish to play a joke on his stepfather?

3. How and why does the landlord help him out?

4. Could Tony's trick be played today? Why do you think so?

Act I as a Whole

1. Which character do you think is going to be the most important? Why?

2. What do you think is going to be the chief story of the play? What incidents in this act make you think so?

3. Point out some contrasts between city dwellers and people living in the country in Goldsmith's day.

ACT SECOND

Scene I. *An old-fashioned house.*

Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Aye, aye.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plow, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Aye, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlor? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of the Ould Grouse in the gun-room. I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me! We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to Diggory*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Serv. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Serv. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Serv. Nor mine, for sartain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so, while, like your betters, you are quarreling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate.

[*Exit Hardcastle.*

Dig. By the elevens, my pleace is quite gone out of my head.

Roger. I know that my pleace is to be everywhere.

First Serv. Where the devil is mine?

Second Serv. My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so Ize go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, several ways.*

Enter Servant, with candles, showing in Marlow and Hastings.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome! This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique but creditable.

Marl. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

Marl. Travelers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marl. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—but among females of another class, you know—

Hast. Aye, among them you are impudent enough, of all conscience!

Marl. They are of *us*, you know.

Hast. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marl. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you

lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker—

Marl. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them; they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marl. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question of, "Madam, will you marry me?" No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marl. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low, answer "Yes" or "No" to all her demands—but for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

Hast. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marl. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you; as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honor do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marl. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward, prepossessing visage of mine can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marl. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, George, you're right; the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marl. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marl. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. I think not; brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marl. The girls like finery.

57. **duchesses of Drury Lane,** cheaply overdressed women of the theatrical, not the aristocratic, part of London. 91. **Denain,** where the French defeated the Allies in 1712, during the War of the Spanish Succession. 92. **ventre d'or,** gold-front.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—"I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood." So—

Marl. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigor.

Hard. Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marl. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance! [*Drinks.*

Marl. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this. But he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. Sir, my service to you. [*Drinks.*

Hast. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

Hast. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Aye, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marl. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir!—(*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marl. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work tonight in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog, sure, never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

21. **cup**, wine sweetened and flavored.

57. **Hyder Ally**, Sultan of Mysore. **Ally Cawn**, Sultan of Bengal. They were contemporary with Goldsmith. **Ally Croaker**, a popular Irish song. 69. **Westminster Hall**, the hall in London where, until 1882, the arguments in state trials were held. 84. **Belgrade**, where the Turks were beaten in 1717.

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It's a way I have got. When I travel I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offense, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh, no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for tonight's supper; I believe it's drawn out. (*Exit Roger.*) Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Marl. (*Reading.*) For the first course, at the top, a pig, and prune sauce.

Hast. Damn your pig, I say!

Marl. And damn your prune sauce, say I!

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.

Marl. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them.

Marl. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests; make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marl. Item: A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Marl. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marl. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marl. You see I'm resolved on it.—(*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*

Hast. (*Alone.*) So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Nev. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hast. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

61. **florentine**, probably something like our mince pie. **shaking pudding**, a jelly. 62. **taffety cream**, a dish so-named because the surface was glossy like taffeta silk. 64. **made**, fancy.

Miss Nev. An inn! sure you mistake; my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hast. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Nev. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Nev. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it, too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hast. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and, then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Nev. I have often told you that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hast. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Nev. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this way—

[*They confer.*

Enter Marlow.

Marl. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us, too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marl. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? Eh!

Marl. (*Aside.*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marl. Oh, yes! Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness till tomorrow?—Tomorrow at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—and rather more respectful—Tomorrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

Miss Nev. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marl. Oh, the devil! How shall I support it? Hem! Hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marl. And, of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, as returned from walking, a bonnet, etc.

Hast. (*Introducing them.*) Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow; I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marl. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marl. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

Marl. (*To him.*) Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marl. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (*To him.*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marl. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds, George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss Hard. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir; the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marl. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied —only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marl. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hard. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light, airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marl. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um—

Miss Hard. I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marl. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir—

Marl. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) I vow and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marl. Yes, madam. In this age of

78. **man of sentiment.** Reread on page 413, column one, from line 15 to the end of the paragraph.

hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are a few who do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marl. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam, I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marl. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam, I was—but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

Miss Hard. Well, then, I'll follow.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This pretty, smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well, too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

Enter Tony and Miss Neville, followed by Mrs. Hardcastle and Hastings.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations and not be to blame.

Tony. Aye, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance. I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him, to the back scene.*

Mrs. Hard. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, sir! you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighboring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, The Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hard. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

74. **Ranelagh**, a fashionable garden in London. **St. James's**, a park in an aristocratic section of London. **Tower Wharf**, one of the most wretched sections of London near the famous prison, the Tower. 81. **Pantheon**, a rival resort to Ranelagh. **Grotto Gardens**, a pleasure resort, and **The Borough** (Southwark, a section of London) were far from fashionable. 86. **Scandalous Magazine.** *The Town and Country Magazine*, which gave a good deal of town gossip and satire. 89. **head**, headdress. 91. **dégagée**, graceful. 92. **friseur**, hair-dresser. 95. **Ladies' Memorandum-book**, a reference to the *Ladies' Complete Pocket Book.*

Hast. Indeed! Such a head in a side-box, at the playhouse, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a City Ball.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

Mrs. Hard. Yet, what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle; all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. Hard. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing!

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hard. Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion!

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. Hard. And yet Mistress Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman—a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hard. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. Hard. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring.*)

Miss Nev. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Huswife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincy next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good

5. **inoculation**, a method of preventing smallpox, introduced in 1721. 24. **Gothic**, barbaric. 26. **tête**, a device for dressing the hair high

69. **crack**, lie. 98. **Quincy**, *The Complete English Dispensatory*, by John Quincy.

alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits! If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*]

Tony. (*Singing.*) "There was a young man riding by, and fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee." Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom!

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Aye, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon!

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Aye; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and maybe get you a part of her fortin besides, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

> We are the boys
> That fear no noise,
> Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why has Mr. Hardcastle had to train the servants?

2. How do Marlow and Hastings explain the furniture, which is too good for an inn?

3. Why has Hastings come down with Marlow?

4. In what way are Marlow and Hastings very rude to Mr. Hardcastle? Why are they? Note every occasion. Which seems to you the most amusing occasion?

5. What things does Mr. Hardcastle say that confirm Marlow in the mistaken belief that he is at an inn? Are they all natural?

6. What words and actions of Marlow make Mr. Hardcastle think him impudent?

7. How does the bill-of-fare differ from that at a home dinner today?

8. How does Marlow's insisting on seeing his bed help the plot?

9. Do you think Hastings right in supposing that Marlow would leave on discovering his mistake? Is Hastings's explanation plausible?

10. What kind of "bonnet" do you suppose Miss Hardcastle wore during the talk with Marlow? Do you suppose he looked at her closely? What is the most amusing part of the interview? Where has he stammered before?

11. What is Hastings's purpose in flattering Mrs. Hardcastle as he does? Which of his remarks is most amusing to you?

12. What traits of Mrs. Hardcastle come out in her conversation with Hastings? With Tony?

13. Do you believe Tony's account of Miss Neville's character? Does Hastings believe him?

14. Which conversation or passage is to you the most comical? The class may select one by vote and then choose a company to act it out before the class.

15. At the end of this act, what definite events do you look forward to?

ACT THIRD

Scene I. *The house.*

Enter Hardcastle, alone.

Hard. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took his boots off in the parlor, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, plainly dressed.

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bade you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover today.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it; and a man of the world, too!

Hard. Aye, he learned it all abroad—what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by traveling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure, you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? Whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlow's; his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw anyone so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions,

44. **mauvaise honte**, bashfulness. 54. **Bully Dawson.** See note on line 17, page 346.

and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing, then, we are agreed —to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes—but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Aye, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. Agreed. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And, depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. Oh, my genus! is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way, (*giving the casket*) —your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them; and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them!

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you: Miss Neville is endeavoring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them until you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment; leave *me* to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are! Morrice! Prance! [*Exit Hastings.*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

92. Morrice, Be off!

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretense to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Aye, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the meantime, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets!

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery?

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark; he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit Miss Neville.*] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catherine wheel.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Confusion! Thieves! Robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hard. We are robbed. My bureau

9. **marcasites**, a mineral much used in the eighteenth century for ornaments, because it had the luster of gold and silver. 24. **rose and table-cut things.** A "rose-cut" stone had a round surface; a "table-cut" stone had a flat top.

93. **Catherine wheel**, a kind of fireworks that rotates while burning.

has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined forever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest! I can tell you I'm not in jest, booby!

Tony. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off; she follows him.*

Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid. He mistook you for the barmaid, madam!

Miss Hard. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in *The Beaux' Stratagem?*

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it!

Miss Hard. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honor call?—Attend the lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the angel.—The lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

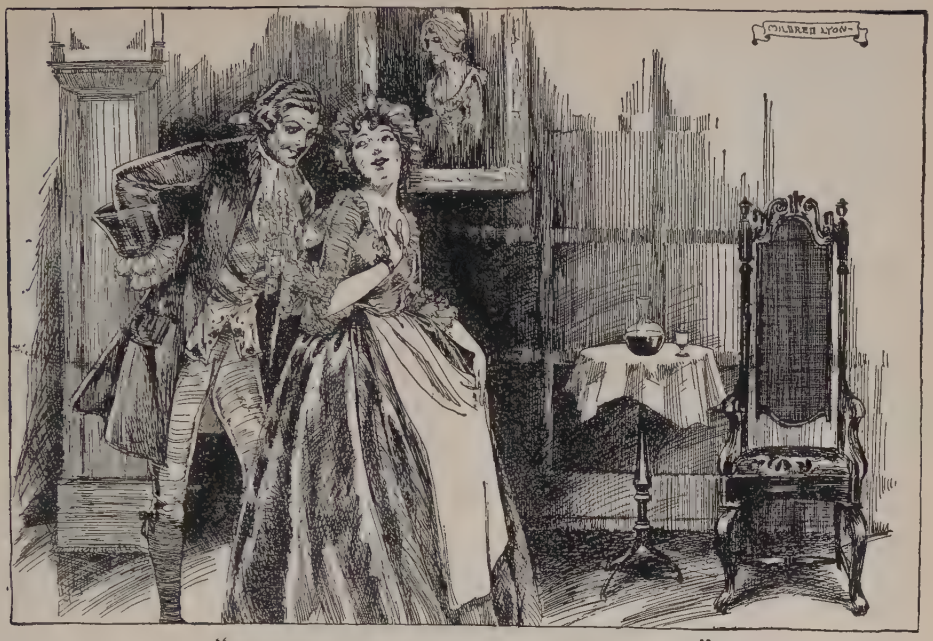
Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here.

[*Exit Maid.*

Enter Marlow

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the

61. **Cherry**, the innkeeper's daughter in Farquhar's comedy, *The Beaux' Stratagem.* 92, 93. **lion, angel, lamb.** In Goldsmith's day rooms in inns were named, not numbered.



"WE KEEP NO FRENCH WINES HERE, SIR"

gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.*

Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

Marl. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Marl. No, child! (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no! (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll tomorrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marl. I tell you no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marl. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

Miss Hard. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss Hard. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marl. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too?

Miss Hard. Nectar? Nectar? That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marl. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hard. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marl. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hard. Oh! sir, I must not tell my

1. **gallery**, a gallery running around a central yard. Guests entered their rooms from the gallery, not from a hall.

age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marl. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer, I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—

[*Attempting to kiss her.*

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marl. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here a while ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no! I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hard. Oh, then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

Marl. Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*

Miss Hard. Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

Marl. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hard. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Marl. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marl. (*Aside.*) All's well; she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hard. Aye, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marl. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.

Miss Hard. Aye, but the colors don't look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marl. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck; I never nicked seven that I did not throw ambsace three times following.

[*Exit Marlow.*

Hard. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults

21. **obstropalous.** What word does she mean?

78, 79. **nicked . . . ambsace,** i.e., I never made a winning throw of dice that I did not make the lowest possible throw three times following.

that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why doesn't Miss Hardcastle agree with her father that Marlow should be rejected? How does she expect to convince her father?

2. Is Mrs. Hardcastle justified in calling Tony a booby? How does he show his quickness of wit and shrewdness in this Act?

3. Does Miss Hardcastle give the maid her real reason for wishing to meet Marlow?

4. Why does Marlow's conduct not displease her? How does she expect to overcome her father's well-founded prejudice?

5. Can you think of anything Marlow is likely to do that will increase Mr. Hardcastle's opposition?

ACT FOURTH

Scene I. *The house.*

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hast. You surprise me; Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps, my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. Well, success attend you! In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretense of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter Marlow, followed by a Servant.

Marl. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honor.

Marl. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes; she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit Servant.*

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little barmaid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marl. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty

36. **discover**, reveal.

been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marl. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well, and what then?

Marl. She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them, though.

Hast. But you are sure, so very sure of her?

Marl. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

Hast. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor?

Marl. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honor of the barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it.

Hast. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marl. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marl. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have—

Hast. What?

Marl. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Marl. The landlady.

Hast. You did!

Marl. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

Marl. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marl. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure, nothing has happened?

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marl. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

Marl. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [*Exit.*

Marl. Thank ye, George; I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What is to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marl. I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side-scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear it from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

Marl. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street forever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon —hiccup—upon my conscience, sir. [*Exit.*

Marl. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow: sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marl. Leave your house!—Sure, you jest, my good friend! What, when I am doing what I can to please you!

Hard. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marl. Sure, you cannot be serious? At this time of night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious! And, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a firescreen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marl. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

Marl. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your face in.

Marl. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marl. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

Marl. How's this! Sure, I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry, "Coming." The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What, a poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir. A poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that

65. **Rake's Progress,** a celebrated series of engravings by the famous English artist Hogarth.

the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! O law!—What brought that into your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn!—Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Aye, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marl. So, then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Macaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behavior* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—this house I no more show *my* face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family on my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (*Aside.*) By heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, makes an honorable connection impossible; and I can never harbor a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honor, or bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a distance from one that if I had a thousand pounds I would give it all to.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favor, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter Tony and Miss Neville.

Tony. Aye, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Nev. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my Aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket; and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire and seem to fondle.*

17. **The Dullissimo Macaroni**, the most stupid of all dandies. A "macaroni" was a dandy who adopted foreign styles.

97. **Whistle-jacket**, a famous race-horse of the day.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Nev. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh, it's a pretty creature! No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Nev. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humor, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless (*patting his cheek*)—ah! it's a bold face!

Mrs. Hard. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married tomorrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter Diggory.

Dig. Where's the squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Dig. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Dig. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself. [*Exit Diggory.*

Tony. I could wish to know, though.

[*Turning the letter, and gazing on it.*

Miss Nev. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined forever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can. (*To Mrs. Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed—you must know, madam.—This way a little, for he must not hear us.

[*They confer.*

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard—very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) "Dear sir,"—aye, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell!

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from her.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Aye, so it is. (*Pretending*

33. **haspicholls**, a vulgarism for *harpsichord*.

91. **izzard**, the letter z. 100. **feeder**, cock-feeder.

"IT'S OF ALL THE CONSEQUENCE IN THE WORLD"

to read.) Dear Squire, hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag Club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up.

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world! I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea! Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*

Mrs. Hard. How's this? (*Reads.*) "Dear Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag*—aye, the hag—your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience. I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me!

3. **Shake-bag**, a fighting cock.

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Curtsying very low.*) Fine spoken, madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut; were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare this very moment to run off with *me*. Your old Aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory! I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Nev. So, now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Aye, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool—and after all the nods and signs I made him!

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant that you have shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hast. A poor, contemptible booby that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub.

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marl. But, sir—

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

37. **baskets**, a sword with a basket hilt for protecting the hand.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

[*Exit Servant.*

Miss Nev. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marl. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

Miss Nev. Mr. Hastings! Mr. Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Nev. I come. (*Exit Servant.*) Pray, be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Nev. Oh, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marl. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Nev. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

Mrs. Hard. (*Within.*) Miss Neville. Constance, why, Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well, constancy, remember, constancy is the word.

[*Exit, followed by the Servant.*

Hast. My heart! how can I support this! To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Marl. (*To Tony.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours, and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho!—Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why does Hastings hand the casket to Marlow? Why does Marlow send it to Mrs. Hardcastle?
2. What makes Marlow particularly insolent? How does he come to suspect he is not at an inn?
3. How does Miss Hardcastle *stoop* here to conquer? Why does she like Marlow better than ever?
4. Does Tony show himself stupid in the letter scene? Why should he not be able to read?
5. Is the scene where everyone is angry amusing to you or not? Why?
6. What plan do you suppose Tony has in mind? Do you think he deserves the names given him in this act?
7. Which is in the more unfortunate position—Marlow or Hastings?

ACT FIFTH

Scene 1. *The house.*

Enter Hastings and Servant.

Hast. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Serv. Yes, your honor. They went off in a post-coach, and the young squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles and Hardcastle.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper; ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to *me?* My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man! I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter Marlow.

Marl. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marl. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you

have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Marl. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Marl. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be played with, and rumpled a little, too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marl. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marl. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her—

Marl. Dear sir—I protest, sir—

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marl. But hear me, sir—

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it; every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—

Marl. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Marl. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honor upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve. Has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hard. As most professed admirers do: said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short, tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him; and, I am confident, he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

Miss Hard. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The back of the garden.*

Enter Hastings.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he! And perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, booted and spattered.

Hast. My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Aye, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travelers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or a slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope?

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey; and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Aye, now it's "dear friend," "noble squire." Just now, it was all "idiot," "cub," and run me through the guts. Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes; vanish. (*Exit Hastings.*) She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook! Battered to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset-hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess, we should be upon

28. **Rabbit**, humble; from the French *rabattre*.

53. **circumbendibus**, a roundabout course.

Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hard. O lud! O lud! The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid.—Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree.—Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hard. Oh, death!

Tony. No; it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming toward us. Ah! I am sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow!

Mrs. Hard. Good heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough, and cry hem. When I cough, be sure to keep close. [*Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

Enter Hardcastle.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my Aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Sure, he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I'm certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, sir.

[*Detaining him.*

Hard. I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hard. (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud! he'll murder my poor boy, my darling! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife, as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come? or what does she mean?

Mrs. Hard. (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *me?*

Mrs. Hard. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door! (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate and the mulberry tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught

"I'LL TELL YOU ALL, SIR"

my death in it. (*To Tony.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hard. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage.*

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost forever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

Miss Nev. No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Nev. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But, since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A room at Mr. Hardcastle's.*

Enter Sir Charles Marlow and Miss Hardcastle.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation; and to show I merit it, if you

place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment.

[*Exit Sir Charles.*

Enter Marlow.

Marl. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hard. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam; I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, sir; I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles Marlow from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hard. Aye, aye; make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marl. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marl. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marl. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me! Nor shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection where I must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marl. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview! What have you to say now?

Marl. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure; that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in

public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marl. Daughter!—this lady your daughter?

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter; my Kate; whose else should she be?

Marl. Oh, the devil!

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, that very identical, tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for (*curtsying*), she that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' Club. Ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Zounds! There's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud, confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning?—Ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Oh, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Tony.

Mrs. Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs. Hard. Aye, that's my affair, not yours.

Hard. But, you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs. Hard. Aye, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hard. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon! I begin not to like it.

Hast. (*To Hardcastle.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss Nev. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. Hard. Pshaw! Pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Witness all men, by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance

Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. O brave squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. Hard. My undutiful offspring!

Marl. Joy, my dear George! I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favor.

Hast. (*To Miss Hardcastle.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. Tomorrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Scene i

1. Why is Mr. Hardcastle in high spirits at the opening of the act?

2. Is the scene in which Marlow or the one in which Miss Hardcastle gives an account of their meetings the more amusing? Does she understand the mistaken impression which her father has of the situation?

Scene ii

1. Is it natural for Mrs. Hardcastle to mistake her place for Crack-skull Common? What is the most amusing part of her mistake?

2. What has made Miss Neville change her mind?

Scene iii

1. Why does Marlow fall more deeply in love with Miss Hardcastle?

2. Why has Mrs. Hardcastle concealed Tony's age? Why is the disclosure very opportune now?

3. Why has Miss Hardcastle kept Marlow waiting for his answer?

The Play as a Whole

1. What incident starts events to moving? Whose fortunes are you chiefly interested in—Marlow's or Hastings's? Where is Marlow in deepest difficulty? Where is Hastings? What dissolves Marlow's difficulties? Hastings's? Does the play turn out naturally or does the author force his conclusion? Tell the story of Marlow from beginning to end. Of Hastings. How does the element of struggle or conflict, an essential element in drama, enter each story?

2. What is the most amusing conversation in the play? Which is the most amusing mistake? Which is the cleverest trick in the play? The class should decide upon the most laughable scene in the play, select a company to present it, and arrange with the teacher to have it acted out before the class. Even more interesting would be the acting out of three or four scenes to determine which is the best scene of all.

3. Is Marlow a consistent character; that is, would he naturally remain stammering and bashful before Miss Hardcastle and yet be fluent and forward with a barmaid? What kind of man is he at heart? What passages show that you are right?

4. Is Tony stupid or cunning? Refer to specific scenes. Could he have composed the song in Act I? If so, why can't he read in Act IV? Is he malicious or generous?

5. In how many scenes is Mrs. Hardcastle ridiculous? What makes her ridiculous in each scene?

6. Which character would create the most laughter on the stage? Which character do you like best at the end of the play? Which character is truest to life? How do the characters differ from those in *Henry V* in rank? In naturalness? In humor?

7. In laughing at life about him, does Goldsmith make fun of any customs peculiar to his time? Does he display any ways of looking at life that we no longer hold? Is he kindly or harsh in his ridicule? What traits that he ridicules are still considered ridiculous? Illustrate your answer by references to the play.

8. Possibly you would like to write a short play showing the amusing results of a practical joke, or the speech and action arising from some comical mistake, or a satire on some person or custom with which the class is familiar. It is possible that some member may be able to write something in the vein of Goldsmith's quiet and kindly humor in the opening of the second act.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. Goldsmith

Citizen of the World. These essays are something like the *Spectator.* They are supposed to be letters written by a Chinese philosopher residing in London to friends in China. The pupil who reports on them should make a comparison with Addison.

The Good Natured Man. This was Goldsmith's first comedy. It is almost as merry as the present play.

Poems. You have probably read "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," but there are a good many shorter poems that will be new to you. Some of them are very humorous. The student who reports should read some of them aloud.

The Vicar of Wakefield. This delightful old-fashioned novel contains a good deal of autobiography and a great deal of Goldsmith's charming personality.

II. About Goldsmith

Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by Austin Dobson. The author has studied Goldsmith for years and presents not only a true but a very interesting picture of this lovable writer.

Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by Washington Irving. This entertaining biography shows how much sympathy our American author had with the English playwright.

The Jessamy Bride, by Frankfort Moore. In this novel Goldsmith is the central figure. The events begin just before the production of *She Stoops to Conquer.*

English Humorists, by W. M. Thackeray. If you have read *Henry Esmond,* you know how well Thackeray understood the early eighteenth century. The last half of his essay on "Sterne and Goldsmith" shows how lovable Goldsmith was.

Life of Samuel Johnson, by James Boswell. Turn to the index and look up every reference to Goldsmith. The best anecdotes should be recited to the class, for they will give a better notion of the kind of man Goldsmith was than many pages of description.

THE BEAU OF BATH*

Constance D'Arcy Mackay

CHARACTERS

Beau Nash
Jepson, his servant
The Lady of the Portrait

Place: *Bath.*
Time: *Christmas Eve, 1750.*
Scene: *A room in the Beau's apartment.*

Furniture and hangings of faded splendor. Candles gleam in silver sconces. Christmas holly hangs here and there. At the left a fire burns on the hearth, first with small blue dancing flames, then deepening to a rosy glow.

At the right there is an inlaid desk with candles burning on it; toward background a door opening into another room of the apartment.

In the center background hangs the life-sized portrait of a lady dressed in the fashion of the early eighteenth century. Her dress is a shimmer of rose-colored satin. Beneath her faintly powdered hair her face is young, dawn-tinted, starry-eyed. There are no other portraits in the room.

At the rise of the curtain Beau Nash is discovered seated at a round lacquered table, center foreground. He is an old man, still very erect and stately, very much the great dandy. The soft light of the room hides whatever ravages of time there may be in his face. It also hides the fact that the seams of the black velvet suit he is wearing are growing gray, and that the creamy lace ruffles that grace his sleeves and jabot have been very often mended. Near him stands his servant, an old man slightly stooped, wearing a shabby brown cloth suit with a buff vest and tarnished gold buttons. He looks at his master adoringly.

Jepson. And is that all, sir?

Beau Nash. Bring my snuffbox. So! Where are the cards?

Jepson. [*Bringing a pack of cards on a silver tray.*] Here, sir.

*Application for the right to perform "The Beau of Bath" must be made to the owners.

BEAU NASH. Now you may go.

[JEPSON *pauses.*]

You hesitate?
JEPSON. [*With feeling.*] Why, sir, I'm loath to see
You sitting here alone.
BEAU NASH. This room, for me,
Is filled with memories.
JEPSON. Aye, sir, I know.
I've served you thirty years and seen the flow
And ebb of fortune, and I cannot bear
Night after night to—
BEAU NASH. Jepson, all that's fair
Passes and fades. Even the eagle's wings
Grow slow with age. Content with little things
Is wisest.

[JEPSON *fetches a score pad and pencil from the desk, and stands waiting with them at his master's table.*]

JEPSON. Yes, sir.
BEAU NASH. [*Watching fire.*] See how strangely blue
The little flames are. *If it should be true. . .*
JEPSON. [*Puzzled.*] Sir?
BEAU NASH. That a spell is wrought by candle light
And gleaming flame when it shines faintly bright.
When hours grow small and embers lower burn
On Christmas night they say old loves return.
'Tis merely folly, Jepson. Ne'er again
Shall I behold that brilliant courtly train
Of wits and beauties, fops and gamesters gay—
All that made life in Bath when I held sway.
Time was, my nod would stop the Prince's dance;
A belle was made by my admiring glance;
'Twas I who set the fashions in brocade,
But—laurels wither and the roses fade,
And now I sit alone. My reign is done.
The wits and fops have vanished one by one.
JEPSON. [*Moved.*] You were the King of all, sir. High and low
Admired you.

BEAU NASH. Thank you, Jepson.

[*Takes score card and pencil.*] You may go.
[*Exit* JEPSON, *left, quietly and reluctantly, with a backward glance at his master, who still dreams at fire.*]

Everything passes. Naught remains of all
Except that portrait smiling from the wall.

[*He crosses to the portrait, candlestick in hand.*

Disdainful Rosamond, you still look down
As when you were the toast of all the town.
Lips red as holly, eyes so archly bright—
Nay, but your beauty dims the candle's light! [*He puts down the candlestick.*
'Tis vain to wish for things that may not be;
Yet could you for one hour come back to me
Would I not say all that I left unsaid
In days gone by? But you are long since dead,
While I, grown old, above the embers cower, [*He goes back to his chair.*
Or play a game to help me pass the hour
When shadows flicker . . . and the candles blink
Until I drowse . . . and . . .

[*He nods and dozes in his chair. The* LADY *of the Portrait moves, smiles, slowly and gracefully steps down from the portrait, silently crosses to the table, her eyes on the* BEAU. *She catches up a handful of cards.*

THE LADY. 'Tis my play, I think
If I see rightly by the candle's gleam.
BEAU NASH. [*In a whisper.*] *Rosamond!*
THE LADY. [*Lightly.*] Well, sir, do you always dream
When you play cards with ladies? If 'tis so
I think 'twere best to call my chair and go.
BEAU NASH. [*Bewildered, passing a hand across his eyes.*] I thought . . . that you were dead . . . and I was old!
THE LADY. [*Still lightly.*] Fie, sir, to think that hearts like ours grow cold!
And when I hear you call upon my name
Shall I not step down from that gilded frame
To spend an hour of Christmas night with you?

46. **chair,** sedan chair.

Come! Let us gossip of the folk we knew!
Lord Foppington, whose wit I did adore—
BEAU NASH. I thought Lord Foppington a monstrous bore!
But Kitty Cavendish—'Faith, one mad night
We drank her health from out her slipper white.
THE LADY. [*With spirit.*] I vow then you were tipsy, one and all,
For Kitty's slipper was by no means small.
BEAU NASH. Nay, let's have done with thrust and counter-thrust!
Ah, Rosamond, in days gone by you must
Have known I loved you, yet you were so cold.
THE LADY. [*Very low.*] I had been warmer, sir, had you been bold!
BEAU NASH. Bold! At your feet dukes laid their coronets,
I could but offer you some gambling debts.
These, and the worship of a world-worn heart
Would scarce pass coinage in Dame Fashion's mart.
So I fought down my love for you, and yet
Your slightest gesture in the minuet
Would stir my pulses. With a covert glance
I watched you through the mazes of the dance,
So fair, so radiant—But what need for me
To tell you of my heart's poor comedy,
Is that a tear which falls for it, my sweet?
THE LADY. [*Very sweetly and gently.*] A tear is naught, sir.
[*She turns to him.*] Ah, I must repeat
My love in *words* before you will believe
That I too loved in vain?

[*As their eyes meet, her meaning grows clear to him.*]

Now I must leave,
For 'tis not long until the clock strikes one.
BEAU NASH. And you loved me!
THE LADY. Our hour is almost done.
I leave you to your firelight and your chair,
And to your game that's always—solitaire!

[*With delicate tread, moving silently as a ghost, the* LADY *steps back into the portrait. The* BEAU *dozes again. The rosy glow of the fire dies, leaving the room in utter twilight.* JEPSON *enters.*

JEPSON. 'Tis bedtime, sir. The clock struck long ago.
The embers on the hearth are burning low.
Even the wav'ring candle feebly gleams.
BEAU NASH. [*With a startled glance about the shadowy room.*] So late! . . . So dim! . . . I have been dreaming —Dreams!

The curtain slowly falls

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

EXPLANATORY NOTE

This little play is an imaginary picture of the old age of the famous English dandy, Richard Nash, better known as "Beau Nash." He was born in 1674 and died in 1762. In his early life he was a lawyer, but because of his fondness for fine dress and polite manners he came to be regarded as an authority on such matters.

In 1705 he became master of ceremonies at Bath, which under his direction developed into a famous resort and gaming-place. He drew up a code of dress and manners, built a large assembly-room for balls, and lived in great state. His chariot drawn by six horses, his elaborate dress, and his white hat made him a picturesque figure. For all his fashion and vanity, he was a clever man, and was immensely popular with the great. Oliver Goldsmith wrote a biography of him.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What is the prevailing mood of the play? How does this mood compare with that of *She Stoops to Conquer*? Point out two ways in which the author achieves this effect. Does she succeed in conveying an impression of past times? What terms would you use to characterize the Beau of Bath? Jepson? The Lady of the Portrait?

2. Is the little story given here better adapted to its dramatic form than it would be to the short-story or essay form? Why? Does the author prepare us for the portrait's coming to life? How? Point out specific lines.

THE PERSONAL ESSAY AND LETTER

AN INTRODUCTION

Addison's description of the essays that he wrote for his *Spectator* gives a useful distinction between the essay as a formal and systematic treatment of a subject and the type of essay called "personal." He says: "Among the daily papers which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wilderness of those compositions which go by the name of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling to range them in such order that they may seem to grow out of one another and be disposed under the proper heads."

This second kind of prose writing, the personal essay, has since Addison's time become a well recognized literary form. Life in the Age of Queen Anne was especially favorable to the development of the essay. Good conversation abounded, in the meetings of groups of friends, at the coffee-house, at the theater and the party. The titles of the papers issued by Addison and Steele indicate the good-humored comment on men and manners that make up their essays: *The Spectator, The Tatler*—you see the very titles express the sort of writing Addison and Steele delighted in. During the years following, many similar journals were printed, and the names of these convey the same impression: *The Guardian, The Rambler, The Adventurer, The Idler, The Mirror, The Lounger, The Looker-On.*

In many magazines today, and even in the newspapers, you will find illustrations of the essay that are interesting because the writer seems to be talking with you, not trying to teach you something or to show his learning, but just engaging in an interesting conversation. Indeed the essay, in this form, may be regarded as written conversation. The Autocrat papers written by Oliver Wendell Holmes; The "Contributor's Club" of the *Atlantic;* the "Post-Impressions" written by Simeon Strunsky for the New York *Evening Post,* are examples; so are the delightful volumes by Dr. Crothers, many of the papers of John Burroughs, and, in earlier American literature, many of the writings of Washington Irving.

Since the personal essay is "written conversation" you have only to ask yourself what good conversation is, in order to arrive at some of its characteristics. It must not be controversial; it must respect the ideas and feelings of others; and must have grace and lightness. One who tries to impress you with his superiority never interests you; therefore the good essay avoids condescension. It has humor, wit if possible, and it expresses a mood; that is, it reflects not only the thoughts but often the feelings of the writer. There are some people with whom you like to be; you enjoy their talk; they are interesting people. The best essays are written by people of this type.

The eighteenth century is also memorable for its good letters. The letter is, or may be, a form of essay, displaying the same qualities of humor, urbanity, conversational ease. The poets Gray and Cowper, in that time, were admirable letter-writers. The letters of Robert Louis Stevenson are as fascinating as his romances. Charles Lamb was a wonderful letter-writer; so were Dickens, Thackeray, and, among Americans, James Russell Lowell. Nowadays letters are hard to write. Post-cards and typewriters get in the way of that leisurely, discursive talk that gives the letter its charm.

If you will read good modern essays and good letters you will be rewarded, for they will give you many interesting hours. Perhaps you will wish to try your hand at the art. Subjects abound, and pen and paper are not hard to find. You don't have to do any investigating of a subject; just follow the injunction that an old poet once gave as a rule for writing verse: look in your heart, and write.

DREAM CHILDREN—A REVERIE

CHARLES LAMB

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of "The Children in the Wood." Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it—and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it, too—committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish, indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands.

Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here little Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious.

8. **great-grandmother**, Mary Lamb, Lamb's grandmother, who was for fifty years housekeeper at the mansion of Blakesware in Hertfordshire.

52. **Abbey**, Westminster Abbey. See note on line 26, page 399. 64. **Psaltery**, the Psalms in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

Then I told how she used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said those innocents would do her no harm; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I could never be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved, oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great, sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after-life, he became lame-footed too,

43. **fir-apples**, the cones of the fir tree.

71. **John L——**, John Lamb. 94. **became lame-footed too**, in 1796, from the fall of a stone. Charles's lameness was merely temporary.

and I did not always, I fear, make allowance enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him —for we quarreled sometimes—rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens —when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was, and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name"——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia)—was gone forever.

36. **Alice W.**, Alice Winterton, in real life Ann Simmons. Lamb met her on one of his visits to Blakesware. She married a wealthy Londoner named Bartrum. 59. **Lethe**, in Greek mythology the river of oblivion in Hades. 64. **Bridget**, Lamb's sister Mary.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Charles Lamb was an intimate friend of Coleridge, the poet. Coleridge, in his early youth, used to fill various Unitarian pulpits. "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" he once asked Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," replied Lamb. Preaching or talking pompously is something Lamb was never guilty of. On one occasion he was reproved for coming to the office late of a morning. He excused himself by saying that he made up for it by going away early in the afternoons. Moralizing and reforming were quite foreign to him. In this respect he is the antithesis of Addison and Steele. He knew London as well as they did, but he never thought of ridiculing its customs or improving its manners. He was happy in its crowds. He thought of the beggar as his brother, and could write on the chimney-sweep with tenderness. He liked to shock people by an unusual manner of dressing. He was delighted if he ruffled a sober-faced critic with some unorthodox theory.

2. In some ways Lamb represented a change

that had taken place in England in the hundred years since Addison and Steele wrote. They observed keenly in order to reform; they were intent on politics and manners. While Lamb cared nothing for politics and crowds, he delighted in human beings. He watched keenly all that went on about him, but not to criticize. He recorded, with a vividness that few have approached, the trivial events of daily life. Yet the common things of life he relates in such a way that we come to know and love the author. We not only love the sweetness of his disposition; we see more deeply into the human heart; we understand life better. In short, Lamb leads us to look at life about us to some purpose.

3. The present essay seems to be almost exclusively about himself. It is indeed unmatched as a revelation of the author. But it also shows how much of the human heart we cannot read. It reveals the sad memories and unexpressed desires of the man who to his friends was a creature of whim, always making witty retorts or playing a hoax upon the unsuspecting.

Questions and Topics

1. Some pupil should report on Lamb's essay, "Blakesmoor in H—shire." What details does it give of his childhood? How does its picture of the mansion differ from the one in this essay?

2. Someone should relate the story of "The Babes of the Wood." It is actually associated with Norfolk. This fact may have led Lamb to select Norfolk in place of the real locality. What other reason could he have had?

3. Why was it remarkable that the gentry came to Mary Field's funeral? How does this prove that she was a good woman? Do we look for that kind of proof today?

4. Compare this mansion as well as you can with Coverley Hall. Which was the finer? Which had the finer grounds?

5. Compare this account of his brother, John Lamb, with the fuller picture as "cousin James Elia" in the essay "My Relations." In the two essays does Lamb admire his brother for the same reasons? Cite particular passages. In which is the brother the more interesting to you? If you want to learn all that is known of John Lamb, read Lucas's *Life*, Volume II, Chapter VII.

6. Some member should report on Lamb's sister Mary, here called Bridget. He should read "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire." How do you think Mackery End differed from the "great house in Norfolk" that Lamb describes in the present essay?

7. Note each point where the children are brought in. Do you think Lamb makes remarks on purpose to make them put back the grapes, and so on?

8. What is your chief feeling about Lamb when you finish the essay? What gives you this feeling?

9. One way to enjoy this essay is to try to write a short one something like it. You might try: My Grandmother, An Ancestral Mansion, My Uncle, An Old Garden, My Brother, A Death in the Family, A Visit, or any similar subject that interests you. When you have finished it, compare it with Lamb's. Do you like his better or less as a result? The best imitations should be read in class.

10. This fine piece of prose reveals much about Lamb's character. What traits do you find in it? Do you like or dislike Lamb from the glimpse you get of him here? Other members of the class should report on "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars," "The Praise of Chimney-sweepers," "Modern Gallantry." Almost any essay will reveal something of his humor and sweetness of disposition. Those who report should ask each other for further illustrations of this trait and that.

11. A very fine view of Lamb's life can be gained from his various essays. The class should organize a program to bring out the main events in his career. Each student should report on a separate essay. Here is a list: Childhood: "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple." Schooldays: "Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago," "New Year's Eve," and "Witches and Other Night Fears." Work in East India House: "The South Sea House," "The Superannuated Man." Many other delightful essays are to be found in the *Essays of Elia*. Lamb's inimitable whimsical humor will greet you from nearly every page.

12. Those who wish to go farther afield in Lamb's life may read one of the standard biographies: *Charles Lamb*, by Alfred Ainger, and *The Life of Charles Lamb*, by E. V. Lucas. The latter of these, in two volumes, will be too long for most readers. Chapters VI-VII of Volume I give an account of Alice W. Chapter XXI introduces Hazlitt. In Volume II, Chapter IV tells of the "Elia" essays.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

WILLIAM HAZLITT

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out-of-doors, Nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, Nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wreck and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that

7. **The fields**, quoted from Bloomfield's "The Farmer's Boy, Spring." 22. **a friend**, from Cowper's poem *Retirement*, lines 742-743. 33. **May plume**, etc., from Milton's *Comus*, lines 378-380. 34. **resort**, cities.

40. **Tilbury**, a two-wheeled carriage without a top, named for the inventor. 56. **sunken wreck** i.e., in the ocean; quoted from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, I, ii. 67. **Leave, oh, leave**, from Gray's translation of the Norse poem "The Descent of Odin." 70. **very stuff**, etc., from *Othello*, I, ii.

has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, as neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time. So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid; if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of Nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveler has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humor. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it—otherwise the end is not answered—is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an

15. **Out upon,** from *Henry IV*, Part I, I, iii, 208. 21. **Mr. Cobbett,** William Cobbett (1766-1835), a famous journalist and political writer of the time. 29. **Sterne,** Lawrence (1713-1768), an English novelist admired by Hazlitt.

93. **give it an understanding,** from *Hamlet*, I, ii.

understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C——, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had"; and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds; but at the sight of Nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot—I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects; it should be reserved for table-talk. L—— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out-of-doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn"! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness, to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea—

1. **My old friend C——.** For an account of Coleridge's marvelous ability to talk, read Hazlitt's essay, "On My First Acquaintance with Poets." 7. **Pindaric ode.** Pindar (B.C. 522-488) was a Greek lyric poet. **He talked far above singing,** from Beaumont and Fletcher's play *Philaster*. 15. **All-Foxden,** the residence of Wordsworth, in Somersetshire, in 1797, when Coleridge lived near by. The nineteen-year-old Hazlitt visited both poets that year. **that fine madness,** from Drayton's poem "Censure of Poets." 21. **Here be woods,** etc., from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, I, iii. 23. **Zephyrus,** the gentle west wind. 31. **Phœbe,** the moon goddess, who fell in love with the beautiful Endymion, a mortal. 35. **poppy,** the emblem of sleep because it contains opium.

36. **Latmos,** in Asia Minor. 37. **brother,** Apollo. 50. **L——,** Charles Lamb. 70. **take one's ease,** etc., from *Henry IV*, Part I, III, iii, line 93.

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my traveling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having someone with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused, free condition is put into circumspection and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—"lord of oneself, uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of Nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the gentleman in the parlor!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's—I think it was—where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on

1. **The cups,** etc., from Cowper's *The Task,* IV. 6. **Sancho,** Sancho Panza, in Cervantes's *Don Quixote.* 11. **Shandean.** In Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* the elder Shandy was given to contemplation. 13. **Procul,** etc., "Afar, stand afar, ye profane," a warning to those who should not take part in a religious ceremony; from Virgil's *Aeneid,* Book VI. 25. **West Riding,** one of the administrative divisions of Yorkshire, and an extremely provincial district. 28. **breaks no squares,** makes no difference.

45. **unhoused, free condition,** etc., from *Othello,* I, ii. 48. **lord of oneself.** Dryden, in his poem, "To John Dryden," had written, "Lord of yourself, uncumbered with a wife." 58. **score,** bill for the dinner. 85. **Gribelin,** Simon, a well-known engraver. In 1702 he made a series of plates reproducing the famous Cartoons (drawings) of Raphael in Hampton Court.

"GREEN UPLAND SWELLS THAT ECHO TO THE BLEAT OF FLOCKS"

the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly—for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist—with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame d'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheater, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green, upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with

2. **Westall**, Richard (1765-1836), an English historical painter. 12. **Paul and Virginia**, a novel by Bernardin de Saint Pierre, published in 1788. 17. **Camilla**, a novel by Frances Burney, afterwards Madame d' Arblay (1752-1840). 19. **New Eloise**, a romance by Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778). 20. **Llangollen**, in Wales.

24. **Jura**, a picturesque mountain range between France and Switzerland. 25. **Pays de Vaud**, a canton of Switzerland. 26. **bonne bouche**, titbit. 37. **green, upland swells**, etc., from Coleridge's "Ode on the Departing Year."

sunny showers," and a budding ash tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the highroad that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than traveling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it; the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In traveling through a wild, barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us?

10. **a heavenly vision**, an ardent belief, held by Coleridge, Hazlitt, and many others that the principles of the French Revolution would triumph. 14. **since faded**, because of the restoration, in 1814, of the Bourbon House, which had been in power when the Revolution occurred, and also because of the swing to conservatism among the English Liberals, such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, etc. 17. **The beautiful is vanished**, etc., from Coleridge's version of Schiller's *The Death of Wallenstein*, V, i. 31. **Where is he now?** Coleridge at this time was living in retirement, seeking to conquer the opium habit; Hazlitt alludes, however, to the change in his attitude. See note on line 14.

71. **Sir Fopling Flutter**, the hero of the *Man of Mode*, a comedy by George Etherege (1635-1691). The remark is made by another character.

An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!

To return to the question I have quitted above.—I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure the first consideration always is where we shall go to; in taking a solitary ramble the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place"; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honors indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

> With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and cottages—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen; there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by oneself, a limb torn off from society, unless

40. **Stonehenge**, a circle of seventeen stones on Salisbury Plain, in southern England, thought to be the remains of a temple used by the ancient Celtic inhabitants of the country.

47. **The mind**, etc., from *Paradise Lost*, Book I. 52. **party to Oxford**, probably the trip, in 1810, with Charles and Mary Lamb. 53. **éclat**, display. 55. **With glistering spires**, etc., from *Paradise Lost*, Book III. 59. **Bodleian**, the famous library of Oxford University. 60. **Blenheim**, a mansion in Oxfordshire, built by the nation for the Duke of Marlborough after his victory at the Battle of Blenheim.

one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbor, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones. I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled; nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in traveling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and, in one sense, instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable, individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfill our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in traveling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

4. **first set my foot**, 1802, when he went to Paris to study art. 15. **the vine-covered hills**, from a poem by William Roscoe, "Lines Written in 1788." 24. **Bourbons.** See note on line 14, page 465.

39. **jump**, quoted from *Macbeth*, I, vii, 7.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

1. Hazlitt was pronounced by his friend Lamb to be "in his natural and healthy state one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." Like many essayists, he likes to talk of himself. He also likes to poke fun at the foibles of others. Yet he is very different from Addison and Steele. He could not with good-humored courtesy reprove some current custom. He spoke out in bold and candid fashion; he put into his writings without reserve a sincere condemnation of human shortcomings. In writing of books he says directly: "Women judge of books as they do of fashions or complexions, which are admired only 'in their newest gloss.'" That is not my way. I am not one of those who trouble the circulating libraries much, or pester the booksellers for mail coach copies of standard periodical publications." Compare this with the very graceful satire of Addison upon *A Lady's Library* (see page 352).

2. Hazlitt was also different from **Lamb.**

He seldom mingles laughter and tears, as Lamb does in "Dream Children." He has little merriment in his writings. He felt too deeply about things. He was too intellectual to indulge in the light play of feeling. The Battle of Waterloo made no impression on Lamb at all. To Hazlitt it was a hard blow. "He walked about unwashed, unshaven, hardly sober by day, always intoxicated by night, literally for weeks," one of his friends relates. Napoleon to him was the overthrower of despots, the establisher of rule by the people. In the essay given here Hazlitt twice refers to his disappointment over the overthrow of liberal principles. The essay shows how much attached he was by nature to ideas and ideals; when he looked at life about him, he did more than observe; he criticized.

3. But it is not merely his deep feeling or his keen mind that made Hazlitt one of the few great essayists in English; his eminence depends also on his style. He had an amazing command over language. He writes naturally but with animation. He is brilliant and picturesque. The steady stream of his sentences bears the reader past vivid scenes or lulls him in quiet waters. Writers, in particular, have admired him. "We are all fine fellows," said Stevenson, "but we cannot write like Hazlitt." Perhaps when you try it, you will come to the same conclusion.

Questions and Topics

1. Why does Hazlitt wish to walk alone? Why did Sterne prefer a companion? Take up Hazlitt's arguments and show why you agree or disagree with each. Would the kind of trips he made be possible in this day of automobiles? Where? Why?

2. What notion do you form of Hazlitt's reading from the first paragraph? Do you like his constant use of quotation?

3. What scenes and objects in nature did Hazlitt particularly like? Why did he not like to talk about them? Can you see natural beauties of that kind in your own locality?

4. Why does Hazlitt quote from the *Faithful Shepherdess?* Do you admire the lines? Why?

5. Why does Hazlitt prefer to be alone at an inn? What does he usually think about when alone? Do you feel that way? Why? Why was he interested in pictures? Compare his account here of his reading at inns with the account of the same books in his essay "On My First Acquaintance with Poets." Which is the more interesting?

6. Why does Hazlitt call the world "old and incorrigible"? Where does he return to this sense of discouragement? What difference does this show between him and Lamb?

7. Do you agree with his opinion of the effect of woods or barren country on our minds? With his opinion of our estimate of the size of China? Give personal experiences to support your opinion.

8. Do you agree with Dr. Johnson and Hazlitt about foreign travel? Can you talk with people who have traveled, to find their opinion?

9. You will note what vigorous opinions Hazlitt expresses in this essay. Perhaps you have convictions on some subject. Try to express your feelings on some personal experience, bringing in vivid comparisons, yet reasoning persuasively, as Hazlitt does. Some possibilities are: Reading Aloud at Home, Going on Hikes, Books for a Rainy Day, Auto Trips, Trying to be Alone, When Friends Are in the Way, Showing Visitors the Sights, Thoughts When Alone.

10. Hazlitt did not reveal himself in his writings so endearingly as Lamb did. Yet many of his essays give vivid glimpses of his life. A program should be formed from the following: "On My First Acquaintance with Poets" (the most eloquent of his essays), "On the Pleasures of Painting" (dealing with his four years of study of art), "On the Conversation of Authors" (particularly the second essay with this title, giving an account of the evenings with Lamb), "Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen" (another evening at Lamb's), and "On Reading Old Books." Students should dip into *Table Talk* and *The Plain Speaker* for other revelations. "On Genius and Common Sense" in *Table Talk* deals with a subject young people often discuss. How does "On the Ignorance of the Learned" fit in with ideas current today about reading? "The Indian Jugglers" should interest anyone who has been to a circus. Nearly all his other essays are autobiographical. Those who report should try to bring out Hazlitt's interests in life, his prejudices, his eloquence, his habits, how he differed from Lamb.

HOUSEHOLD GODS

E. V. Lucas

Most dogs, though they are prompt to investigate new acquaintances and like an excursion with their kind now and then, are happiest with their masters; nor is this, I am sure, cupboard love. It is pleasure in the human relation. What they understand of our language may be very little, but what they understand of our tones is much. They instantly respond, so sensitive are they to vocal inflections, and can be affected by murmurs better than by words. This sensitiveness, especially to sounds of reproach or disapproval, sometimes tempts people to take liberties with a dog's feelings. That is a mistake, and one for which, since all dogs must die, and most of our dogs die before we do, we can be very sorry. Indeed, the brevity of a dog's life is not the least sad anomaly in a world where sadness is no curiosity.

I have of late been thinking of this brevity with renewed seriousness; for as I approached my home the other day, after an absence of three weeks, I saw my dog in the distance, across a meadow, and whistled to him. He heard my whistle, and after standing still for a moment or so, wonderingly, he came toward me not with his usual swift directness, but, to my surprise, uncertainly. He was still doubtful and strange until within a yard or so, when the recognition was complete and he began those whole-souled expressions of delight and satisfaction which none of us deserve. And then, stooping down, I realized what his hesitations had meant; for, to my great grief, I saw that a purple mist covered the middle of each eye. He was losing his sight.

This dog is a black spaniel, seven years old, and I have had him since he was a puppy; and not till now had the knowledge that he was ageing come upon me. But now I know that, like all his kind, he has had his day. He will grow blinder and blinder, and that will make him snappy and unsafe, and one morning I shall have to send for the vet to administer a merciful lethal drug.

In any properly organized world the span of man and dog would coincide; and particularly so in this world, where loyalty among human creatures is not too easy to find, and moodiness among men and women is so common and embarrassing, and where so much mischief is done by talk. The dog, being always faithful, and always the same, and always dumb, is the perfect companion; and a dog's life is so short. One cannot count on more than five or six years of a dog at his best—or I would rather say at her best, for females are my favorites, especially spaniels; and in these days of motor-cars one cannot, of course, count on anything at all. Let me, however, not be unjust to chauffeurs. My last dog to die—a very perfect lady from Pekin—after having, by a series of miracles so frequent and so amazing as to convince us of her immortality, escaped a thousand automobiles, met her death at the wheel of a plodding baker's cart, innocent alike of speed or sudden evolutions. Fate had so willed it.

54. **vet,** veterinarian.

This lady was small, but of the superb gallantry of her kind, swift, impulsive, ever gay and ever loving. She was not more than three years old when she died thus paradoxically through the staff of life, but already, thanks to the wise and thoughtful decrees of nature, she had stamped her image upon as adorable a family of little beautiful uglies as you ever saw, one of whom, the image of her mother, is at the moment wondering when I shall return to the armchair in order to make again a lap. So that, though it is hard that dogs should so quickly pass through the lighted hall between darkness and darkness, yet there is ever another left; not, of course, the same, for nothing is the same, but like enough, in devout ways and trustworthiness of habits, to console us. And now and again, of course, it may chance that the new dog is the better.

As for Shadow, my black spaniel now under sentence, he has never been anything but blunderingly devoted. As a dog he is not clever. To be pursued by him means, for a rabbit, everlasting life, and for a cat, a joke of enormous dimensions. In the wake of a hare, fast diminishing to a speck on the horizon, he is pathetic indeed; for it is hours before he will give up the chase. Yet as a companion he has been close, and constant, and free from complexities of temperament, and I shall miss him intensely. He lies beside me as I write these words. When I get up he will get up too. When I go to London he will spend the time listening for my returning footsteps.

Is there any harm in that? It is doing me too much honor, of course; but is there any harm in it? I never thought so until I found Mr. W. H. Hudson saying of dogs that he cannot bring himself to keep one, because he dislikes to see "so intelligent and serviceable a beast degraded to the position of a mere pet or plaything." With enormous respect and admiration for Mr. Hudson, I am bound to say that I think he ought to know better. When I recall certain of his beautiful writings—his *Purple Land*, for example, and his *Shepherd's Life*, and all their sympathy with Nature and understanding of man and pity for him—I am bewildered to find him thus depriving himself of what would be to him so congenial a companion. For even if we grant his point, which I do not, that the dog "has lost, or been robbed of, its true place in the scheme of things," is that any reason why a new place as the happy associate of man should not be found for him?

There is the dog's point of view to be considered, too. A dog can find even in the most worthless of us—Bill Sikes jumps to mind—something to love and believe in. Life is not such a triumphant progress for any of us that—on our side—hero-worshipers are to be discouraged; while, on the other side, the hero-worshipers, especially those who have no discrimination, nothing but ecstasy, are among the happiest of creatures. Let them enjoy their day.

Here is a little poem which I found in an American paper and which I wish I could have written myself, and had written. If I had, I should not have left the last two lines unrimed; but even with that slight blemish, is it not a cordial to us, the anti-Hudsonites?

A heart to love you till you die—
That's a thing that money can buy.

47. W. H. Hudson (1842-1922), a delightful English prose writer. For some of his best books, see page 134 ff.

73. **Bill Sikes**, a vicious character in Dickens's *Oliver Twist*.

A look of love from a loving eye—
That's a thing that money can buy.

A tongue that never will tell a lie—
That's a thing that money can buy.

Ear and tongue and heart and eye—
These are things that money can buy.

Wherever dogs are offered for sale
These are things that money can buy.

The cat-lover is a more exotic type than the dog-lover. There is something obvious about the dog which can be reflected in its master; something remote and strange in a cat which similarly is suggested in its human adorer. Sir William Watson once wrote an excellent poem in which a cat and a dog personified East and West, Oriental and Occidental, and the distinction holds.

A cat's loyalty—such as it is—is to the hand that spoils it; the dog's to the hand that controls it. To love both cats and dogs with an equal intensity is practically impossible. There must be a preference for one or the other, and thus is mankind divided.

One of the reasons why we like dogs is that dogs are so ready to like us. To like to be liked is very human, and dogs supply this pleasant feeling. But cats have to be wooed, and even then their response is slow; and you cannot, except in rare instances, count upon it at all; and you can never count upon it for certain. To many of us who have not much patience the cat's death warrant as pet is there explicit. Knowing too well that there is not too much time, we turn to the more facile or less exacting, though deeply faithful, dog.

There are, of course, still other and even weightier reasons why dogs are preferred to cats. Some of us do not want to be reminded in season and out of season of the redness of Nature in tooth and claw. The dog mercifully slurs over this fact, but the cat underlines it. At any moment the most angelic of her tribe may enter the room with a still struggling bird or mouse, and with the expression of a saint torture it to death on the carpet. Dogs do not obtrude their taking of life; and many of them of course never kill at all. As for the others, for the most part they are trained to kill by man, and at any rate they like the quarry to have some sort of a run for its money.

To tell the blunt truth, the cat has to be loved more for its failings than its virtues. It is never heroic, except, occasionally, as a mother; it has no sense of responsibility, as a dog has; it protects nothing but itself. Hence in a way the cat-lovers are a finer type than the dog-lovers, because they are getting nothing back. Their love is disinterested. The cat will never save their life, never refuse to leave their coffin, never do any of the picturesque things in the books. On the contrary, it may steal their baby's breath.

I have owned many cats—or, to be more precise, I have lived in houses in which a number of cats have from time to time consented to eat, drink, sleep—and I have had agreeable passages of flirtation with all. But I have never felt any security in their affections, nor expected any return for my endearments. Fondling has been its own reward, and all that I asked. On the other hand, I will admit to feeling exceedingly proud when any cat has singled me out for notice; for, of course, every cat is really the most beautiful woman in the room. That is part of their deadly fascination.

The best cat I ever had any share in—and by this I mean the cat that

15. **William Watson** (1858-), a well-known English poet.

showed me most attention—illustrates the detachment of the creature; the unbridgeable gulf always fixed between it and man, the sense of insecurity which it engenders. It was a blue Persian, and it entered the front door one day, remained for a few months, during which it enslaved the household, and then as suddenly walked out and was never heard of again. Of such is the nature of the cat. Caprice is its essence, and its thoughts are always elsewhere. Its beautiful body may be on your lap, but its soul is busy with nocturnal pacts and cruelties. No one ever said, "The more I see of men the more I like cats."

At the present moment the only cat I possess is of bronze and comes from Egypt, and was fashioned 2000 years B.C. It resides on the mantelpiece, and I often stand by it when waiting for meals and think of all that has changed since it was made. If it could reply, I should ask it if the world were not, comparatively speaking, a very Christian place in those days.

16. **The more**, etc. Mme. de Staël wrote in *Corinne:* "The more I see of other countries, the more I like my own." Of the many paraphrases of this sentence, the most famous is, "The more I see of men, the more I like dogs."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Notes

For ages animals have been the servants and companions of man. They have toiled for him in the field, have accompanied him on the hunt, and have solaced him in his hours of leisure about the home. With increasing use of machinery, they are becoming less necessary in the labors of life. The gasoline engine is doing the work once performed by the ox and the horse. But the time is far distant when men and women will live without dogs and cats and horses and other pets to fill their leisure with companionship and affection. The three essays given here show how closely these writers observed their pets, and how many winning traits they found in these dumb animals. No matter how many pets you may have had, you can learn something about animals from these essays. You can learn to see something new in your own pets. You can grasp more completely how much animals have to contribute to human life.

Questions and Topics

1. Are the points Mr. Lucas makes about cats true? Do you prefer dogs to cats?

2. Why is this essay entitled "Household Gods"? What does the last sentence imply?

3. Mr. Lucas is evidently not a hunter. You may be interested in writing of "Dogs in the Chase." You may have a pet cat or songbird, or chicken, or horse. Tell of this pet in such a way as to show why you like it. Perhaps you will wish to introduce a contrast, as Mr. Lucas does between dogs and cats.

Further Reading

I. *Essays.* Mr. Lucas is a very prolific author. The most winning of his essays have been collected in *Mixed Vintages, Specially Selected* (which contains "Household Gods"), *Urbanites* (which is a particularly delightful selection from his essays old and new), and *Variety Lane.* If you cannot get any of these, try for *Fireside and Sunshine, Loiterer's Harvest, Old Lamps for New, One Day and Another* (one of his most popular volumes, with a wide variety of topics), or *The Phantom Journal* (which comments in his captivating manner on newspapers, policemen, and a score of other everyday topics. Try "Telephonics" first).

II. *Novels.* Of the several novels which Mr. Lucas has written, the following three will probably be the most interesting in the easy progress of their narrative.

Over Bemerton's. An Easy-going Chronicle. This is the story of a man who lodges over a second-hand book-store. He finally marries, of course.

London Lavender. Kent and Naomi Falconer are continued here from *Over Bemerton's.*

Listener's Lure, An Oblique Narrative. The story of how Edith Graham came to marry her guardian, a literary man. It is told in letters.

III. Mr. Lucas has written so much that one wonders that he has ever been able to do anything else. Nevertheless, he has traveled, and has written a refreshing account of what he saw in India, Japan, and America. Some of his comments on us are very keen. The title of his book of travel is *Roving East and Roving West.*

CALVIN

A STUDY OF CHARACTER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Calvin is dead. His life, long to him, but short for the rest of us, was not marked by startling adventures, but his character was so uncommon and his qualities were so worthy of imitation that I have been asked by those who personally knew him to set down my recollections of his career.

His origin and ancestry were shrouded in mystery; even his age was a matter of pure conjecture. Although he was of the Maltese race, I have reason to suppose that he was American by birth as he certainly was in sympathy. Calvin was given to me eight years ago by Mrs. Stowe, but she knew nothing of his age or origin. He walked into her house one day out of the great unknown and became at once at home, as if he had been always a friend of the family. He appeared to have artistic and literary tastes, and it was as if he had inquired at the door if that was the residence of the author, and, upon being assured that it was, had decided to dwell there. This is, of course, fanciful, for his antecedents were wholly unknown.

When he came to Mrs. Stowe, he was as large as he ever was, and apparently as old as he ever became. Yet there was in him no appearance of age; he was in the happy maturity of all his powers, and you would rather have said that in that maturity he had found the secret of perpetual youth. And it was as difficult to believe that he would ever be aged as it was to imagine that he had ever been in immature youth. There was in him a mysterious perpetuity.

After some years, when Mrs. Stowe made her winter home in Florida, Calvin came to live with us. From the first moment he fell into the ways of the house and assumed a recognized position in the family—I say recognized, because after he became known he was always inquired for by visitors, and in the letters to the other members of the family he always received a message. Although the least obtrusive of beings, his individuality always made itself felt.

His personal appearance had much to do with this, for he was of royal mold, and had an air of high breeding. He was large, but he had nothing of the fat grossness of the celebrated Angora family; though powerful, he was exquisitely proportioned, and as graceful in every movement as a young leopard. When he stood up to open a door—he opened all the doors with old-fashioned latches—he was portentously tall, and when stretched on the rug before the fire he seemed too long for this world—as indeed he was. His coat was the finest and softest I have ever seen, a shade of quiet Maltese; and from his throat downward, underneath, to the white tips of his feet, he wore the whitest and most delicate ermine; and no person was ever more fastidiously neat. In his finely formed head you saw something of his aristocratic character; the ears were small and cleanly cut, there was a tinge of pink in the nostrils, his face was handsome, and the expression of his countenance exceedingly intelligent—I should call

it even a sweet expression if the term were not inconsistent with his look of alertness and sagacity.

It is difficult to convey a just idea of his gayety in connection with his dignity and gravity, which his name expressed. As we know nothing of his family, of course it will be understood that Calvin was his Christian name. He had times of relaxation into utter playfulness, delighting in a ball of yarn, catching sportively at stray ribbons when his mistress was at her toilet, and pursuing his own tail, with hilarity, for lack of anything better. He could amuse himself by the hour, and he did not care for children; perhaps something in his past was present to his memory. He had absolutely no bad habits, and his disposition was perfect. I never saw him exactly angry, though I have seen his tail grow to an enormous size when a strange cat appeared upon his lawn. He disliked cats, evidently regarding them as feline and treacherous, and he had no association with them. Occasionally there would be heard a night concert in the shrubbery. Calvin would ask to have the door opened, and then you would hear a rush and a "pestzt," and the concert would explode, and Calvin would quietly come in and resume his seat on the hearth. There was no trace of anger in his manner, but he wouldn't have any of that about the house. He had the rare virtue of magnanimity. Although he had fixed notions about his own rights and extraordinary persistency in getting them, he never showed temper at a repulse; he simply and firmly persisted till he had what he wanted. His diet was one point; his idea was that of the scholars about dictionaries—to "get the best." He knew as well as anyone what was in the house, and would refuse beef if turkey was to be had; and if there were oysters, he would wait over the turkey to see if the oysters would not be forthcoming. And yet he was not a gross gourmand; he would eat bread if he saw me eating it, and thought he was not being imposed on. His habits of feeding, also, were refined; he never used a knife, and he would put up his hand and draw the fork down to his mouth as gracefully as a grown person. Unless necessity compelled, he would not eat in the kitchen, but insisted upon his meals in the dining-room, and would wait patiently, unless a stranger were present; and then he was sure to importune the visitor, hoping that the latter was ignorant of the rule of the house, and would give him something. They used to say that he preferred as his tablecloth on the floor a certain well-known church journal; but this was said by an Episcopalian. So far as I know, he had no religious prejudices. He tolerated the servants because they belonged to the house, and would sometimes linger by the kitchen stove; but the moment visitors came in he arose, opened the door, and marched into the drawing-room. Yet he enjoyed the company of his equals, and never withdrew, no matter how many callers—whom he recognized as of his society—might come into the drawing-room. Calvin was fond of company, but he wanted to choose it; and I have no doubt that his was an aristocratic fastidiousness rather than one of faith. It is so with most people.

The intelligence of Calvin was something phenomenal, in his rank of life. He established a method of communicating his wants, and even some of his sentiments; and he could help himself in many things. There was a furnace register in a retired

room, where he used to go when he wished to be alone, that he always opened when he desired more heat; but never shut it, any more than he shut the door after himself. He could do almost everything but speak; and you would declare sometimes that you could see a pathetic longing to do that in his intelligent face. I have no desire to overdraw his qualities, but if there was one thing in him more noticeable than another, it was his fondness for Nature. He could content himself for hours at a low window, looking into the ravine and at the great trees, noting the smallest stir there; he delighted, above all things, to accompany me walking about the garden, hearing the birds, getting the smell of the fresh earth, and rejoicing in the sunshine. He followed me and gamboled like a dog, rolling over on the turf and exhibiting his delight in a hundred ways. If I worked, he sat and watched me, or looked off over the bank, and kept his ear open to the twitter in the cherry-trees. When it stormed, he was sure to sit at the window, keenly watching the rain or the snow, glancing up and down at its falling; and a winter tempest always delighted him. I think he was genuinely fond of birds, but, so far as I know, he usually confined himself to one a day; he never killed, as some sportsmen do, for the sake of killing, but only as civilized people do—from necessity. He was intimate with the flying-squirrels who dwell in the chestnut-trees—too intimate, for almost every day in the summer he would bring in one, until he nearly discouraged them. He was, indeed, a superb hunter, and would have been a devastating one, if his bump of destructiveness had not been offset by a bump of moderation. There was very little of the brutality of the lower animals about him; I don't think he enjoyed rats for themselves, but he knew his business, and for the first few months of his residence with us he waged an awful campaign against the horde, and after that his simple presence was sufficient to deter them from coming on the premises. Mice amused him, but he usually considered them too small game to be taken seriously; I have seen him play for an hour with a mouse, and then let him go with a royal condescension. In this whole matter of "getting a living," Calvin was a great contrast to the rapacity of the age in which he lived.

I hesitate a little to speak of his capacity for friendship and the affectionateness of his nature, for I know from his own reserve that he would not care to have it much talked about. We understood each other perfectly, but we never made any fuss about it; when I spoke his name and snapped my fingers, he came to me; when I returned home at night, he was pretty sure to be waiting for me near the gate, and would rise and saunter along the walk, as if his being there were purely accidental—so shy was he commonly of showing feeling; and when I opened the door he never rushed in, like a cat, but loitered and lounged, as if he had had no intention of going in, but would condescend to. And yet, the fact was, he knew dinner was ready, and he was bound to be there. He kept the run of dinner-time. It happened sometimes, during our absence in the summer, that dinner would be early, and Calvin, walking about the grounds, missed it and came in late. But he never made a mistake the second day. There was one thing he never did—he never rushed through an open doorway. He never forgot his dignity. If he had

asked to have the door opened, and was eager to go out, he always went deliberately; I can see him now, standing on the sill, looking about at the sky as if he was thinking whether it were worth while to take an umbrella, until he was near having his tail shut in.

His friendship was rather constant than demonstrative. When we returned from an absence of nearly two years, Calvin welcomed us with evident pleasure, but showed his satisfaction rather by tranquil happiness than by fuming about. He had the faculty of making us glad to get home. It was his constancy that was so attractive. He liked companionship, but he wouldn't be petted, or fussed over, or sit in anyone's lap a moment; he always extricated himself from such familiarity with dignity and with no show of temper. If there was any petting to be done, however, he chose to do it. Often he would sit looking at me, and then, moved by a delicate affection, come and pull at my coat and sleeve until he could touch my face with his nose, and then go away contented. He had a habit of coming to my study in the morning, sitting quietly by my side or on the table for hours, watching the pen run over the paper, occasionally swinging his tail round for a blotter, and then going to sleep among the papers by the inkstand. Or, more rarely, he would watch the writing from a perch on my shoulder. Writing always interested him, and, until he understood it, he wanted to hold the pen.

He always held himself in a kind of reserve with his friend, as if he had said, "Let us respect our personality, and not make a 'mess' of friendship." He saw, with Emerson, the risk of degrading it to trivial conveniency. "Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend?" "Leave this touching and clawing." Yet I would not give an unfair notion of his aloofness, his fine sense of the sacredness of the me and the not-me. And, at the risk of not being believed, I will relate an incident, which was often repeated. Calvin had the practice of passing a portion of the night in the contemplation of its beauties, and would come into our chamber over the roof of the conservatory through the open window, summer and winter, and go to sleep on the foot of my bed. He would do this always exactly in this way; he never was content to stay in the chamber if we compelled him to go upstairs and through the door. He had the obstinacy of General Grant. But this is by the way. In the morning he performed his toilet and went down to breakfast with the rest of the family. Now, when the mistress was absent from home, and at no other time, Calvin would come in the morning, when the bell rang, to the head of the bed, put up his feet and look into my face, follow me about when I rose, "assist" at the dressing, and in many purring ways show his fondness, as if he had plainly said, "I know that she has gone away, but I am here." Such was Calvin in rare moments.

He had his limitations. Whatever passion he had for Nature, he had no conception of art. There was sent to him once a fine and very expressive cat's head in bronze, by Frémiet. I placed it on the floor. He regarded it intently, approached it cautiously and crouchingly, touched it with his nose, perceived the fraud, turned away abruptly, and never would notice it afterwards. On the whole, his life was not only a successful one, but a happy one. He never had but one fear, so far as I know—he had a

77. **assist**, in the French sense of "be present at."
87. **Frémiet**, Emmanuel (1824-1910), French sculptor.

mortal and a reasonable terror of plumbers. He would never stay in the house when they were here. No coaxing could quiet him. Of course he didn't share our fear about their charges, but he must have had some dreadful experience with them in that portion of his life which is unknown to us. A plumber was to him the devil, and I have no doubt that in his scheme plumbers were foreordained to do him mischief.

In speaking of his worth it has never occurred to me to estimate Calvin by the worldly standard. I know that it is customary now, when anyone dies, to ask how much he was worth, and that no obituary in the newspapers is considered complete without such an estimate. The plumbers in our house were one day overheard to say, "They say that *she* says that *he* says that he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him." It is unnecessary to say that I never made such a remark, and that, so far as Calvin was concerned, there was no purchase in money.

As I look back upon it, Calvin's life seems to me a fortunate one, for it was natural and unforced. He ate when he was hungry, slept when he was sleepy, and enjoyed existence to the very tips of his toes and the end of his expressive and slow-moving tail. He delighted to roam about the garden, and stroll among the trees, and to lie on the green grass and luxuriate in all the sweet influences of summer. You could never accuse him of idleness, and yet he knew the secret of repose. The poet who wrote so prettily of him that his little life was rounded with a sleep, understated his felicity; it was rounded with a good many. His conscience never seemed to interfere with his slumbers. In fact, he had good habits and a contented mind. I can see him now walk in at the study door, sit down by my chair, bring his tail artistically about his feet, and look up at me with unspeakable happiness in his handsome face. I often thought that he felt the dumb limitation which denied him the power of language. But since he was denied speech, he scorned the inarticulate mouthings of the lower animals. The vulgar mewing and yowling of the cat species was beneath him; he sometimes uttered a sort of articulate and well-bred ejaculation, when he wished to call attention to something that he considered remarkable or to some want of his, but he never went whining about. He would sit for hours at a closed window, when he desired to enter, without a murmur, and when it was opened he never admitted that he had been impatient by "bolting" in. Though speech he had not, and the unpleasant kind of utterance given to his race he would not use, he had a mighty power of purr to express his measureless content with congenial society. There was in him a musical organ with stops of varied power and expression, upon which I have no doubt he could have performed Scarlatti's celebrated cat's-fugue.

Whether Calvin died of old age, or was carried off by one of the diseases incident to youth, it is impossible to say; for his departure was as quiet as his advent was mysterious. I only know that he appeared to us in this world in his perfect stature and beauty, and that after a time, like Lohengrin, he withdrew. In his illness there was nothing more to be regretted than in all his blameless life. I suppose there never was an illness that had

43. **his little life, etc.** See *The Tempest*, IV, i, lines 57, 58.

80. **Scarlatti**, Alessandre (1659-1725), composed in a great variety of musical forms. 90. **Lohengrin**, a hero in German legend who disappears in a boat drawn by a swan.

more of dignity and sweetness and resignation in it. It came on gradually, in a kind of listlessness and want of appetite. An alarming symptom was his preference for the warmth of a furnace-register to the lively sparkle of the open wood-fire. Whatever pain he suffered, he bore it in silence, and seemed only anxious not to obtrude his malady. We tempted him with the delicacies of the season, but it soon became impossible for him to eat, and for two weeks he ate or drank scarcely anything. Sometimes he made an effort to take something, but it was evident that he made the effort to please us. The neighbors—and I am convinced that the advice of neighbors is never good for anything—suggested catnip. He wouldn't even smell it. We had the attendance of an amateur practitioner of medicine, whose real office was the cure of souls, but nothing touched his case. He took what was offered, but it was with the air of one to whom the time for pellets was past. He sat or lay day after day almost motionless, never once making a display of those vulgar convulsions or contortions of pain which are so disagreeable to society. His favorite place was on the brightest spot of a Smyrna rug by the conservatory, where the sunlight fell and he could hear the fountain play. If we went to him and exhibited our interest in his condition, he always purred in recognition of our sympathy. And when I spoke his name, he looked up with an expression that said, "I understand it, old fellow, but it's no use." He was to all who came to visit him a model of calmness and patience in affliction.

I was absent from home at the last, but heard by daily postal-card of his failing condition; and never again saw him alive. One sunny morning he rose from his rug, went into the conservatory—he was very thin then—walked around it deliberately, looking at all the plants he knew, and then went to the bay-window in the dining-room, and stood a long time looking out upon the little field, now brown and sear, and toward the garden, where perhaps the happiest hours of his life had been spent. It was a last look. He turned and walked away, laid himself down upon the bright spot in the rug, and quietly died.

It is not too much to say that a little shock went through the neighborhood when it was known that Calvin was dead, so marked was his individuality; and his friends, one after another, came in to see him. There was no sentimental nonsense about his obsequies; it was felt that any parade would have been distasteful to him. John, who acted as undertaker, prepared a candle-box for him, and I believe assumed a professional decorum; but there may have been the usual levity underneath, for I heard that he remarked in the kitchen that it was the "dryest wake he ever attended." Everybody, however, felt a fondness for Calvin, and regarded him with a certain respect. Between him and Bertha there existed a great friendship, and she apprehended his nature; she used to say that sometimes she was afraid of him, he looked at her so intelligently; she was never certain that he was what he appeared to be.

When I returned, they had laid Calvin on a table in an upper chamber by an open window. It was February. He reposed in a candle-box, lined about the edge with evergreen, and at his head stood a little wine-glass with flowers. He lay with his head tucked down in his arms—a favorite

77. **dryest wake**, i.e., there was no drinking or other festivities, such as in former times occurred among those who sat up with a corpse.

position of his before the fire—as if asleep in the comfort of his soft and exquisite fur. It was the involuntary exclamation of those who saw him, "How natural he looks!" As for myself, I said nothing. John buried him under the twin hawthorn-trees—one white and the other pink—in a spot where Calvin was fond of lying and listening to the hum of summer insects and the twitter of birds.

Perhaps I have failed to make appear the individuality of character that was so evident to those who knew him. At any rate, I have set down nothing concerning him but the literal truth. He was always a mystery. I did not know whence he came; I do not know whither he has gone. I would not weave one spray of falsehood in the wreath I lay upon his grave.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. At the beginning of the essay what kind of person do you take Calvin to be? What expressions give you that idea? Where do you first learn that he is a cat?

2. What humor do you find in the account of his aristocratic nature, his gayety, his fastidiousness in eating? In what sense did Calvin "love" nature? Compare his capacity for friendship with what Lucas says about cats. Which author is right about cats so far as you have observed?

3. Why did Calvin lead a happy life? Do you think Warner implies that human beings would be happy if they lived such a life? Do you think the account of his last illness droll or pathetic? What part of this account seems to you most humorous?

4. Which author do you think makes his pet animal more interesting and attractive, Lucas his dog or Warner his cat?

5. Essays are supposed to reveal the personality of the author. Does this one show anything about Warner? What kinds of people does he like and dislike?

Further Reading

Warner ranks high among American essayists. The class will enjoy reports upon all of these volumes:

Backlog Studies. These are something like Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat" papers, yet in Warner's individual style. Which do you like better, Holmes or Warner, and why?

In the Wilderness. Possibly this is the most delightful of Warner's volumes. Read any of the papers. "How I Killed a Bear" is very interesting. How does "Camping Out" agree with your experiences?

My Summer in a Garden. If you have ever worked in a garden, you ought to read of the unparalleled experiences here humorously described. "Calvin" is at the end.

In making reports on these books, compare Lucas with Warner. Which has the quicker eye in descriptions? Which has the more cheerful way of looking at life? Which has the brighter humor? Which has the more common sense? Which is the more whimsical?

A KITTEN

AGNES REPPLIER

If "The child is father of the man," why is not the kitten father of the cat? If in the little boy lurks the infant likeness of all that manhood will complete, why does not the kitten betray some of the attributes common to the adult puss? A puppy is but a dog plus high spirits, and minus common sense. We never hear our friends say they love puppies, but cannot bear dogs. A kitten is a thing apart; and many people who lack the discriminating enthusiasm for cats, who regard these beautiful beasts with aversion and

1. **The child,** etc., from "My Heart Leaps Up," by William Wordsworth.

mistrust, are won over easily and cajoled out of their prejudices by the deceitful wiles of kittenhood.

This little actor cons another part,

and is the most irresistible comedian in the world. Its wide-open eyes gleam with wonder and mirth. It darts madly at nothing at all, and then, as though suddenly checked in the pursuit, prances sideways on its hind legs with ridiculous agility and zeal. It makes a vast pretense of climbing the rounds of a chair, and swings by the curtain like an acrobat. It scrambles up a table leg, and is seized with comic horror at finding itself fully two feet from the floor. If you hasten to its rescue, it clutches you nervously, its little heart pounding against its furry side, while its soft paws expand and contract with agitation and relief;

And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose.

Yet the instant it is back on the carpet it feigns to be suspicious of your interference, peers at you out of "the tail o' its ee," and scampers for protection under the sofa, from which asylum it presently emerges with cautious trailing steps as though encompassed by fearful dangers and alarms. Its baby innocence is yet unseared. The evil knowledge of uncanny things which is the dark inheritance of cathood has not yet shadowed its round infant eyes. Where did witches find the mysterious beasts that sat motionless by their fires, and watched unblinkingly the waxen manikins dwindling in the flame? They never reared these companions of their solitude, for no witch could have endured to see a kitten gamboling on her hearthstone. A witch's kitten! That one preposterous thought proves how wide, how unfathomed, is the gap between feline infancy and age.

So it happens that the kitten is loved and cherished and caressed as long as it preserves the beguiling mirthfulness of youth. Richelieu, we know, was wont to keep a family of kittens in his cabinet, that their grace and gayety might divert him from the cares of state, and from black moods of melancholy. Yet, with short-sighted selfishness, he banished these friends when but a few months old, and gave their places to younger pets. The first faint dawn of reason, the first indication of soberness and worldly wisdom, the first charming and coquettish pretenses to maturity, were followed by immediate dismissal. Richelieu desired to be amused. He had no conception of the finer joy which springs from mutual companionship and esteem. Even humbler and more sincere admirers, like Joanna Baillie, in whom we wish to believe Puss found a friend and champion, appear to take it for granted that the kitten should be the spoiled darling of the household, and the cat a social outcast, degraded into usefulness, and expected to work for her living. What else can be understood from such lines as these?

Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becomest a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favored playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hast spoiled thee of our love;
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenished oft with savory food.

4. **This little actor.** Compare with Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," line 102. 22. **And all,** etc., from "The Kitten," by the Scottish poet, Joanna Baillie (1762-1851).

51. **Richelieu** (1585-1642), a famous French statesman.

Here is a plain exposition of the utilitarian theory which Shakespeare is supposed to have countenanced because Shylock speaks of the "harmless, necessary cat." Shylock, forsooth! As if he, of all men in Christendom or Jewry, knew anything about cats! Small wonder that he was outwitted by Portia and Jessica, when an adroit little animal could so easily beguile him. But Joanna Baillie should never have been guilty of these snug commonplaces concerning the

comely, careful, mousing cat,

remembering her own valiant Tabby who won Scott's respectful admiration by worrying and killing a dog. It ill became the possessor of an Amazonian cat, distinguished by Sir Walter's regard, to speak with such patronizing kindness of the race.

We can make no more stupid blunder than to look upon our pets from the standpoint of utility. Puss, as a rule, is another Nimrod, eager for the chase, and unwearyingly patient in pursuit of her prey. But she hunts for her own pleasure, not for our convenience; and when a life of luxury has relaxed her zeal, she often declines to hunt at all. I knew intimately two Maryland cats, well born and of great personal attractions. The sleek black Tom was named Onyx, and his snow-white companion Lilian. Both were idle, urbane, fastidious, and self-indulgent as Lucullus. Now, into the house honored, but not served, by these charming creatures came a rat, which secured permanent lodgings in the kitchen, and speedily evicted the maid servants. A reign of terror followed, and after a few days of hopeless anarchy it occurred to the cook that the cats might be brought from their comfortable cushions upstairs and shut in at night with their hereditary foe. This was done, and the next morning, on opening the kitchen, a tableau rivaling the peaceful scenes of Eden was presented to the view. On one side of the hearth lay Onyx, on the other, Lilian; and ten feet away, upright upon the kitchen table, sat the rat, contemplating them both with tranquil humor and content. It was apparent to him, as well as to the rest of the household, that he was an object of absolute, contemptuous indifference to those two lordly cats.

There is none of this superb unconcern in the joyous eagerness of infancy. A kitten will dart in pursuit of everything that is small enough to be chased with safety. Not a fly on the window-pane, not a moth in the air, not a tiny crawling insect on the carpet escapes its unwelcome attentions. It begins to "take notice" as soon as its eyes are open, and its vivacity, outstripping its dawning intelligence, leads it into infantile perils and wrong doing. I own that when Agrippina brought her first-born son—aged two days—and established him in my bedroom closet, the plan struck me at the start as inconvenient. I had prepared another nursery for the little Claudius Nero, and I endeavored for a while to convince its mother that my arrangements were best. But Agrippina was inflexible. The closet suited her in every respect; and with charming and irresistible flattery, she gave me to understand, in the mute language I knew so well, that she wished her baby boy to be under my immediate protection. "I bring him to you because I trust you," she said as plainly as looks can speak. "Downstairs, they handle him all the time, and it is not good for

4. **harmless, necessary cat.** In *The Merchant of Venice*, IV, i, 55. 18. **Amazonian.** In Greek mythology the Amazons were a tribe of warlike women dwelling in Asia Minor. 25. **Nimrod,** in *Genesis* x, 9, is described as a mighty hunter. 37. **Lucullus** (110-57 B.C.), a Roman general famous for spending vast sums on his table and villas.

73. **Agrippina,** named after the Roman empress (15-59 A.D.), the mother of Claudius Nero.

kittens to be handled. Here he is safe from harm, and here he shall remain." After a few weak remonstrances, the futility of which I too clearly understood, her persistence carried the day. I removed my clothing from the closet, spread a shawl upon the floor, had the door taken from its hinges, and resigned myself, for the first time in my life, to the daily and hourly companionship of an infant.

I was amply rewarded. People who require the household cat to rear her offspring in some remote attic, or dark corner of the cellar, have no idea of all the diversion and pleasure they lose. It is delightful to watch the little blind, sprawling, feeble, helpless things develop swiftly into the grace and agility of kittenhood. It is delightful to see the mingled pride and anxiety of the mother, whose parental love increases with every hour of care, and who exhibits her young family, as if they were infant Gracchi, the hope of all their race. During Nero's extreme youth, there were times, I admit, when Agrippina wearied both of his companionship and of her own maternal duties. Once or twice she abandoned him at night for the greater luxury of my bed, where she slept tranquilly by my side, unmindful of the little wailing cries with which Nero lamented her desertion. Once or twice the heat of early summer tempted her to spend the evening on the porch roof which lay beneath my window, and I have passed some anxious hours awaiting her return, and wondering what would happen if she never came back, and I were left to bring up the baby by hand.

But as the days sped on, and Nero grew rapidly in beauty and intelligence, Agrippina's affection for him knew no bounds. She could hardly bear to leave him even for a little while, and always came hurrying back to him with a loud frightened mew, as if fearing he might have been stolen in her absence. At night she purred over him for hours, or made little gurgling noises expressive of ineffable content. She resented the careless curiosity of strangers, and was a trifle supercilious when the cook stole softly in to give vent to her fervent admiration. But from first to last she shared with me her pride and pleasure; and the joy in her beautiful eyes, as she raised them to mine, was frankly confiding and sympathetic. When the infant Claudius rolled for the first time over the ledge of the closet, and lay sprawling on the bedroom floor, it would have been hard to say which of us was the more elated at his prowess. A narrow pink ribbon of honor was at once tied around the small adventurer's neck, and he was pronounced the most daring and agile of kittens. From that day his brief career was a series of brilliant triumphs. He was a kitten of parts. Like one of Miss Austen's heroes, he had air and countenance. Less beautiful than his mother, whom he closely resembled, he easily eclipsed her in vivacity and the specious arts of fascination. Never were mother and son more unlike in character and disposition, and the inevitable contrast between kittenhood and cathood was enhanced in this case by a strong natural dissimilarity which no length of years could have utterly effaced.

Agrippina had always been a cat of manifest reserves. She was only six weeks old when she came to me, and had already acquired that gravity of demeanor, that air of gentle disdain,

25. **Gracchi**, the sons of Cornelia, Caius and Tiberius Gracchus, great Roman reformers of the second century B.C.

76. **Miss Austen**, Jane Austen (1775-1817), famous English novelist.

that dignified and somewhat supercilious composure, which won the respectful admiration of those whom she permitted to enjoy her acquaintance. Even in moments of self-forgetfulness and mirth her recreations resembled those of the little Spanish Infanta, who, not being permitted to play with her inferiors, and having no equals, diverted herself as best she could with sedate and solitary sport. Always chary of her favors, Agrippina cared little for the admiration of her chosen circle; and, with a single exception, she made no friends beyond it.

Claudius Nero, on the contrary, thirsted for applause. Affable, debonair, and democratic to the core, the caresses and commendations of a chance visitor or of a housemaid were as valuable to him as were my own. I never looked at him "showing off," as children say—jumping from chair to table, balancing himself on the bedpost, or scrambling rapturously up the forbidden curtains—without thinking of the young Emperor who contended in the amphitheater for the worthless plaudits of the crowd. He was impulsive and affectionate—so, I believe, was the Emperor for a time—and as masterful as if born to the purple. His mother struggled hard to maintain her rightful authority, but it was in vain. He woke her from her sweetest naps; he darted at her tail, and leaped down on her from sofas and tables with the grace of a diminutive panther. Every time she attempted to punish him for these misdemeanors he cried piteously for help, and was promptly and unwisely rescued by some kindhearted member of the family. After a while Agrippina took to sitting on her tail, in order to keep it out of his reach, and I have seen her many times carefully tucking it out of sight. She had never been a cat of active habits or of showy accomplishments, and the daring agility of her little Nero amazed and bewildered her. "A Spaniard," observes that pleasant gossip, James Howell, "walks as if he marched, and seldom looks upon the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a Spaniard who, having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said, 'This comes of walking on the earth.' "

Now Nero seldom walked on the earth. At least, he never, if he could help it, walked on the floor, but traversed the room in a series of flying leaps from chair to table, from table to lounge, from lounge to desk, with an occasional dash at the mantelpiece, just to show what he could do. It was curious to watch Agrippina during the performance of these acrobatic feats. Pride, pleasure, the anxiety of a mother, and the faint resentment of conscious inferiority struggled for mastership in her little breast. Sometimes, when Nero's radiant self-satisfaction grew almost insufferable, I have seen her eyelids narrow sullenly, and have wondered whether the Roman Empress ever looked in that way at her brilliant and beautiful son, when maternal love was withering slowly under the shadow of coming evil. Sometimes, when Nero had been prancing and paddling about with absurd and irresistible glee, attracting and compelling the attention of everybody in the room, Agrippina would jump up on my lap and look in my face with an expression I thought I understood. She had never before valued my affection in all her little petted, pampered life. She had been sufficient for herself, and

31. **Emperor**, Nero.

53. **James Howell** (1595-1666), English author of some delightful letters, famous for their "pleasant gossip."

had merely tolerated me as a devoted and useful companion. But now that another had usurped so many of her privileges, I fancied there were moments when it pleased her to know that one subject, at least, was not to be beguiled from allegiance; that to one friend, at least, she always was and always would be the dearest cat in the world.

I am glad to remember that love triumphed over jealousy, and that Agrippina's devotion to Nero increased with every day of his short life. The altruism of a cat seldom reaches beyond her kittens; but she is capable of heroic unselfishness where they are concerned. I knew of a London beast, a homeless, forlorn vagrant, who constituted herself an outdoor pensioner at the house of a friendly man of letters. This cat had a kitten whose youthful vivacity won the hearts of a neighboring family. They adopted it willingly, but refused to harbor the mother, who still came for her daily dole to her only benefactor. Whenever a bit of fish or some other especial dainty was given her, this poor mendicant scaled the wall, and watched her chance to share it with her kitten, her little wealthy, greedy son, who gobbled it up as remorselessly as if he were not living on the fat of the land.

Agrippina would have been swift to follow such an example of devotion. At dinner time she always yielded precedence to Nero, and it became one of our daily tasks to compel the little lad to respect his mother's privileges. He scorned his saucer of milk, and from tenderest infancy aspired to adult food, making predatory incursions on Agrippina's plate, and obliging us finally to feed them in separate apartments. I have seen him, when a very young kitten, rear himself upon his baby legs, and with his soft and wicked little paws strike his mother in the face until she dropped the piece of meat she had been eating, when he tranquilly devoured it. It was to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous scenes that two dining-rooms became a necessity in the family. Yet he was so loving and so lovable, poor little Claudius Nero! Why do I dwell on his faults, remembering, as I do, his winning sweetness and affability? Day after day, in the narrow city garden, the two cats played together, happy in each other's society, and never a yard apart. Night after night they retired at the same time, and slept upon the same cushion, curled up inextricably into one soft, furry ball. Many times I have knelt by their chair to bid them both good-night; and always, when I did so, Agrippina would lift her charming head, purr drowsily for a few seconds, and then nestle closer still to her first-born, with sighs of supreme satisfaction. The zenith of her life had been reached. Her cup of contentment was full.

It is a rude world, even for little cats, and evil chances lie in wait for the petted creatures we strive to shield from harm. Remembering the pangs of separation, the possibilities of unkindness and neglect, the troubles that hide in ambush on every unturned page, I am sometimes glad that the same cruel and selfish blow struck both mother and son, and that they lie together, safe from hurt or hazard, sleeping tranquilly and always, under the shadow of the friendly pines.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What proofs of accurate observation do you find in the first paragraph? Which instance is the most amusingly phrased? Are the quotations as aptly introduced as in Hazlitt's essay? What do they add to the paragraph?

2. Do you know of cats like the two from Maryland or the "London beast"? Have you seen cats that felt as deeply about their offspring as Agrippina is said to have felt about Nero? Relate the instances to prove your answer. Are there any incidents in the essay where you think the author has read her own feelings into the cat? Cite passages.

3. How do the allusions (to Richelieu, for example, and Roman history) differ from the allusions in the essays of Warner and Lucas? What do they add to the essay: profundity, humor, charm, or gayety? Point out passages bearing out your choice of a quality.

4. In how many ways is Claudius Nero unlike Calvin? Are the differences due to the difference of age or to real differences of nature? Do you think Lucas would have liked either cat? Does this essay bear out Lucas's statement that "cat-lovers are a finer type than dog-lovers"? How does the death of a pet affect each author?

Further Reading

If you are interested in cats, Miss Repplier has two volumes that you should dip into. *The Cat* is a collection of prose and verse by both those who love cats and those who abhor them. You will be surprised to see how much has been written on cats. *The Fireside Sphinx* is a lightly written history of cats that will furnish at least one entertaining report to the class.

Miss Repplier is one of America's foremost essayists. The essay here reprinted is from *In the Dozy Hours.* Other essays in the volume that might lead to interesting reports are "A Note on Mirrors," "Gifts," "Discomforts of Luxury," but almost any one of them will hold you. *In Our Convent Days* depicts very charming scenes dealing with amateur plays, rare holidays, and other experiences in a convent school. *Americans and Others* contains an essay on "The Grocer's Cat." "A Question of Politeness" deals with American manners. In *Points of Fiction* begin with "Money." If you enjoy these volumes, turn to any of her other numerous collections.

HOLY IRELAND

JOYCE KILMER

We had hiked seventeen miles that stormy December day—the third of a four days' journey. The snow was piled high on our packs, our rifles were crusted with ice, the leather of our hob-nailed boots was frozen stiff over our lamed feet. The weary lieutenant led us to the door of a little house in a side street.

"Next twelve men," he said. A dozen of us dropped out of the ranks and dragged ourselves over the threshold. We tracked snow and mud over a spotless stone floor. Before an open fire stood Madame and the three children—a girl of eight years, a boy of five, a boy of three. They stared with round frightened eyes at *les soldats américains,* the first they had ever seen. We were too tired to stare back. We at once climbed to the chill attic, our billet, our lodging for the night. First we lifted the packs from one another's aching shoulders; then, without spreading our blankets, we lay down on the bare boards.

For ten minutes there was silence, broken by an occasional groan, an oath, the striking of a match. Cigarettes glowed like fireflies in a forest. Then a voice came from the corner:

"Where is Sergeant Reilly?" it said. We lazily searched. There was no Sergeant Reilly to be found.

19. **les soldats américains,** the American soldiers.

"I'll bet the old bum has gone out after a pint," said the voice. And with the curiosity of the American and the enthusiasm of the Irish we lumbered downstairs in quest of Sergeant Reilly.

He was sitting on a low bench by the fire. His shoes were off and his bruised feet were in a pail of cold water. He was too good a soldier to expose them to the heat at once. The little girl was on his lap and the little boys stood by and envied him. And in a voice that twenty years of soldiering and oceans of whisky had failed to rob of its Celtic sweetness, he was softly singing, "Ireland Isn't Ireland Any More." We listened respectfully.

"They cheer the King and then salute him," said Sergeant Reilly.

"A regular Irishman would shoot him," and we all joined in the chorus, "Ireland Isn't Ireland Any More."

"Ooh, la, la!" exclaimed Madame, and she and all the children began to talk at the top of their voices. What they said Heaven knows, but the tones were friendly, even admiring.

"Gentlemen," said Sergeant Reilly from his post of honor, "the lady who runs this billet is a very nice lady indeed. She says yez can all take off your shoes and dry your socks by the fire. But take turns and don't crowd or I'll turn yez all upstairs."

Now Madame, a woman of some forty years, was a true bourgeoise, with all the thrift of her class. And by the terms of her agreement with the authorities she was required to let the soldiers have for one night the attic of her house to sleep in—nothing more; no light, no heat. Also, wood is very expensive in France—for reasons that are engraven in letters of blood on the pages of history. Nevertheless—

"Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plaît," said Madame. And she brought nearer to the fire all the chairs the establishment possessed and some chests and boxes to be used as seats. And she and the little girl, whose name was Solange, went out into the snow and came back with heaping armfuls of small logs. The fire blazed merrily—more merrily than it had blazed since August, 1914, perhaps. We surrounded it, and soon the air was thick with steam from our drying socks.

Meanwhile Madame and the Sergeant had generously admitted all eleven of us into their conversation. A spirited conversation it was, too, in spite of the fact that she knew no English and the extent of his French was "du pain," "du vin," "cognac," and "bon jour." Those of us who knew a little more of the language of the country acted as interpreters for the others. We learned the names of the children and their ages. We learned that our hostess was a widow. Her husband had fallen in battle just one month before our arrival in her home. She showed us with simple pride and affection and restrained grief his picture. Then she showed us those of her two brothers—one now fighting at Salonica, the other a prisoner of war—of her mother and father, of herself dressed for First Communion.

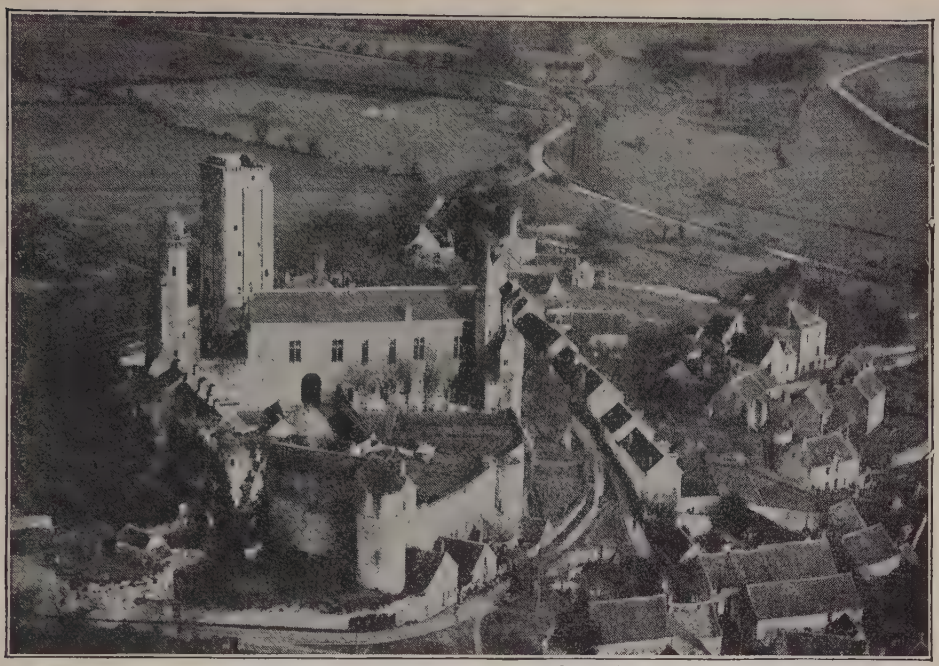
This last picture she showed somewhat shyly, as if doubting that we would understand it. But when one of us asked in halting French if Solange, her little daughter, had yet made her First Communion, then Madame's face cleared.

"Mais oui!" she exclaimed. "Et vous, ma foi, vous êtes catholiques, n'est-ce pas?"

At once rosary beads were flourished

48. **Asseyez-vous, s'il vous plaît**, please be seated.

67. **"du pain," "du vin," "cognac," and "bon jour,"** bread, wine, cognac, and good-day. 91. **Mais oui**, etc., why, yes, and you, my word! you are Catholics, too, aren't you?



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AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF A TYPICAL FRENCH TOWN

to prove our right to answer this question affirmatively. Tattered prayer-books and somewhat dingy scapulars were brought to light. Madame and the children chattered their surprise and delight to each other, and every exhibit called for a new outburst.

"Ah, le bon St. Benoit! Ah, voilà, la Conception Immaculée! Ooh la, la, le Sacre Cœur!" (which last exclamation sounded in no wise as irreverent as it looks in print).

Now other treasures, too, were shown—treasures chiefly photographic. There were family groups, there were Coney Island snapshots. And Madame and the children were a gratifyingly appreciative audience. They admired and sympathized; they exclaimed appropriately at the beauty of every girl's face, the tenderness of every pictured mother. We had become the intimates of Madame. She had admitted us into her family and we her into ours.

Soldiers—American soldiers of Irish descent—have souls and hearts. These organs—if the soul may be so termed—had been satisfied. But our stomachs remained—and that they yearned was evident to us. We had made our hike on a meal of hardtack and "corned willy." Mess call would sound soon. Should we force our wet shoes on again and plod through the snowy streets to the temporary mess-shack? We knew our supply wagons had not succeeded in climbing the last hill into town, and that therefore bread and unsweetened coffee would be our portion. A great depression settled upon us.

But Sergeant Reilly rose to the occasion.

8. **le bon**, etc., the holy Saint Benoit! Oh, there's the Immaculate Conception. Oh la, la, The Sacred Heart!
16. **Coney Island**, an immense amusement park and beach in New York City.
32. **corned willy**, corned beef.

"Boys," he said, "this here lady has got a good fire going, and I'll bet she can cook. What do you say we get her to fix us up a meal?"

The proposal was received joyously at first. Then someone said:

"But I haven't got any money."

"Neither have I—not a damn sou!" said another. And again the spiritual temperature of the room fell.

Again Sergeant Reilly spoke:

"I haven't got any money to speak of, meself," he said. "But let's have a show-down. I guess we've got enough to buy somethin' to eat."

It was long after pay-day, and we were not hopeful of the results of the search. But the wealthy—that is, those who had two francs—made up for the poor—that is, those who had two sous. And among the coins on the table I noticed an American dime, an English half-crown, and a Chinese piece with a square hole in the center. In negotiable tender the money came in all to eight francs.

It takes more money than that to feed twelve hungry soldiers these days in France. But there was no harm in trying. So an ex-seminarian, an ex-bookkeeper, and an ex-street-car conductor aided Sergeant Reilly in explaining in French that had both a brogue and a Yankee twang that we were hungry, that this was all the money we had in the world, and that we wanted her to cook us something to eat.

Now Madame was what they call in New England a "capable" woman. In a jiffy she had the money in Solange's hand and had that admirable child cloaked and wooden-shod for the street, and fully informed as to what she was to buy. What Madame and the children had intended to have for supper I do not know, for there was nothing in the kitchen but the fire, the stove, the table, some shelves of dishes, and an enormous bed. Nothing in the way of a food cupboard could be seen. And the only other room of the house was the bare attic.

When Solange came back she carried in a basket bigger than herself these articles: (1) two loaves of war-bread; (2) five bottles of red wine; (3) three cheeses; (4) numerous potatoes; (5) a lump of fat; (6) a bag of coffee. The whole represented, as was afterwards demonstrated, exactly the sum of ten francs, fifty centimes.

Well, we all set to work peeling potatoes. Then with a veritable French trench-knife Madame cut the potatoes into long strips. Meanwhile Solange had put the lump of fat into the big black pot that hung by a chain over the fire. In the boiling grease the potatoes were placed, Madame standing by with a big ladle punched full of holes—I regret that I do not know the technical name for this instrument—and keeping the potato-strips swimming, zealously frustrating any attempt on their part to lie lazily at the bottom of the pot.

We forgot all about the hike as we sat at supper that evening. The only absentees were the two little boys, Michael and Paul. And they were really absent only from our board—they were in the room, in the great built-in bed that was later to hold also Madame and Solange. Their little bodies were covered by the three-foot thick mattress-like red silk quilt, but their tousled heads protruded and they watched us unblinkingly all evening.

But just as we sat down, before Sergeant Reilly began his task of dishing out the potatoes and starting the bottles on their way, Madame stopped her chattering and looked at Solange. And Solange stopped her chattering and looked at Madame. And they both looked rather searchingly at us.

30. **seminarian**, one studying for the priesthood.

We didn't know what was the matter, but we felt rather embarrassed.

Then Madame began to talk, slowly and loudly, as one talks to make foreigners understand. And the gist of her remarks was that she was surprised to see that American Catholics did not say grace before eating, like French Catholics.

We sprang to our feet at once. But it was not Sergeant Reilly who saved the situation. Instead, the ex-seminarian—he is only temporarily an ex-seminarian; he'll be preaching missions and giving retreats yet if a bit of shrapnel doesn't hasten his journey to Heaven—said, after we had blessed ourselves: "Benedicite; nos et quae sumus sumpturi benedicat Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus. Amen."

Madame and Solange, obviously relieved, joined us in the Amen, and we sat down again to eat.

It was a memorable feast. There was not much conversation—except on the part of Madame and Solange—but there was plenty of good cheer. Also there was enough cheese and bread and wine and potatoes for all of us—half starved as we were when we sat down. Even big Considine, who drains a can of condensed milk at a gulp and has been known to eat an apple pie without stopping to take breath, was satisfied. There were toasts, also, all proposed by Sergeant Reilly—toasts to Madame, and to the children, and to France, and to the United States, and to the Old Gray Mare—this last toast having an esoteric significance apparent only to illuminati of Sergeant Reilly's circle.

The table cleared and the "agimus tibi gratias" duly said, we sat before the fire, most of us on the floor. We were warm and happy and full of good food and good wine. I spied a slip of paper on the floor by Solange's foot and unashamedly read it. It was an accounting for the evening's expenditures—totaling exactly ten francs and fifty centimes.

Now when soldiers are unhappy—during a long, hard hike, for instance—they sing to keep up their spirits. And when they are happy, as on the evening now under consideration, they sing to express their satisfaction with life. We sang "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." We shook the kitchen-bedroom with the echoes of "Take Me Back to New York Town." We informed Madame, Solange, Paul, Michael, in fact, the whole village, that we had never been a wanderer and that we longed for our Indiana home. We grew sentimental over "Mother Machree." And Sergeant Reilly obliged with a reel—in his socks—to an accomplishment of whistling and handclapping.

Now it was our hostess's turn to entertain. We intimated as much. She responded, first by much talk, much consultation with Solange, and finally by going to one of the shelves that held the pans and taking down some paper-covered books.

There was more consultation, whispered this time, and much turning of pages. Then, after some preliminary coughing and humming, the music began—the woman's rich alto blending with the child's shrill but sweet notes. And what they sang was "Tantum ergo Sacramentum."

Why she should have thought that an appropriate song to offer this company of rough soldiers from a distant land I do not know. And why we found it appropriate it is harder still to say. But it did seem appropriate to all of us—to Sergeant Reilly, to Jim

18. **Benedicite . . . Amen,** O all ye the works of the Lord bless the Lord; may God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless us and that which we are about to eat. Amen.
43. **agimus tibi gratias,** we give thee thanks.

84. **Tantum ergo Sacramentum,** so great a sacrament therefore; the last two stanzas of a Latin hymn by Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), set to music.

—who used to drive a truck—to Larry —who sold cigars—to Frank—who tended a bar on Fourteenth Street. It seemed, for some reason, eminently fitting. Not one of us then or later expressed any surprise that this hymn, familiar to most of us since our mothers first led us to the Parish Church down the pavements of New York or across the Irish hills, should be sung to us in this strange land and in these strange circumstances.

Since the gracious Latin of the Church was in order and since the season was appropriate, one of us suggested "Adeste Fideles" for the next item on the evening's program. Madame and Solange and our ex-seminarian knew all the words, and the rest of us came in strong with "Venite, adoremus Dominum."

Then, as if to show that piety and mirth may live together, the ladies obliged with "Au Clair de la Lune" and other simple ballads of old France. And after taps had sounded in the street outside our door, and there was yawning, and wrist-watches were being scanned, the evening's entertainment ended, by general consent, with patriotic selections. We sang—as best we could—the "Star-Spangled Banner," Solange and her mother humming the air and applauding at the conclusion. Then we attempted "La Marseillaise." Of course, we did not know the words. Solange came to our rescue with two little pamphlets containing the song, so we looked over each other's shoulders and got to work in earnest. Madame sang with us, and Solange. But during the final stanza Madame did not sing. She leaned against the great family bedstead and looked at us. She had taken one of the babies from under the red comforter and held him to her breast. One of her red and toil-scarred hands half covered his fat little back. There was a gentle dignity about that plain, hard-working woman, that soldier's widow—we all felt it. And some of us saw the tears in her eyes.

There are mists, faint and beautiful and unchanging, that hang over the green slopes of some mountains I know. I have seen them on the Irish hills and I have seen them on the hills of France. I think that they are made of the tears of good brave women.

Before I went to sleep that night I exchanged a few words with Sergeant Reilly. We lay side by side on the floor, now piled with straw. Blankets, shelter-halves, slickers, and overcoats insured warm sleep. Sergeant Reilly's hard old face was wrapped round with his muffler. The final cigarette of the day burned lazily in a corner of his mouth.

"That was a pretty good evening, Sarge," I said. "We sure were in luck when we struck this billet."

He grunted affirmatively, then puffed in silence for a few minutes. Then he deftly spat the cigarette into a strawless portion of the floor, where it glowed for a few seconds before it went out.

"You said it," he remarked. "We were in luck is right. What do you know about that lady, anyway?"

"Why," I answered, "I thought she treated us pretty white."

"Joe," said Sergeant Reilly, "do you realize how much trouble that woman took to make this bunch of roughnecks comfortable? She didn't make a damn cent on that feed, you know. The kid spent all the money we give her. And she's out about six francs for firewood, too—I wish to God I had the money to pay her. I bet she'll go cold for a week now, and hungry, too.

"And that ain't all," he continued,

16. **Adeste Fideles**, be present, O ye faithful. 21. **Venite**, etc., O come, let us worship the Lord. 24. **Au Clair de la Lune**, in the moonlight. 35. **La Marseillaise**, the French national anthem.

after a pause broken only by an occasional snore from our blissful neighbors. "Look at the way she cooked them pomme de terres and fixed things up for us and let us sit down there with her like we was her family. And look at the way she and the little Sallie there sung for us.

"I tell you, Joe, it makes me think of old times to hear a woman sing them church hymns to me that way. It's forty years since I heard a hymn sung in a kitchen, and it was my mother, God rest her, that sang them.

4. **pommes de terre**, potatoes.

I sort of realize what we're fighting for now, and I never did before. It's for women like that and their kids.

"It gave me a turn to see her a-sitting there singing them hymns. I remembered when I was a boy in Shangolden. I wonder if there's many women like that in France now—telling their beads and singing the old hymns and treating poor traveling men the way she's just after treating us. There used to be lots of women like that in the Old Country. And I think that's why it was called 'Holy Ireland.'"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. This scene from the experiences of the American troops in France during the World War shows how much alike different countries are. Pick out the acts of this French woman that make her very real to you. Would an American woman in humble circumstances have acted in the same way? Why was she friendly to the American soldiers at the start? Why did she become more friendly as the evening advanced?

2. How does this essay reflect also the mind of the writer? Where does he show uncommon powers of observation? Where does he reveal tenderness? How does he make the scene explain what the American soldiers were fighting for in the World War?

3. This essay may be found in Volume II of Joyce Kilmer's works, edited by Robert Cortes Holliday. His poems may be found in Volume I. First read "Trees," "Martin," "Poets," "Ballade of My Lady's Beauty," "Prayer of a Soldier in France," "Rouge Bouquet." Do you like Kilmer better as a poet or as an essayist? The two poems on the war in France may furnish a good basis of comparison.

HUMOR AS I SEE IT

STEPHEN LEACOCK

Until two weeks ago I might have taken my pen in hand to write about humor with the confident air of an acknowledged professional.

But that time is past. Such claim as I had has been taken from me. In fact I stand unmasked. An English reviewer writing in a literary journal, the very name of which is enough to put contradiction to sleep, has said of my writing, "What is there, after all, in Professor Leacock's humor but a rather ingenious mixture of hyperbole and myosis?"

The man was right. How he stumbled upon this trade secret, I do not know. But I am willing to admit, since the truth is out, that it has long been my custom in preparing an article of a humorous nature to go down to the cellar and mix up half a

14. **myosis**, abnormal smallness or contraction of the pupil of the eye. Instead of exaggerating, a man with myosis would supposedly see objects as much smaller than they look to most people.

gallon of myosis with a pint of hyperbole. If I want to give the article a decidedly literary character, I find it well to put in about a half pint of paresis. The whole thing is amazingly simple.

But I only mention this by way of introduction and to dispel any idea that I am conceited enough to write about humor, with the professional authority of Ella Wheeler Wilcox writing about love, or Eva Tanguay talking about dancing.

All that I dare claim is that I have as much sense of humor as other people. And, oddly enough, I notice that everybody else makes this same claim. Any man will admit, if need be, that his sight is not good, or that he cannot swim, or shoots badly with a rifle, but to touch upon his sense of humor is to give him a mortal affront.

"No," said a friend of mine the other day, "I never go to Grand Opera," and then he added with an air of pride—"You see, I have absolutely no ear for music."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed.

"None!" he went on. "I can't tell one tune from another. I don't know 'Home, Sweet Home' from 'God Save the King.' I can't tell whether a man is tuning a violin or playing a sonata."

He seemed to get prouder and prouder over each item of his own deficiency. He ended by saying that he had a dog at his house that had a far better ear for music than he had. As soon as his wife or any visitor started to play the piano the dog always began to howl—plaintively, he said, as if it were hurt. He himself never did this.

5. **paresis**, incomplete paralysis. Does it make any sense here? Why is it put in? 11. **Ella Wheeler Wilcox** (1855-1919), an American author who conducted a column in some daily papers on advice to the lovelorn. 12. **Eva Tanguay**, a vaudeville entertainer.

When he had finished I made what I thought a harmless comment.

"I suppose," I said, "that you find your sense of humor deficient in the same way: the two generally go together."

My friend was livid with rage in a moment.

"Sense of humor!" he said. "My sense of humor! Me without a sense of humor! Why, I suppose I've a keener sense of humor than any man, or any two men, in this city!"

From that he turned to bitter personal attack. He said that *my* sense of humor seemed to have withered altogether.

He left me, still quivering with indignation.

Personally, however, I do not mind making the admission, however damaging it may be, that there are some forms of so-called humor, or, at least, fun, which I am quite unable to appreciate. Chief among these is the ancient thing called the practical joke.

"You never knew McGann, did you?" a friend of mine asked me the other day. When I said, "No, I had never known McGann," he shook his head with a sigh, and said:

"Ah, you should have known McGann. He had the greatest sense of humor of any man I ever knew—always full of jokes. I remember one night at the boarding house where we were, he stretched a string across the passage-way and then rang the dinner bell. One of the boarders broke his leg. We nearly died laughing."

"Dear me!" I said, "What a humorist! Did he often do things like that?"

"Oh, yes, he was at them all the time. He used to put tar in the tomato soup, and beeswax and tintacks on the chairs. He was full of ideas. They seemed to come to him without any trouble."

McGann, I understand, is dead. I am not sorry for it. Indeed I think that for most of us the time has gone by when we can see the fun in putting tacks on chairs, or thistles in beds, or live snakes in people's boots.

To me it has always seemed that the very essence of good humor is that it must be without harm and without malice. I admit that there is in all of us a certain vein of the old original demoniacal humor or joy in the misfortune of another which sticks to us like our original sin. It ought not to be funny to see a man, especially a fat and pompous man, slip suddenly on a banana skin. But it is. When a skater on a pond who is describing graceful circles and showing off before the crowd, breaks through the ice and gets a ducking, everybody shouts with joy. To the original savage the cream of the joke in such cases was found if the man who slipped broke his neck, or the man who went through the ice never came up again. I can imagine a group of pre-historic men standing round the ice-hole where he had disappeared and laughing till their sides split. If there had been such a thing as a pre-historic newspaper, the affair would have been headed up: "Amusing Incident. Unknown Gentleman Breaks Through Ice and Is Drowned."

But our sense of humor under civilization has been weakened. Much of the fun of this sort of thing has been lost on us.

Children, however, still retain a large share of this primitive sense of enjoyment.

I remember once watching two little boys making snowballs at the side of the street and getting ready a little store of them to use. As they worked, there came along an old man wearing a silk hat, and belonging by appearance to the class of "jolly old gentleman." When he saw the boys his gold spectacles gleamed with kindly enjoyment. He began waving his arms and calling, "Now, then, boys, free shot at me! free shot!" In his gayety he had, without noticing it, edged himself over the sidewalk onto the street. An express cart collided with him and knocked him over on his back in a heap of snow. He lay gasping and trying to get the snow off his face and spectacles. The boys gathered up their snow-balls and took a run toward him. "Free shot!" they yelled. "Soak him! Soak him!"

I repeat, however, that for me, as I suppose for most of us, it is a prime condition of humor that it must be without harm or malice, nor should it convey even incidentally any real picture of sorrow or suffering or death. There is a great deal in the humor of Scotland—I admit its general merit—which seems to me, not being a Scotchman, to sin in this respect. Take this familiar story—I quote it as something already known and not for the sake of telling it.

A Scotchman had a sister-in-law—his wife's sister—with whom he could never agree. He always objected to going anywhere with her and in spite of his wife's entreaties always refused to do so. The wife was taken mortally ill and as she lay dying, she whispered, "John, ye'll drive Janet with you to the funeral, will ye no?" The Scotchman, after an internal struggle, answered, "Margaret, I'll do it for you, but it'll spoil my day."

Whatever humor there may be in this is lost for me by the actual and vivid picture that it conjures up—the dying wife, the darkened room, and the last whispered request.

No doubt the Scotch see things differently. That wonderful people—whom personally I cannot too much admire—always seem to me to prefer adversity to sunshine, to welcome the prospect of a pretty general damna-

tion, and to live with grim cheerfulness within the very shadow of death. Alone among the nations they have converted the devil—under such names as Old Horny—into a familiar acquaintance not without a certain grim charm of his own. No doubt also there enters into their humor something of the original barbaric attitude toward such things. For a primitive people who saw death often and at first hand, and for whom the future world was a vivid reality, that could be *felt*, as it were, in the midnight forest and heard in the roaring storm—for such a people it was no doubt natural to turn the flank of terror by forcing a merry and jovial acquaintance with the unseen world. Such a practice as a wake, and the merry-making about the corpse, carry us back to the twilight of the world, with the poor savage in his bewildered misery pretending that his dead still lived. Our funeral with its black trappings and its elaborate ceremonies is the lineal descendant of a merry-making. Our undertaker is, by evolution, a genial master of ceremonies, keeping things lively at the death-dance. Thus have the ceremonies and the trappings of death been transformed in the course of the ages till the forced gayety is gone, and the black hearse and the gloomy mutes betoken the cold dignity of our despair.

But I fear this article is getting serious. I must apologize.

I was about to say, when I wandered from the point, that there is another form of humor which I am also quite unable to appreciate. That is that particular form of story which may be called, par excellence, the English Anecdote. It always deals with persons of rank and birth, and except for the exalted nature of the subject itself, is, as far as I can see, absolutely pointless.

This is the kind of thing that I mean.

"His Grace the Fourth Duke of Marlborough was noted for the open-handed hospitality which reigned at Blenheim, the family seat, during his régime. One day on going in to luncheon it was discovered that there were thirty guests present, whereas the table only held covers for twenty-one. 'Oh, well,' said the Duke, not a whit abashed, 'some of us will have to eat standing up.' Everybody, of course, roared with laughter."

My only wonder is that they didn't kill themselves with it. A mere roar doesn't seem enough to do justice to such a story as this.

The Duke of Wellington has been made the storm-center of three generations of wit of this sort. In fact the typical Duke of Wellington story has been reduced to a thin skeleton such as this:

"A young subaltern once met the Duke of Wellington coming out of Westminster Abbey. 'Good morning, your Grace,' he said, 'rather a wet morning.' 'Yes,' said the Duke, with a very rigid bow, 'but it was a damn sight wetter, sir, on the morning of Waterloo.' The young subaltern, rightly rebuked, hung his head."

Nor is it only the English who sin in regard to anecdotes.

One can indeed make the sweeping assertion that the telling of stories, as a mode of amusing others, ought to be kept within strict limits. Few people realize how extremely difficult it is to tell a story so as to reproduce the real fun of it—to "get it over," as the actors say. The mere "facts" of a story seldom make it funny. It needs the right words, with every word in

44. **par excellence**, preëminently.

68. **Duke of Wellington** (1769-1852), a great English general and the hero of Waterloo.

its proper place. Here and there, perhaps once in a hundred times a story turns up which needs no telling. The humor of it turns so completely on a sudden twist or incongruity in the dénouement of it that no narrator, however clumsy, can altogether fumble it.

Take, for example, the well-known instance—a story which, in one form or another, everybody has heard.

"George Grossmith, the famous comedian, was once badly run down and went to consult a doctor. It happened that the doctor, though, like everybody else, he had often seen Grossmith on the stage, had never seen him without his make-up and did not know him by sight. He examined his patient, looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and tapped his lungs. Then he shook his head. 'There's nothing wrong with you, sir,' he said, 'except that you're run down from overwork and worry. You need rest and amusement. Take a night off and go to see George Grossmith at the Savoy.'

" 'Thank you,' said the patient, 'I am George Grossmith.' "

Let the reader please observe that I have purposely told the story all wrongly, just as wrongly as could be, and yet there is something left of it. Will the reader kindly look back to the beginning of it and see for himself just how it ought to be narrated and what obvious error has been made? If he has any particle of the artist in his make-up, he will see at once that the story ought to begin:

"One day a very haggard and nervous looking patient called at the office of a fashionable doctor, etc., etc."

In other words, the chief point of a joke lies in keeping it concealed till the moment when the patient says, "Thank you, I am George Grossmith." But the story is such a good one that it cannot be completely spoiled even when told wrongly. This particular anecdote has been variously told of George Grossmith, Coquelin, Joe Jefferson, John Hare, Cyril Maude, and about sixty others. And I have noticed that there is a certain type of man who, on hearing this story about Grossmith, immediately tells it all back again, putting in the name of somebody else, and goes into new fits of laughter over it, as if the change of name made it brand new.

But few people, I repeat, realize the difficulty of reproducing a humorous or comic effect in its original spirit.

"I saw Harry Lauder last night," said Griggs, a Stock-Exchange friend of mine, as we walked up town together the other day. "He came on to the stage in kilts" (here Griggs started to chuckle) "and he had a slate under his arm" (here Griggs began to laugh quite heartily) "and he said, 'I always like to carry a slate with me' (of course he said it in Scotch, but I can't do the Scotch the way he does it) 'just in case there might be any figures I'd be wanting to put down' " (by this time Griggs was almost suffocated with laughter)—"and he took a little bit of chalk out of his pocket, and he said" (Griggs was now almost hysterical), " 'I like to carry a wee bit chalk along because I find the slate is' " (Griggs was now faint with laughter), " 'the slate is—is—not much good without the chalk.' "

Griggs had to stop, with his hand to his side, and lean against a lamp-post. "I can't, of course, do the Scotch the way Harry Lauder does it," he repeated.

Exactly. He couldn't do the Scotch, and he couldn't do the rich, mellow voice of Mr. Lauder, and the face beaming with merriment, and the spectacles glittering with amusement, and he couldn't do the slate or the

12. **Grossmith** (1847-1912), a famous English actor.

"wee bit chalk"—in fact he couldn't do any of it. He ought merely to have said, "Harry Lauder," and leaned up against a post and laughed till he had got over it.

Yet in spite of everything, people insist on spoiling conversation by telling stories. I know nothing more dreadful at a dinner table than one of these amateur raconteurs—except perhaps two of them. After about three stories have been told, there falls on the dinner table an uncomfortable silence, in which everybody is aware that everybody else is trying hard to think of another story, and is failing to find it. There is no peace in the gathering again till some man of firm and quiet mind turns to his neighbor and says—"But after all there is no doubt that whether we like it or not prohibition is coming." Then everybody in his heart says, "Thank Heaven!" and the whole tableful are happy and contented again, till one of the story tellers "thinks of another," and breaks loose.

Worst of all perhaps is the modest story teller who is haunted by the idea that one has heard the story before. He attacks you after this fashion:

"I heard a very good story the other day on the steamer going to Bermuda" —then he pauses with a certain doubt in his face—"but perhaps you've heard this?"

"No, no, I've never been to Bermuda. Go ahead."

"Well, this is a story that they tell about a man who went to Bermuda one winter to get cured of rheumatism —but you've heard this?"

"No, no."

"Well, he had rheumatism pretty bad and he went to Bermuda to get cured of it. And so when he went into the hotel he said to the clerk at the desk—but, perhaps you know this."

"No, no, go right ahead."

"Well, he said to the clerk I want a room that looks out over the sea—but perhaps—"

Now the sensible thing to do is to stop the narrator right at this point. Say to him quietly and firmly, "Yes, I have heard that story. I always liked it ever since it came out in *Titbits* in 1878, and I read it every time I see it. Go on and tell it to me and I'll sit back with my eyes closed and enjoy it."

No doubt the story teller habit owes much to the fact that ordinary people, quite unconsciously, rate humor very low; I mean, they underestimate the difficulty of "making humor." It would never occur to them that the thing is hard, meritorious, and dignified. Because the result is gay and light, they think the process must be. Few people would realize that it is much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's "funny" poems in *Punch* than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons. Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* is a greater work than Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

But the deep background that lies behind and beyond what we call humor is revealed only to the few who, by instinct or effort, have given thought to it. The world's humor, in its best and greatest sense, is perhaps the highest product of our civilization. One thinks here not of the mere spasmodic effects of the comic artist or the blackface expert of the vaudeville show, but of the really great humor which, once or twice in a generation at best, illuminates our literature. It is no longer dependent upon the mere

59. **Titbits**, an English humorous weekly. 74. **Owen Seaman**, editor of *Punch*, the most famous of the English humorous periodicals. 79. **Kant**, Immanuel (1724-1804), German philosopher.

trick and quibble of words, or the odd and meaningless incongruities in things that strike us as "funny." Its basis lies in the deeper contrasts offered by life itself: the strange incongruity between our aspiration and our achievement, the eager and fretful anxieties of today that fade into nothingness tomorrow, the burning pain and the sharp sorrow that are softened in the gentle retrospect of time, till as we look back upon the course that has been traversed we pass in view the panorama of our lives, as people in old age may recall, with mingled tears and smiles, the angry quarrels of their childhood. And here, in its larger aspect, humor is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent, as they have in every age, the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Professor Leacock, though he teaches political economy, is one of the most popular humorous writers of the day. What he has to say about humor will help one to see more in it than puns, horse-play, and cheap jokes.

Questions and Topics

1. Relate some incident such as Mr. Leacock records of his unmusical friend. Have you an acquaintance who often plays practical jokes? Can you give from your own experiences any incident that could and did appeal to a primitive sense of humor? Have you ever come across instances of Scotch humor? Relate two or three to the class.

2. Tell to the class two or three stories as good as the one about George Grossmith. Are they so good that they cannot be spoiled? Do you agree with Mr. Leacock about story-tellers? Show why. Find out all you can about the serious and humorous works that Mr. Leacock compares. Do you agree with him? Give your reasons.

3. In the humorous incidents that you recall, do you think the enjoyment lies in the "deeper contrasts" that the author mentions? Consider the stories one by one. Is Mr. Leacock's humor an "ingenious mixture of hyperbole and myosis"?

4. You may wish to write a similar essay on "Pathos as I Like It," or "Sermons," or "Poetry," or "Adventure," or some topic of the kind. Make clear your personal preferences by ample illustration.

Further Reading

Mr. Leacock is one of the most interesting humorous writers that America has produced. You might begin with *Further Foolishness*, from which this essay is taken. Read "Every Man and his Friends," "More than Twice-Told Tales," "A Study in Still Life," and try to make clear to the class what is satirized in each. You might then turn to *Frenzied Fiction*, *Literary Lapses*, *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy*, *Nonsense Novels*, *or Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels*.

He has also written *Essays and Literary Studies*. These serious essays sparkle with glints of the humor that has made him famous. "The Devil and the Deep Sea" and "The Lot of the Schoolmaster" are particularly interesting. *The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice* is a serious but a very clear, simple, and interesting discussion of work, wages, and socialism.

SEEING PEOPLE OFF

MAX BEERBOHM

I am not good at it. To do it well seems to me one of the most difficult things in the world, and probably seems so to you, too.

To see a friend off from Waterloo to Vauxhall were easy enough. But we are never called on to perform that small feat. It is only when a friend is going on a longish journey, and will be absent for a longish time, that we turn up at the railway station. The dearer the friend, and the longer the journey, and the longer the likely absence, the earlier do we turn up, and the more lamentably do we fail. Our failure is in exact ratio to the seriousness of the occasion, and to the depth of our feeling.

In a room, or even on a doorstep, we can make the farewell quite worthily. We can express in our faces the genuine sorrow we feel. Nor do words fail us. There is no awkwardness, no restraint, on either side. The thread of our intimacy has not been snapped. The leave-taking is an ideal one. Why not, then, leave the leave-taking at that? Always, departing friends implore us not to bother to come to the railway station next morning. Always, we are deaf to these entreaties, knowing them to be not quite sincere. The departing friends would think it very odd of us if we took them at their word. Besides, they really do want to see us again. And that wish is heartily reciprocated. We duly turn up. And then, oh then, what a gulf yawns! We stretch our arms vainly across it. We have utterly lost touch. We have nothing at all to say. We gaze at each other as dumb animals gaze at human beings. We "make conversation"—and *such* conversation! We know that these are the friends from whom we parted overnight. They know that we have not altered. Yet, on the surface, everything is different; and the tension is such that we only long for the guard to blow his whistle and put an end to the farce.

On a cold gray morning of last week I duly turned up at Euston, to see off an old friend who was starting for America.

Overnight, we had given him a farewell dinner, in which sadness was well mingled with festivity. Years probably would elapse before his return. Some of us might never see him again. Not ignoring the shadow of the future, we gaily celebrated the past. We were as thankful to have known our guest as we were grieved to lose him; and both these emotions were made evident. It was a perfect farewell.

And now, here we were, stiff and self-conscious on the platform; and, framed in the window of the railway-carriage, was the face of our friend; but it was as the face of a stranger—a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger, an awkward stranger. "Have you got everything?" asked one of us, breaking silence. "Yes, everything," said our friend, with a pleasant nod. "Everything," he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain. "You'll be able to lunch on the train," said I, though

5. **Waterloo, Vauxhall,** railway stations in London.

54. **Euston,** a station in London out of which go through trains to Liverpool.

this prophecy had already been made more than once. "Oh, yes," he said with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to Liverpool. This fact seemed to strike us as rather odd. We exchanged glances. "Doesn't it stop at Crewe?" asked one of us. "No," said our friend briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveler, said "Well!" The nod, the smile, and the unmeaning monosyllable, were returned conscientiously. Another pause was broken by one of us with a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time. The bustle of the platform was unabated. There was no sign of the train's departure. Release—ours, or our friend's—was not yet.

My wandering eye alighted on a rather portly middle-aged man who was talking earnestly from the platform to a young lady at the next window but one to ours. His fine profile was vaguely familiar to me. The young lady was evidently American, and he was evidently English; otherwise I should have guessed from his impressive air that he was her father. I wished I could hear what he was saying. I was sure he was giving the very best advice; and the strong tenderness of his gaze was really beautiful. He seemed magnetic, as he poured out his final injunctions. I could feel something of his magnetism even where I stood. And the magnetism, like the profile, was vaguely familiar to me. Where had I experienced it?

In a flash I remembered. The man was Hubert le Ros. But how changed since the last time I saw him! That was seven or eight years ago in the Strand. He was then—as usual—out of an engagement, and borrowed half-a-crown. It seemed a privilege to lend anything to him. He was always magnetic. And why his magnetism had never made him successful on the London stage was always a mystery to me. He was an excellent actor, and a man of sober habit. But, like many others of his kind, Hubert le Ros—I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known—drifted seedily away into the provinces; and I, like everyone else, ceased to remember him.

It was strange to see him, after all these years, here on the platform of Euston, looking so prosperous and solid. It was not only the flesh that he had put on, but also the clothes, that made him hard to recognize. In the old days an imitation fur coat had seemed to be as integral a part of him as were his ill-shorn lantern jaws. But now his costume was a model of rich and somber moderation, drawing, not calling, attention to himself. He looked like a banker. Anyone would have been proud to be seen off by him.

"Stand back, please." The train was about to start, and I waved farewell to my friend. Le Ros did not stand back. He stood clasping in both hands the hand of the young American. "Stand back, sir, please!" He obeyed, but quickly darted forward again to whisper some final word. I think there were tears in his eyes. There certainly were tears in his eyes when, at length, having watched the train out of sight, he turned round. He seemed, nevertheless, delighted to see me. He asked me where I had been hiding all these years; and simultaneously repaid me the half-crown as though it had been borrowed yesterday. He linked his arm in mine, and walked me slowly along the platform, saying with what pleasure

47. **Strand**, an important London street.

he had read my dramatic criticisms every Saturday.

I told him, in return, how much he was missed on the stage. "Ah, yes," he said, "I never act on the stage nowadays." He laid some emphasis on the word "stage," and I asked him where, then, he did act. "On the platform," he answered. "You mean," said I, "that you recite at concerts?" He smiled. "This," he whispered, striking his stick on the ground, "is the platform I mean." Had his mysterious prosperity unhinged him? He looked quite sane. I begged him to be more explicit.

"I suppose," he said presently, giving me a light for the cigar he offered me, "you have been seeing a friend off?" I assented. He asked me what I supposed *he* had been doing. I said that I had watched him doing the same thing. "No," he said gravely. "That lady was not a friend of mine. I met her for the first time this morning, less than half an hour ago, *here*," and again he struck the platform with his stick.

I confessed that I was bewildered. He smiled. "You may," he said, "have heard of the Anglo-American Social Bureau?" I had not. He explained to me that of the thousands of Americans who annually pass through England there are many hundreds who have no English friends. In the old days they used to bring letters of introduction. But the English are so inhospitable that these letters are hardly worth the paper they are written on. "Thus," said Le Ros, "the A.A.S.B. supplies the long-felt want. Americans are a sociable people, and most of them have plenty of money to spend. The A.A.S.B. supplies them with English friends. Fifty per cent of the fees is paid over to the friends. The other fifty is retained by the A.A.S.B. I am not, alas, a director. If I were, I should be a very rich man, indeed. I am only an employee. But even so I do very well. I am one of the seers-off."

Again I asked for enlightenment. "Many Americans," he said, "can not afford to keep friends in England. But they can all afford to be seen off. The fee is only five pounds for a single traveler; and eight pounds for a party of two or more. They send that in to the Bureau, giving the date of their departure, and a description by which the seer-off can identify them on the platform. And then—well, then they are seen off."

"But is it worth it?" I exclaimed. "Of course it is worth it," said Le Ros. "It prevents them from feeling 'out of it.' It earns them the respect of the guard. It saves them from being despised by their fellow-passengers—the people who are going to be on the boat. It gives them *footing* for the whole voyage. Besides, it is a great pleasure in itself. You saw me seeing that young lady off. Didn't you think I did it beautifully?" "Beautifully," I admitted. "I envied you. There was I—" "Yes, I can imagine. There were you, shuffling from foot to foot, staring blankly at your friend, trying to make conversation. I know. That's how I used to be myself, before I studied, and went into the thing professionally. I don't say I'm perfect yet. I'm still a martyr to platform fright. A railway station is the most difficult of all places to act in, as you have discovered for yourself." "But," I said with resentment, "I wasn't trying to act. I really *felt*." "So do I, my boy," said Le Ros. "You can't act without feeling. What's his name, the Frenchman—Diderot, yes—said you could; but what did *he* know about it?

95. **Diderot**, Denis (1713-1784), a French philosopher and writer.

Didn't you see those tears in my eyes when the train started? I hadn't forced them. I tell you I was *moved*. So were you, I dare say. But you couldn't have pumped up a tear to prove it. You can't express your feelings. In other words, you can't act. At any rate," he added kindly, "not in a railway station." "Teach me!" I cried. He looked thoughtfully at me. "Well," he said at length, "the seeing-off season is practically over. Yes, I'll give you a course. I have a good many pupils on hand already; but yes," he said, consulting an ornate notebook, "I could give you an hour on Tuesdays and Fridays."

His terms, I confess, are rather high. But I don't grudge the investment.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. According to Beerbohm, why can we satisfactorily bid people good-by indoors? Why can we not do it at the railway station?

2. Describe to the class some incident at a railway station that interested you through appeal to your sense of humor or your sympathies.

3. Think of situations where your feelings keep you from acting naturally; as in trying to thank a relative or a friend for a house party, a camping trip, a picnic, or a gift; or trying to make an apology or a confession. Write an essay in which you strive to make the reader feel the awkwardness in as humorous a way as Beerbohm does here.

4. Mr. Beerbohm, called "the incomparable Max," is by many considered the most brilliant living English essayist. This essay is taken from *Yet Again*. Equally interesting is "Memory of a Midnight Express," or "A Study in Dejection." Some of his admirers consider *And Even Now* his best book. You will be interested in "A Clergyman" or "No. 2. The Pines." Other followers admire *Seven Men*. All of the volumes exhibit the kind of wit that pierces without leaving a wound.

ON UNANSWERING LETTERS

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

There are a great many people who really believe in answering letters the day they are received, just as there are people who go to the movies at 9 o'clock in the morning; but these people are stunted and queer.

It is a great mistake. Such crass and breathless promptness takes away a great deal of the pleasure of correspondence.

The psychological didoes involved in receiving letters and making up one's mind to answer them are very complex. If the tangled process could be clearly analyzed and its component involutions isolated for inspection we might reach a clearer comprehension of that curious bag of tricks, the efficient Masculine Mind.

Take Bill F., for instance, a man so delightful that even to contemplate his existence puts us in good humor and makes us think well of a world that can exhibit an individual equally comely in mind, body, and estate. Every now and then we get a letter from Bill, and immediately we pass into a kind of trance, in which our mind rapidly enunciates the ideas, thoughts, surmises, and contradictions that we would like to write to him in reply. We think what fun it would be to sit right down and churn the inkwell, spreading speculation and cyni-

cism over a number of sheets of foolscap to be wafted Billward.

Sternly we repress the impulse, for we know that the shock to Bill of getting so immediate a retort would surely unhinge the well-fitted panels of his intellect.

We add his letter to the large delta of unanswered mail on our desk, taking occasion to turn the mass over once or twice and run through it in a brisk, smiling mood, thinking of all the jolly letters we shall write some day.

After Bill's letter has lain on the pile for a fortnight or so it has been gently silted over by about twenty other pleasantly postponed manuscripts. Coming upon it by chance, we reflect that any specific problems raised by Bill in that manifesto will by this time have settled themselves. And his random speculations upon household management and human destiny will probably have taken a new slant by now, so that to answer his letter in its own tune will not be congruent with his present fevers. We had better bide a wee until we really have something of circumstance to impart.

We wait a week.

By this time a certain sense of shame has begun to invade the privacy of our brain. We feel that to answer that letter now would be an indelicacy. Better to pretend that we never got it. By and by Bill will write again and then we will answer promptly. We put the letter back in the middle of the heap and think what a fine chap Bill is. But he knows we love him, so it doesn't really matter whether we write or not.

Another week passes by, and no further communication from Bill. We wonder whether he does love us as much as we thought. Still—we are too proud to write and ask.

A few days later a new thought strikes us. Perhaps Bill thinks we have died and he is annoyed because he wasn't invited to the funeral. Ought we to wire him? No, because after all we are not dead, and even if he thinks we are, his subsequent relief at hearing the good news of our survival will outweigh his bitterness during the interval. One of these days we will write him a letter that will really express our heart, filled with all the grindings and gear-work of our mind, rich in affection and fallacy. But we had better let it ripen and mellow for a while. Letters, like wines, accumulate bright fumes and bubblings if kept under cork.

Presently we turn over that pile of letters again. We find in the lees of the heap two or three that have gone for six months and can safely be destroyed. Bill is still on our mind, but in a pleasant, dreamy kind of way. He does not ache or twinge us as he did a month ago. It is fine to have old friends like that and keep in touch with them. We wonder how he is and whether he has two children or three. Splendid old Bill!

By this time we have written Bill several letters in imagination and enjoyed doing so, but the matter of sending him an actual letter has begun to pall. The thought no longer has the savor and vivid sparkle it had once. When one feels like that it is unwise to write. Letters should be spontaneous outpourings; they should never be undertaken merely from a sense of duty. We know that Bill wouldn't want to get a letter that was dictated by a feeling of obligation.

Another fortnight or so elapsing, it occurs to us that we have entirely forgotten what Bill said to us in that letter. We take it out and con it over. Delightful fellow! It is full of his own felicitous kinks of whim, though some of it sounds a little old-fashioned by now. It seems a bit stale, has lost

some of its freshness and surprise. Better not answer it just yet, for Christmas will soon be here and we shall have to write then anyway. We wonder, can Bill hold out until Christmas without a letter?

We have been rereading some of those imaginary letters to Bill that have been dancing in our head. They are full of all sorts of fine stuff. If Bill ever gets them he will know how we love him. To use O. Henry's immortal joke, we have days of Damon and Knights of Pythias writing those uninked letters to Bill. A curious thought has come to us. Perhaps it would be better if we never saw Bill again. It is very difficult to talk to a man when you like him so much. It is much easier to write in the sweet fantastic strain. We are so inarticulate when face to face. If Bill comes to town we will leave word that we have gone away. Good old Bill! He will always be a precious memory.

A few days later a sudden frenzy sweeps over us, and though we have many pressing matters on hand, we mobilize pen and paper and literary shock troops and prepare to hurl several battalions at Bill. But, strangely enough, our utterance seems stilted and stiff. We have nothing to say. "My dear Bill," we begin, "it seems a long time since we heard from you. Why don't you write? We still love you, in spite of all your shortcomings."

That doesn't seem very cordial. We muse over the pen and nothing comes. Bursting with affection, we are unable to say a word.

Just then the phone rings. "Hello?" we say.

It is Bill, come to town unexpectedly.

"Good old fish!" we cry, ecstatic. "Meet you at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut in five minutes."

We tear up the unfinished letter. Bill will never know how much we love him. Perhaps it is just as well. It is very embarrassing to have your friends know how you feel about them. When we meet him we will be a little bit on our guard. It would not be well to be betrayed into any extravagance of cordiality.

And perhaps a not altogether false little story could be written about a man who never visited those most dear to him, because it panged him so to say good-by when he had to leave.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Write the letter which you think Bill F. wrote. What hints are given of its contents and its tone? Why should Mr. Morley reply on foolscap? And with cynicism? Which of the excuses for not writing is the most whimsical and amusing? Do you think Bill knows how well he is liked?

2. Can you write the story of the man who never visited those dear to him? If this does not start a train of ideas, try "Putting Off That Call" or "The Deferred Visit" or "Getting That Paper Written" or "Trying to Write a 'Bread and Butter' Letter" or any similar topic where you can show what goes on inside your mind.

3. Mr. Morley has written a great deal, both of prose and verse. This essay is taken from *Mince Pie*, which contains a wide variety of subjects. Another characteristic volume is *Shandygaff*. The essays are full of sentiment and joviality. Two connected stories that will hold anyone interested in books are *Parnassus on Wheels* and *The Haunted Book Shop*. The first is a quaint story of a traveling bookshop. In the second you will read to learn what happened after Titania Chapman entered to learn the book business. *Where the Blue Begins* is a dog story, but in a fanciful world where a dog may wear a top hat and gloves. In some ways it is the best book Mr. Morley has written.

TYPES OF THE PERSONAL LETTER

TO HER SISTER

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU*

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, 1716

I flatter myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended that there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but after two days' slowly moving, the wind blew so hard that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frightened than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear nor seasickness; though I confess I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-colored marbles so neatly kept that I'll assure you I walked almost all over the town yesterday, incognito, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bedchambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shopwomen here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses—every woman dressing her head after her own fashion—is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see hitherto I make no complaints, dear sister, and if I continue to like traveling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam to tell you plainly in one word that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learned to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you I am

Your affectionate sister.

*Lady Montagu. See Biographical Index, page 620.

73. **disinterested offer.** Cf. George Canning's famous jest on the Dutch:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much."

TO MRS. SARAH BACHE*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Passy, June 3, 1779†

DEAR SALLY: I have before me your letters of Oct. 22, and Jan. 17. They are the only ones I received from you in the course of eighteen months. If you knew how happy your letters make me, and considered how many miscarry, I think you would write oftener.

The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others have been made since of different sizes, some to be set in the lids of snuffboxes and some so small as to be worn in rings; and the numbers sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints—of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere—have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon, so that he durst not do anything that would oblige him to run away, as his phiz would discover him wherever he should venture to show it. It is said by learned etymologists that the name *doll*, for the images children play with, is derived from the word *idol*. From the number of *dolls* now made of him, he may be truly said, in that sense, to be *i-doll-ized* in this country.

I think you did right to stay out of town till the summer was over for the sake of your child's health. I hope you will get out again this summer during the hot months; for I begin to love the dear little creature from your description of her.

I was charmed with the account you gave me of your industry, the tablecloths of your own spinning, etc.; but the latter part of the paragraph, that you had sent for linen from France because weaving and flax were grown dear, alas, that dissolved the charm; and your sending for long black pins, and lace, and *feathers!* disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries. The spinning, I see, is laid aside, and you are to be dressed for the ball! You seem not to know, my dear daughter, that, of all the dear things in this world, idleness is the dearest, except mischief.

The project you mention, of removing Temple from me, was an unkind one. To deprive an old man, sent to serve his country in a foreign one, of the comfort of a child to attend him, to assist him in health and take care of him in sickness, would be cruel, if it was practicable. In this case it could not be done; for, as the pretended suspicions of him are groundless, and his behavior in every respect unexceptionable, I should not part with the child, but with the employment. But I am confident that, whatever may be proposed by weak or malicious people, the Congress is too wise and too good to think of treating me in that manner.

Ben, if I should live long enough to want it, is like to be another comfort to me. As I intend him for a Presbyterian as well as a republican, I have sent him to finish his education at Geneva. He is much grown, in very good health, draws a little, as you will see by the enclosed, learns Latin, writing, arithmetic, and dancing, and speaks French better than English. He made a translation of your last letter to him, so that some of your works may now appear in a foreign language. He has not been long from me. I send the accounts I have of him, and I shall put him in mind of writing to you.

*Mrs. Sarah Bache, his daughter, the wife of the postmaster-general. †Passy, a village then near and now in Paris. Franklin was at this time Commissioner from the United States to France.

56. Temple, a relative of Franklin who served as his secretary. 73. Ben, another kinsman.

When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods, "a pair of gloves seven dollars, a yard of common gauze twenty-four dollars, and that it now required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way," I expected you would conclude with telling me that everybody as well as yourself was grown frugal and industrious; and I could scarce believe my eyes in reading forward, that "there never was so much pleasure and dressing going on," and that you yourself wanted black pins and feathers from France to appear, I suppose, in the mode!

This leads me to imagine that perhaps it is not so much that the goods are grown dear as that the money is grown cheap, as everything else will do when excessively plenty; and that people are still as easy nearly in their circumstances as when a pair of gloves might be had for half a crown. The war indeed may in some degrees raise the prices of goods, and the high taxes which are necessary to support the war may make our frugality necessary; and, as I am always preaching that doctrine, I cannot in conscience or in decency encourage the contrary, by my example, in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful and necessary, and omit the rest; for, as you say you should "have great pride in wearing anything I send, and showing it as your father's taste," I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail.

If you happen again to see General Washington, assure him of my very great and sincere respect, and tell him that all the old generals here amuse themselves in studying the accounts of his operations, and approve highly of his conduct.

Present my affectionate regards to all friends that inquire after me, particularly Mr. Duffield and family, and write oftener, my dear child, to your loving father,

B. Franklin

24. **half a crown**, about sixty-one cents.

TO DR. JOHN COCHRAN*

George Washington

Dear Doctor: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me tomorrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies; of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case tomorrow, we have two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of

*Dr. John Cochran (1730–1807), a well-known surgeon of Revolutionary times.

apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron—not become so by the labor of scouring—I shall be happy to see them.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN*

WILLIAM COWPER

August 6, 1780

MY DEAR FRIEND: You like to hear from me; this is a very good reason why I should write. But I have nothing to say; this seems equally a good reason why I should not. Yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me "Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in; have you resolved never to speak again?" it would be but a poor reply if in answer to the summons I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this by the way suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in hand, that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it; for he knows that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first and then the other he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed—not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before—but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say—"My good sir, a man has no right to do either." But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the moldy opinions of the last; and so good Sir Lancelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues are become so entirely unfashionable now that we can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change.

*William Unwin, son of the family with whom Cowper lived happily for many years.

54. **Steinkirk** (or Steenkirk), with his lace neckcloth arranged carelessly; a style adopted after the Battle of Steenkirk, in 1692, when the French nobles had no time to arrange their neckcloths before going into action.

His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect a modern is only an ancient in a different dress. W. C.

TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER*

WASHINGTON IRVING

Seville, May 28, 1828

I have suffered some time to elapse, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, without replying to your charming letter, but I have had a long arrearage of letters to pay off to correspondents in Europe and America and many lie by me yet unanswered. Oh! this continually accumulating debt of correspondence! It grows while we sleep, and recurs as fast as we can pay it off. Would that I had the turn and taste for letter-writing of our friend the prince, to whom it seems a perfect delight; who, like an industrious spider, can sit in that little dark room and spin out a web of pleasant fancies from his own brain; or rather, to make a more gracious comparison, like a honey bee goes humming about the world, and when he has visited every flower, returns buzz-buzz to his little hive, and works all that he has collected into a perfect honeycomb of a letter. For my part, I know no greater delight than to receive letters; but the replying to them is a grievous tax upon my negligent nature. I sometimes think one of the greatest blessings we shall enjoy in heaven will be to receive letters by every post and never be obliged to reply to them.

Do not think, however, that what I have said applies to my correspondence with you; or with that truly good boy, the prince. With me it is in letter-writing as in conversation—I must feel a particular interest in a person to be able to acquit myself with any degree of attention and animation in either; but there are those with whom it is a real pleasure both to converse and to correspond. It is the number of uninteresting persons with whom one must keep up correspondence and conversation of mere civility that makes a toil of the common intercourse of life.

You tell me you have been at a bull-fight and that you have renounced all amusements of the kind forever. I should be much mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you, could you really relish those barbarous spectacles. Depend upon it, it is neither the better nor the braver part of our nature that is gratified by them. There appears to me a mixture of cowardice and ferocity in looking on in selfish security and enjoying the perils and sufferings of others. "The divinity that dwells within us" has nothing to do with pleasures of the kind; they belong to our earthly, our gross and savage nature. I have sunk considerably in my own estimation since I have found I could derive gratification from these sights; I should have been grieved to find you as bad in this respect as myself.

I am sorry to hear that you are to pass your summer in Madrid. What a pity that the diplomatic circle should be doomed to the sterile monotony of that city of the desert; what a residence this Seville might be made for

*Mademoiselle Antoinette Bollviller was a niece of Madame D'Oubril, wife of the Russian Minister to Spain. Irving was a welcome guest in the Minister's home during his stay in Madrid. 21. **prince**, Demetri Ivanowitch Dolgorouki, who was attached to the Russian embassy at Madrid.

70. **divinity**, etc., from IV, i, of Addison's *Cato*, which reads "the divinity that *stirs* within us."

a court! Such a heavenly climate and delightful neighborhood, such fine rides, such pleasant country retreats, such water excursions on the Guadalquivir! I have visited some lovely places in the vicinity; and whenever I find any situation peculiarly delicious, I am sure to find that it has been a favorite resort of those noble fellows, the Moors.

I made an excursion a few days since down the Guadalquivir to an old convent, called S. Juan de Alfarache, which is built among the ruins of a Moorish castle, and I dined at a countryseat in the neighborhood, which had been the retreat of some Moorish family. You cannot imagine scenery more soft, graceful, luxuriant, and beautiful. These retreats are built along the side of a ridge of hills overlooking the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir and the serpentine windings of that river, with Seville and the towers rising at a distance, and the Ronda mountains bounding the landscape. But consider all this ridge of hills and the valley immediately below you a perfect garden, filled with oranges, citrons, figs, grapes, pomegranates; hedged by the aloe and the Indian fig in blossom; the whole country covered with flowers, such as in other countries are raised in hothouses, but here growing wild; for the very weeds are flowers and aromatic plants. Fancy all this lovely landscape rendered fresh and sweet by recent showers, the soft air loaded with fragrance and the hum of bees on every side, and the songs of thousands of nightingales reminding you of springtime and the season of flowers.

In these countryseats one continually meets with the relics of Moorish labor and Moorish taste: channels cut into the sides of the hills, through the living rock, in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

Nothing can be more charming than the windings of the little river among banks hanging with gardens and orchards of all kinds of delicate southern fruits, and tufted with flowers and aromatic plants. The nightingales throng this lovely little valley. Every bend of the river presents a new landscape, for it is beset by old Moorish mills of the most picturesque forms; each mill having an embattled tower—a memento of the valiant tenure by which those gallant fellows, the Moors, held this earthly paradise, having to be ready at all times for war, and as it were to work with one hand and fight with the other. It is impossible to travel about Andalusia and not imbibe a kind feeling for those Moors. They deserved this beautiful country. They won it bravely; they enjoyed it generously and kindly. No lover ever delighted more to cherish and adorn a mistress, to heighten and illustrate her charms, and to vindicate and defend her against all the world than did the Moors to embellish, enrich, elevate, and defend their beloved Spain. Everywhere I meet traces of their sagacity, courage, urbanity, high poetical feeling, and elegant taste. The noblest institutions in this part of Spain, the best inventions for comfortable and agreeable living, and all those habitudes and customs which throw a peculiar and oriental charm over the Andalusian mode of living, may be traced to the Moors.

Whenever I enter these beautiful marble patios, set out with shrubs and

10. **Moors**, the Arab conquerors of Spain. They gained control after 711. They were expelled from the part of Spain Irving is describing by 1250, but it was 1492 before they were driven out of the whole of the peninsula.

69. **Andalusia**, the center of Moorish power, in southern Spain. It is now the "garden" of Spain and comprises the basin of the Guadalquivir. 92. **patio**, an inner court open to the sky.

"A LITTLE PARADISE WITHIN THE WALLS OF HOME"

flowers, refreshed by fountains, sheltered with awnings from the sun; where the air is cool at noonday, the ear delighted in sultry summer by the sound of falling water; where, in a word, a little paradise is shut up within the walls of home—I think on the poor Moors, the inventors of all these delights. I am at times almost ready to join in sentiment with a worthy friend and countryman of mine whom I met in Malaga, who swears the Moors are the only people that ever deserved the country, and prays to heaven they may come over from Africa and conquer it again.

You promise to give me the news of the gay world of Madrid. I shall be delighted to receive it from you, but you need not go out of the walls of your own house to find subjects full of interest for me. Let me have all the news you can of your domestic circle; you have a world within yourselves; at least it was all the world to me while at Madrid. The prince talks something of coming to Seville. Is there any probability of it? I should mark the day of his arrival with a white stone, and would be delighted to be his cicerone. I would give all the money in my pocket to be with those dear little women at the round table in the saloon, or on the grass-plot in the garden, to tell them some marvelous tales.

Give my kind remembrance to M. and Madame D'Oubril, and to all the household, large and small. Tell my little Marie I kiss her hand and hold myself her loyal and devoted knight. If she wishes at any time the head of a giant or the tail of a fiery dragon, she has but to call upon me. My arm and my court sword are always at her command.

With the greatest regard, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING

TO MR. AND MRS. COLLIER

CHARLES LAMB

Twelfth Day, 1823

The pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy.

There was some contention as to who should have the ears, but in spite of his obstinacy—deaf as these little creatures are to advice—I contrived to get at one of them.

It came in boots too, which I took as a favor. Generally those petty toes, pretty toes! are missing. But I suppose he wore them, to look taller.

He must have been the least of his race. His little foots would have gone into the silver slipper. I take him to have been a Chinese, and a female.

If Evelyn could have seen him, he would never have farrowed two such prodigious volumes, seeing how much good can be contained in—how small a compass!

He crackled delicately.

John Collier Junr. has sent me a Poem which—without the smallest bias from the aforesaid present, believe me—I pronounce *sterling*.

I set about Evelyn, and finished the first volume in the course of a natural day. Today I attack the second. Parts are very interesting.

I left a blank at the top of my letter, not being determined *which* to address it to, so Farmer and Farmer's wife will please to divide our thanks. May your granaries be full, and your rats empty, and your chickens plump, and your envious neighbors lean, and your laborers busy, and you as idle and as happy as the day is long!

Vive l'Agriculture!

Frank Field's marriage of course you have seen in the papers, and that his brother Barron is expected home.

> How do you make your pigs so little?
> They are vastly engaging at that age.
> I was so myself.
> Now I am a disagreeable old hog—
> A middle-aged-gentleman-and-a-half.

My faculties, thank God, are not much impaired. I have my sight, hearing, taste, pretty perfect; and can read the Lord's Prayer in the common type, by the help of a candle, without making many mistakes.

Believe me, while my faculties last, a proper appreciator of your many kindnesses in this way; and that the last lingering relish of past flavors upon my dying memory will be the smack of that little Ear. It was the left ear, which is lucky. Many happy returns—not of the Pig—but of the New Year to both.

Mary for her share of the Pig and the memoirs desires to send the same. Dear Mr. and Mrs. C.—

Yours truly,

C. LAMB

17. **Evelyn**, John (1620-1706), an English writer, whose *Diary*, kept between 1641 and 1697, was not published until 1818, five years before Lamb wrote this essay.
40. **Vive l'Agriculture**, long live agriculture!

TO HIS SISTERS

THOMAS MACAULAY

Library of the H. of C.
July 30th, 1832
11 o'clock at night

MY DEAR SISTERS: Here I am. Daniel Whittle Harvey is speaking. The House is thin; the subject is dull; and I have stolen away to write to you. Lushington is scribbling at my side. No sound is heard but the scratching of our pens, and the ticking of the clock. We are in a far better atmosphere than in the smoking-room, whence I wrote to you last week; and the company is more decent, inasmuch as that naval officer, whom Nancy

blames me for describing in just terms, is not present.

By-the-by, you know doubtless the lines which are in the mouth of every member of Parliament, depicting the comparative merits of the two rooms. They are, I think, very happy.

If thou goest into the smoking-room
Three plagues will thee befall—
The chloride of lime, the tobacco-smoke,
And the captain, who's worst of all—
The canting sea-captain,
The prating sea-captain,
The captain, who's worst of all.

If thou goest into the library
Three good things will thee befall—
Very good books, and very good air,
And M*c**l*y, who's best of all—
The virtuous M*c**l*y,
The prudent M*c**l*y,
M*c**l*y, who's best of all.

Oh, how I am worked! I never see Fanny from Sunday to Sunday. All my civilities wait for that blessed day; and I have so many scores of visits to pay that I can scarcely find time for any of that Sunday reading in which, like Nancy, I am in the habit of indulging. Yesterday, as soon as I was fixed in my best and had breakfasted, I paid a round of calls to all my friends who had the cholera. Then I walked to all the clubs of which I am a member to see the newspapers. The first of these two works you will admit to be a work of mercy; the second, in a political man, one of necessity. Then, like a good brother, I walked under a burning sun to Kensington to ask Fanny how she did, and stayed there two hours. Then I went to Knightsbridge to call on Mrs. Lister, and chatted with her till it was time to go and dine at the Athenaeum. Then I dined, and after dinner, like a good young man, I sat and read Bishop Heber's journal till bedtime. There is a Sunday for you! I think that I excel in the diary line. I will keep a journal, like the bishop, that my memory may

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Next Sunday I am to go to Lord Lansdowne's at Richmond, so that I hope to have something to tell you. But on second thoughts I will tell you nothing, nor will ever write to you again, nor ever speak to you again. I have no pleasure in writing to undutiful sisters. Why do you not send me longer letters? But I am at the end of my paper, so that I have no more room to scold.

Ever yours, T. B. M.

39. **Kensington**, a residence section of London. 46. **Bishop Heber** (1783-1826), English bishop of Calcutta.

TO MISS L. L. WHITE*

JAMES R. LOWELL

New York, May 24, 1845

MY DEAR LOIS: Yesterday having been a day of extraordinary excitement and adventure in the wedded life of Maria and myself, seems to afford me an opportunity of giving you Scripture measure in the matter of the letter I promised to write you from Philadelphia. Whether from Philadelphia or New York, however, matters very little, since my heart was as near you in one place as in the other.

I shall begin my account of yesterday's proceedings with a sketch of an interesting scene which took place in our chamber yesterday morning. It had been arranged beforehand that we should make an excursion to Greenwood Cemetery in the forenoon, and visit Mrs. and Miss P——, who live in Brooklyn—near the cemetery—on our return. Now, you must know that I

*Miss L. L. White, Lowell's sister-in-law.

am becoming more and more inclined to Grahamism every day, and on the particular morning of yesterday was indulging Maria with my views on that subject, when the following dialogue took place:

I. "I think I shall eat no meat after our return home."

M. "Why not begin today?"

I. (*With heroic excitement*) "I will!"

M. "I'm sure we've had nothing in the way of meat here that has been very tempting."

I. "True, but we shall doubtless have a fine dinner at the P.'s. And, on second thoughts, I believe I shall begin my reform tomorrow."

(*Exeunt. End of 1st Act.*)

The next scene of this exciting drama is laid in Brooklyn, where we sat waiting in a curious affair called an omnibus, and regarded as such with intense pride by the driver. My opinion in regard to this machine is not fully made up. At first I was inclined to regard it as the first crude idea of a vehicle which entered the creative mind; but afterwards I was more inclined to believe it to have been an instrument of torture devised by the Inquisition. It was dragged by two creatures who might have been put into any menagerie and safely exhibited as sea horses, for all the resemblance they bore to the original land-animal of the same name.

While sitting waiting for these creatures to recover sufficient strength for a start, an Irishwoman, who had regarded us attentively for some time, exclaimed, "Faix! it's a long time it is sence I've seen anny beauty, but I see a dale of it now anny way!" Maria has a private theory that the woman was looking directly at her when she gave voice to this inspiration, but I cannot but think that there was another individual of a different sex—but I will say no more. In either case the woman showed a great deal of discernment, considering her limited opportunities.

Now imagine us to have perambulated the cemetery for the space of three hours, with no food but what is technically called food for reflection, suggested by the monstrous inventions which surviving relatives heap over the—properly—mortified remains of the departed. It was now half-past four o'clock, and we had eaten nothing since eight in the morning. This was carrying the principles of Grahamism to a supernatural extent. Still I delighted myself with the reflection that this involuntary asceticism would cease on our arrival at the hospitable mansion of the P.'s. On arriving there, we found that their dinner-hour had been recently changed from five o'clock to two! An entirely intellectual banquet had been prepared for us, the bill of fare of which I give below:

1st Course

Mrs. P. and the Miss P. who was at Watertown, who met us in the entry and accompanied us to the drawing-room.

2d Course

A tall Miss P., who was engaged to somebody at sea.

3d Course

A short Miss P., who was engaged to nobody, and whose betrothed—if she had one—would be likely to go to sea and remain there.

4th Course

A Mr. Charles P., who had inoculated himself for the small-pox, to the great discontentment of his father.

2. **Grahamism**, the vegetarian dietetic system of Sylvester Graham (1794-1851).

Dessert,

consisting of inquiries by the tall Miss P. concerning our travels and relations, and startling revelations of her own perilous journeyings by the short one. This fragrant repast was preceded by a Quaker grace, being a silence of ten minutes, and was interspersed at intervals—such was our gratitude and pious feeling — by similar golden pauses. The whole was followed by the agreeable exercise of walking a mile to the ferryboat. . . .

If I ever am rich enough, I intend to erect a monument in Greenwood Cemetery to my hopes of dinner, which I buried there. Exhausted nature here demands repose.

We go to Staten Island this afternoon. How long we shall stay remains to be seen. We shall probably not arrive at home until the fourth or fifth of next month.

Maria is quite well, and has gone to visit Mrs. Child. Love to all.

Affectionately your brother,

J. R. L.

TO HORACE GREELEY*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Executive Mansion
Washington, Aug. 22, 1862

Hon. Horace Greeley:

DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the nineteenth, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN

*Horace Greeley, the influential founder and editor of the *New York Tribune*.

TO THE TRUSTEES OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE

ROBERT E. LEE

Powhatan County
August 24, 1865

GENTLEMEN: I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the fifth instant, informing me of my election by the board of trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but, I fear, more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the twenty-ninth of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the state or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise, I must most respectfully decline the office. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. LEE

TO HIS NIECE

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Jeypore,* January 2, 1883

MY DEAR GERTIE: I wish you had been here with me yesterday. We would have had a beautiful time. You would have had to get up at five o'clock, for at six the carriage was at the door and we had already had our breakfast. But in this country you do everything you can very early, so as to escape the hot sun. It is very hot in the middle of the day, but quite cold now at night and in the mornings and the evenings. Well, as we drove along into the town—for the bungalow where we were staying is just outside—the sun rose and all the streets were full of light. The town is all painted pink, which makes it the queerest looking place you ever saw; and on the outside of the pink houses there are pictures drawn, some of them

*Jeypore, a city in northwest India.

very solemn, and some of them very funny, which makes it very pleasant to drive up the street. We drove through the street, which was crowded with camels and elephants and donkeys, and women wrapped up like bundles, and men chattering like monkeys, and monkeys themselves, and naked little children rolling in the dust and playing queer Jeypore games. All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses, and the women all have their noses looking beautiful in this way. I have got a nose-jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you! Well, we drove out the other side of the queer pink town, and went on toward the old town which they deserted a hundred years ago, when they built this. As we drove along toward it, the fields were full of peacocks and all sorts of bright-winged birds, and out of the ponds and streams the crocodiles stuck up their lazy heads and looked at us.

The hills around are full of tigers and hyenas, but they do not come down to the town, though I saw a cage of them there which had been captured only about a month and they were very fierce. Poor things! When we came to the entrance of the old town there was a splendid great elephant waiting for us, which the rajah had sent. He sent the carriage too. The elephant had his head and trunk beautifully painted, and looked almost as big as Jumbo. He knelt down and we climbed up by a ladder and sat upon his back, and then he toiled up the hill. Behind us as we went up the hill came a man leading a little black goat, and when I asked what it was for they said it was for sacrifice. It seems a horrid old goddess has a temple on the hill, and years ago they used to sacrifice men to her, to make her happy and kind. But a merciful rajah stopped that and made them sacrifice goats instead, and now they give the horrid old goddess a goat every morning, and she likes it just as well.

When we got into the old town it was a perfect wilderness of beautiful things —lakes, temples, palaces, porticos, all sorts of things in marble and fine stones, with sacred, long-tailed monkeys running over all. But I must tell you all about the goddess and the way they cut off the poor little goat's poor little black head, and all the rest that I saw, when I get home. Don't you wish you had gone with me?

Give my love to your father and mother and Agnes and Susie. I am dying to know about your Christmas and the presents. Do not forget your affectionate uncle PHILLIPS

TO SIDNEY COLVIN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Valima, Samoa, Oct. 6, 1894

I know I am at a climacteric for all men who live by their wits, so I do not despair. But the truth is I am pretty nearly useless at literature. Were it not for my health, which made it impossible, I could not find it in my heart to forgive myself that I did not stick to an honest, commonplace trade when I was young, which might have now supported me during all these ill years. But do not suppose me to be down in anything else; only, for the nonce, my skill deserts me, such as it is, or was. It was a very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved

by the most heroic industry. So far, I have managed to please the journalists. But I am a fictitious article and have long known it. I am read by journalists, by my fellow-novelists, and by my boys; with these, *incipit et explicit* my vogue. Good thing anyway! For it seems to have sold the edition. And I look forward confidently to an aftermath; I do not think my health can be so hugely improved, without some subsequent improvement in my brains. Though, of course, there is the possibility that literature is a morbid secretion, and abhors health! I do not think it is possible to have fewer illusions than I. I sometimes wish I had more. They are amusing. But I cannot take myself seriously as an artist; the limitations are so obvious. I did take myself seriously as a workman of old, but my practice has fallen off. I am now an idler and cumberer of the ground; it may be excused to me perhaps by twenty years of industry and ill-health, which have taken the cream off the milk.

As I was writing this last sentence, I heard the strident rain drawing near across the forest, and by the time I was come to the word "cream" it burst upon my roof, and has since redoubled, and roared upon it. A very welcome change. All smells of the good wet earth, sweetly, with a kind of Highland touch; the crystal rods of the shower, as I look up, have drawn their criss-cross over everything; and a gentle and very welcome coolness comes up around me in little drafts, blessed drafts, not chilling, only equalizing the temperature. Now the rain is off in this spot, but I hear it roaring still in the nigh neighborhood—and that moment, I was driven from the veranda by random rain drops, spitting at me through the Japanese blinds. These are not tears with which the page is spotted! Now the windows stream, the roof reverberates. It is good; it answers something which is in my heart; I know not what; old memories of the wet moorland belike.

Well, it has blown by again, and I am in my place once more, with an accompaniment of perpetual dripping on the veranda—and very much inclined for a chat. The exact subject I do not know! It will be bitter at least, and that is strange, for my attitude is essentially *not* bitter, but I have come into these days when a man sees above all the seamy side, and I have dwelt some time in a small place where he has an opportunity of reading little motives that he would miss in the great world, and indeed, today, I am almost ready to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my ear, unfriendly trifles, from the least to the—well, to the pretty big. All these that touch me are Pretty Big; and yet none touch me in the least, if rightly looked at, except the one internal burden to go on making an income. If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go, just! But we can't have both extremes at once, worse luck! I should like to put my savings into a proprietarian investment, and retire in the meanwhile into a communistic retreat, which is double-dealing. But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind. . . .

Good-by, my lord. May your race continue and you flourish.

Yours ever, TUSITALA

6. **incipit et explicit**, begins and ends.

95. **Tusitala** means "teller of tales." It is the name given Stevenson by the Samoans.

TO FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY

Walter Hines Page

London, November 9, 1917

Dear Effendi: . . . This infernal thing drags its slow length along so that we cannot see even a day ahead, not to say a week, or a year. If any man here allowed the horrors of it to dwell on his mind he would go mad, so we have to skip over these things somewhat lightly and try to keep the long, definite aim in our thoughts and to work away, distracted as little as possible by the butchery and by the starvation that is making this side of the world a shambles and a wilderness. There is hardly a country on the Continent where people are not literally starving to death, and in many of them by hundreds of thousands; and this state of things is going to continue for a good many years after the war. God knows we—I mean the American people—are doing everything we can to alleviate it, but there is so much more to be done than any group of forces can possibly do that I have a feeling that we have hardly touched the borders of the great problem itself. Of course here in London we are away from all that. In spite of the rations we get quite enough to eat and it's as good as it is usually in England, but we have no right to complain. Of course we are subject to raids, and the wise air people here think that early next spring we are going to be bombarded with thousands of airplanes, and with new kinds of bombs and gases in a well-organized effort to try actually to destroy London. Possibly that will come; we must simply take our chance, every man sticking to his job. Already the slate shingles on my roof have been broken, and bricks have been knocked down my chimney; the skylight was hit and glass fell down all through the halls, and the nose of a shrapnel shell, weighing eight pounds, fell just in front of my doorway and rolled in my area. This is the sort of thing we incidentally get, not of course from the enemy directly, but from the British guns in London which shoot these things at German airplanes. What goes up must come down. Between our own defenses and the enemy, God knows which will kill us first!

In spite of all this I put my innocent head on my pillow every night and get a good night's sleep after the bombing is done, and I thank Heaven that nothing interrupts my sleep. This, and a little walking, which is all I get time to do in these foggy days, constitute my life outdoors and precious little of it is outdoors.

Then on every block that I know of in London there is a hospital or supply place and the ambulances are bringing the poor fellows in all the time. We don't get any gasoline to ride, so we have to walk. We don't get any white bread, so we have to eat stuff made of flour and corn meal ground so fine that it isn't good. While everybody gets a little thinner, the universal opinion is that they also get a little better, and nobody is going to die here of hunger. We feel a little more cheerful about the submarines than we did some time ago. For some reason they are not getting so many ships. One reason, I am glad to believe, is that they are getting caught themselves. If I could remember all the stories that I hear of good fighting with the submarines I could keep you up two nights when I get home, but in these days one big thing after another crowds so in men's minds that, the Lord knows if, when I get home, I shall remember anything.

Always heartily yours,

W. H. P.

Title. **Frank N. Doubleday**, Page's business associate for years. 1. **Effendi**, a name coined from Doubleday's initials.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Lady Montagu. 1. Do you find any details in this letter that indicate that it was written two centuries ago? 2. What features of life in Rotterdam does Lady Mary observe? 3. Why is this a good letter?

Franklin. 1. Do you think Franklin had any difficulty in writing this letter? He had only the year before concluded the treaty between France and the United States. 2. How does this letter reveal his popularity? 3. Is Franklin puffed up or amused by it? How do you know? 4. What is the chief trait of Franklin in this letter? Quote passages. 5. Does he reveal it in a merry or in a censorious way? Again quote.

Washington. 1. What is the chief impression of Washington you derive from this letter? 2. How large was the table? How do you know? 3. How did the meal differ from one that might be served today? 4. Do you think more or less of Washington after reading this letter? Why?

Cowper. 1. What differences do you notice between the subject matter of this letter and that of Lady Mary? Account for these differences. 2. Which letter seems more like an essay? Why? 3. Explain, giving illustrations, the idea that a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

Irving. 1. How does Irving's letter remind you of Morley's essay? 2. Was he anything like Morley in disposition? 3. Where does he express his feelings with courtly grace? 4. Why does he admire the Moors? What other traits appear? 5. Why had he put off writing?

Lamb. 1. What occasioned this letter? 2. Evelyn wrote a diary that became famous. Why does Lamb mention it? Did he enjoy reading it? 3. Why did Lamb introduce the verses into his letter? Do you think he thought them to be good poetry? 4. Why is this a good letter?

Macaulay. 1. Where is the writer? What is going on? 2. Who wrote the verses?

Lowell. 1. What is the most amusing part of the letter to Lowell's sister-in-law? 2. Besides his sense of humor, what other traits does Lowell exhibit?

Lincoln. 1. How does Lincoln show that Greeley's letter printed in the New York *Tribune* was inaccurate in fact and illogical in reasoning? 2. What were the chief criticisms of Lincoln's policies, so far as you can gather from this letter? After reading it, do you consider them just? Why? 3. Why does Lincoln close the letter as he does? 4. Remember that this was written during one of the greatest crises in American history. Does it display an impatient and dictatorial tone? 5. What does it reveal about Lincoln's ideals and disposition? Where?

Lee. 1. In what way does Lee's nobility of soul appear in this letter?

Brooks. 1. How does the humor displayed in this letter differ from Lowell's? 2. How does this letter show love of family? Power of observation?

Stevenson. 1. This letter, which was written but a few weeks before Stevenson's death, is more melancholy in tone than was usual with this buoyant author. What attitude does Stevenson take toward his illness? 2. Do you agree that his skill was only "a pretty little trick of style"? 3. Does the description of the rainstorm fit the writer's mood? 4. Why does Stevenson say "I am almost ready to call the world an error"?

Page. 1. How does this picture of war-time conditions, written almost exactly a year before the Armistice, differ from or compare with the impressions you gained from Franklin's letter? Washington's letter? Lincoln's letter? How does it compare with the impressions gained from the war poems on pages 302-304? 2. How does Page, who was Ambassador to England at the time, resemble or differ from Franklin, who was Ambassador to France when he wrote? Which has the more humor? Which feels the more deeply? 3. Do you think letter-writing was actually hard for any of these men? Give your reasons. Is it hard work for you? Why?

THE ONE-ACT PLAY

AN INTRODUCTION

In Goldsmith's time, and even earlier, the five-act play was considered the only form in which drama could be written. Such plays supplied a full evening's entertainment; they were like the modern novel in that they presented a story of considerable length, with numerous characters. But besides the full-length novel, we now have the short story, and along with the great development of the short story in recent years has come the analogous form of the short story told through action and dialogue, the one-act play.

The characteristics of the one-act play are very similar to those of the short story. (For the short story, see Book One, page 76; for the one-act play, see Book Two, page 612.) Both of these deal with a single situation, a single plot, introduce few characters, and move rapidly to a climax. They may be chiefly stories of action, in which interest is aroused by the thrilling or amusing situations; or stories of character, in which the interest depends chiefly on the personalities of the people who take part in the action, or on the social conditions represented.

In some of these one-act plays, as in the full-length drama, the novel, and the personal essay, you will find representation of men and manners in our own time. Two examples are given here for your entertainment and as illustrations of one of the most popular forms of literature today.

ENTER THE HERO*

THERESA HELBURN

The scene presents an upstairs sitting room in a comfortable house in a small city. The wall on the spectator's left is broken by a fireplace, and beyond that a door leading into the hall. At the back of the stage is a deep bay window from which one may have a view up and down the street. A door in the right wall leads to Anne Carey's bedroom. The sitting room, being Anne's particular property, is femininely furnished in chintz. A table desk with several drawers occupies an important place in the room, which is conspicuously rich in flowers.

The curtain rises on an empty stage. Ruth Carey, a pretty girl of eighteen, enters hurriedly, carrying a large box; she wears a hat and coat.

RUTH. Oh, Anne, here's *another* box of flowers! Anne, where are you?

VOICE FROM ANNE'S BEDROOM. In here. I thought you had gone out.

RUTH. [*Opening door left.*] I was just going when the expressman left these—and I wanted to see them. [*Looking into the bedroom.*] Oh, how pretty your dress is. Turn round. Just adorable! May I open these?

THE VOICE. Yes, but hurry. It's late.

RUTH. [*Throwing her sister a kiss.*] You dear! It's almost like having a fiancé of my own. Three boxes in two days! He's adorably extravagant. Oh, Anne, exquisite white roses! Come, look!

[ANNE CAREY *appears in the bedroom door. She is a girl of twenty-two. Her manner in this scene shows nervousness and suppressed excitement.*]

ANNE. Yes, lovely. Get a bowl, Ruth. Quickly.

RUTH. I will. Here's a card. [*She*

*Reprinted by special arrangement with the author, Miss Theresa Helburn. Application for permission to produce this play must be made to Miss Helburn, Theater Guild, New York City.

hands Anne an envelope, goes to the door, then stops.] What does he say, Anne? May I see?

[ANNE, *who has read the card quickly with a curious little smile, hands it back to her without turning.*]

RUTH. [*Reading.*]
"The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

"But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips,
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips."

Oh, how beautiful! Did he make that up, do you suppose? I didn't know he was a real poet.

ANNE. [*Who has been pinning some of the roses on her dress.*] Anyone in love is a poet.

RUTH. It's perfectly beautiful! [*She takes a pencil and little notebook out of her pocket.*] May I copy it in my "Harold Notebook"?

ANNE. Your *what?*

RUTH. I call it my "Harold Notebook." I've put down bits of his letters that you read me, the lovery bits that are too beautiful to forget. Do you mind?

ANNE. You silly child!

RUTH. Here, you may see it. . . . That's from the second letter he wrote you from Rio Janeiro. I just couldn't get over that letter. You know I made you read it to me three times. It was so—so delicate. I remembered this passage—see. "A young girl seems to me as exquisite and frail as a flower, and I feel myself a vandal in desiring to pluck and possess one. Yet, Anne, your face is always before me, and I know now what I was too stupid to realize before, that it was you and you only who made life bearable for me last winter when I was a stranger and alone." Oh, Anne—[*Sighing rapturously.*]—that's the sort of love letters I've dreamed of getting. I don't suppose I ever shall.

ANNE. [*Still looking over the notebook with her odd smile.*] Have you shown this to anyone?

RUTH. Only to Caroline—in confidence. [*Pauses to see how* ANNE *will take it.*] But really, Anne, everyone knows about Harold. You've told Madge and Eleanor, and I'm sure they've told the others. They don't say anything to us, but they do to Caroline and she tells me. [*Watching* ANNE'S *face.*] You're not angry, are you, Anne?

ANNE. Yes, rather. [*Then eagerly.*] What do they say?

RUTH. Oh, all sorts of things. Some of them horrid, of course! You can't blame them for being jealous. Here you are having just the sort of experience that any one of them would give their eye teeth to have. *I'd* be jealous if you weren't my sister. As it is, I seem to get some of the glory myself.

ANNE. [*Pleased, but disparaging.*] But every girl has this experience sooner or later.

RUTH. Oh, not in this way. Everything that Harold does is beautiful, ideal. Jane Fenwick showed me some of Bob's letters. They were so dull, so prosaic! All about his salary and the corn crop. I was disgusted with them. So was she, I think, when she saw Harold's letters.

ANNE. Oh, you showed them to Jane, too?

RUTH. [*A bit frightened.*] No, really I didn't. Caroline did. I lent her my notebook once overnight, and she gave Jane a peek—in the *strictest* confidence. Jane really needed it. She was getting so cocky about Bob. Girls are funny things, aren't they?

ANNE. [*Who has been keenly interested in all of* RUTH'S *gossip.*] What do you mean?

RUTH. It isn't so much the man, as the idea of a man—someone to dream about, and to talk about. When I think of getting engaged—I suppose I shall get engaged some day—I never think of being really, really kissed by a man—

ANNE. What do you think of?

RUTH. I always think of telling Caroline about it, showing my ring to her and to Madge. Oh, Madge is green with envy. I believe she thought Harold sort of liked her. [ANNE *turns away.*] She was so excited when she saw him in New York. She said she would have got off the bus

and chased him, but he went into a house. . . . Anne, why didn't you tell us—me, at least—that Harold was back from South America, before we heard it from Madge.

ANNE. Just because . . . I wanted to avoid all this . . . It was hard enough to have him within a few hours' distance and know he could not get to me. But it was easier when no one else knew. Don't you understand?

RUTH. Yes, dear, of course I do—but still—

ANNE. [*Impatiently.*] Now Ruth, it's quarter past four. You promised—

RUTH. I'm going . . . right straight off . . . unless—Oh, Anne, mayn't I stay and have just one peek. I won't let him see me, and then I'll run straight away.

ANNE. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be naughty and silly! Clear out now, quickly, or—[*Changing her tone suddenly.*] Ruth, dear, put yourself in my place. Think how you would feel if you were going to see the man you loved for the first time. That's what it really is. Think of it! Two years ago when he went away we were just the merest friends—and now—

RUTH. And now you're engaged to be married! Oh, isn't it the most romantic thing! Of course you want to be alone. Forgive me. Oh, Anne, how excited you must be!

ANNE. [*With rather histrionic intensity.*] No, I'm strangely calm. And yet Ruth, I'm afraid, terribly afraid.

RUTH. Why, what of?

ANNE. [*Acting.*] I don't know . . . of everything . . . of the unknown. All this has been so wonderful, if anything should happen I don't think I could bear it. I think I should die.

RUTH. Nonsense, dear, what can happen? You're just on edge. Well, I'll be off. I'll join Mother at Aunt Nellie's. Give my love to Harold. You know I've never called him anything but Mr. Lawson to his face. Isn't that funny? Good-by, dear. [*Throwing* ANNE *a kiss.*] You look so sweet.

ANNE. [*Her hands on* RUTH'S *shoulders for an impressive moment.*] Good-by, Ruth. Good-by. [*They kiss.*]

[RUTH *goes. Left alone, a complete change comes over* ANNE. *She drops the romantic attitude. She is nervously determined. She quickly arranges the flowers, takes out the box, etc., straightens the room, and surveys herself rapidly in the mirror. There is a sound of wheels outside.* ANNE *goes to the bay window and looks out. Then she stands erect in the grip of an emotion that is more like terror than anticipation. Hearing the sound of footsteps on the stair she is panic-stricken and about to bolt, but at the sound of voices she pulls herself together and stands motionless.*]

MAN'S VOICE. [*Outside.*] In here? All right!

[HAROLD LAWSON *enters, a well set-up, bronzed, rather commonplace young man of about twenty-eight. He sees no one on his entry, but as he advances into the room,* ANNE *comes down from the bay window.*]

HAROLD. Hello, Miss Carey, how are you? Splendid to see you again, after all this time. [ANNE *looks at him without speaking, which slightly embarrasses him.*] You're looking fine. How's your mother—and little Ruth?

ANNE. [*Slowly.*] Welcome home.

HAROLD. Oh, thanks. It's rather nice to be back in God's country. But it's not for long this time.

ANNE. Are you going away again?

HAROLD. Yes. I've another appointment. This one in India, some big salt mines. Not bad, eh? I made pretty good in Brazil, they tell me.

ANNE. [*Nervously.*] Sit down.

HAROLD. Thanks. Hot for September, isn't it? Though I ought to be used to heat by this time. Sometimes the thermometer would run a hundred and eight for a week on end. Not much fun, that.

ANNE. No, indeed.

HAROLD. [*Settling back comfortably to talk about himself.*] You know I loathed it down there at first. What with all the foreigners and the rotten weather and the bugs—thought I'd never get into the swing. Wanted to chuck engineering for any old job that was cool, but after a while—

ANNE. How long have you been home?

HAROLD. About three weeks. I'd really been meaning to come out here and have a look round my old haunts, but there was business in New York, and I had to go South and see my family—you know how time flies. Then your note came. It was mighty jolly of you to ask me out here. By the way, how did you know I was back?

ANNE. [*After a pause.*] Madge Kennedy caught sight of you in New York.

HAROLD. Did she really? How is little Madge? And that odd brother of hers. Is he just as much of a fool as ever? I remember once he said to me—

ANNE. Oh, I didn't ask you here to talk about Madge Kennedy's family.

HAROLD. [*Taken aback.*] No . . . no, of course not. I—er—I've been wondering just why you did ask me. You said you wanted to talk to me about something.

ANNE. [*Gently.*] Weren't you glad to come?

HAROLD. Why, of course I was. Of course. And then your note fired my curiosity—your asking me to come straight to you before seeing anyone else.

ANNE. Aren't you glad to be here with me?

HAROLD. Why surely, of course, but—[*Pause.*]

ANNE. You see, people seemed to expect you would come to see me first of all. I rather expected it myself. Don't you understand?

HAROLD. [*Very uncomfortable.*] No . . . I'm afraid I don't . . .

ANNE. From the way you acted before you went away I thought you, yourself, would want to see me first of all.

HAROLD. Before I went away? What do you mean?

ANNE. You know well enough what I mean. The parties those last weeks—the theater we went to—the beautiful flowers you sent Mother—the letter—

HAROLD. But—but—why, I was going away. You and your people had been awfully nice to me, a perfect stranger in town. I was simply trying to do the decent thing. Good Lord! You don't mean to say you thought—

ANNE. [*Watching him very closely.*] Yes, it's true, I thought—and everyone else thought—I've been waiting these two years for you to come back.

[*She drops her face into her hands. Her shoulders shake.*]

HAROLD. [*Jumping up.*] Great Heavens! I never imagined—Why, Miss Carey, I—oh, I'm terribly sorry! [*She continues to sob.*] Please don't do that—please! I'd better go away—I'll clear out—I'll go straight off to India—I'll never bother you again.

[*He has seized his hat, and is making, in a bewildered way, for the door, when she intercepts him.*]

ANNE. No. You musn't go away!

HAROLD. But what can I do?

ANNE. [*Striking a tragic attitude.*] You mean to say you don't care at all—that you have never cared?

HAROLD. Really, Miss Carey, I—

ANNE. For heaven's sake, don't call me Miss Carey. Call me Anne.

HAROLD. Miss Carey . . . Anne . . . I . . . Oh, you'd better let me go—let me get away before anyone knows I'm here—before they think—

ANNE. It's too late. They think already.

HAROLD. Think what? What do you mean?

ANNE. Oh, this is terrible! Sit down, Harold, and listen to me. [*She pushes him into a chair and begins to talk very rapidly, watching intently the effect of her words upon him.*] You see, when you went away, people began to say things about us—you and me—about your caring. I let them go on. In fact I believed them. I suppose it was because I wanted so much to believe them. Oh, what a fool I've been! What a fool! [*She covers her face with her hands. He gets up intending vaguely to comfort her, but she thinks he is making another move to go, and jumps to her feet.*] And now you want to clear out like a thief in the night, and leave me to be laughed at! No, no, you can't do that! You must help me. You've hurt me to the very soul. You mustn't humiliate me before the world.

HAROLD. I'll do anything I can, Miss Carey.

ANNE. Anne!

HAROLD. Anne, I mean. But how?

ANNE. [*After a moment's thought, as if the idea had just come to her.*] You must stay here. You must pretend for a few days—for a week at most, that we're engaged.

HAROLD. I can't do that, you know. Really, I can't.

ANNE. [*Going to him.*] Why not? Only a little while. Then you'll go away to India. We'll find it's been a mistake. I'll break it off—it will only be a pretense, of course, but at least no one will know what a fool I've been.

HAROLD. [*After a moment's hesitation.*] Miss Carey—Anne, I mean, I'll do anything I can, but not that! A man can't do that. You see, there's a girl, an English girl, down in Brazil, I—

ANNE. Oh, a girl! Another! Well, after all, what does that matter? Brazil is a long way off. She need never know.

HAROLD. She might hear. You can't keep things like this hid. No. I wouldn't risk that. You'd better let me clear out before your family gets home. No one need ever know I've been here.

[*Again he makes a move toward the door.* ANNE *stands motionless.*]

ANNE. You can't go. You can't. It's more serious than you imagine.

HAROLD. Serious? What do you mean?

ANNE. Come here. [*He obeys. She sits in a big chair, but avoids looking at him. There is a delicate imitation of a tragic actress in the way she tells her story.*] I wonder if I can make you understand? It means so much to me that you should—so much! Harold, you know how dull life is here in this little town. You were glad enough to get away after a year of it, weren't you? Well, it's worse for a girl, with nothing to do but sit at home—and dream—of you. Yes, that's what I did, until, at last, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I wrote you.

HAROLD. [*Quickly.*] I never got the letter, Miss Carey. Honor bright, I didn't.

ANNE. Perhaps not, but you answered it.

HAROLD. Answered it? What are you talking about?

ANNE. Would you like to see your answer? [*She goes to the desk, takes a packet of letters out of a drawer, selects one, and hands it to him.*] Here it is—your answer. You see it's postmarked Rio Janeiro.

HAROLD. [*Taking it wonderingly.*] This does look like my writing. [*Reads.*] "Anne, my darling—" I say, what does this mean?

ANNE. Go on.

HAROLD. [*Reading.*] "I have your wonderful letter. It came to me like rain in the desert. Can it be true, Anne, that you do care? I ask myself a hundred times what I have done to deserve this. A young girl seems to me as exquisite and frail as a flower—" Great Scott! You don't think *I* could have written such stuff! What in the world!

ANNE. [*Handing over another letter.*] Here's the next letter you wrote me, from the mine. It's a beautiful one. Read it.

HAROLD. [*Tears it open angrily, and reads.*] "I have been out in the night under the stars. Oh, that you were here, my beloved! It is easy to stand the dust and the turmoil of the mine without you, but beauty that I cannot share with you hurts me like a pain—"

[*He throws the letter on the table and turns toward her, speechless.*]

ANNE. [*Inexorably.*] Yes, that's an exceptionally beautiful one. But there are more—lots more. Would you like to see them?

HAROLD. But I tell you, I never wrote them. These aren't my letters.

ANNE. Whose are they, then?

HAROLD. [*Walking up and down furiously.*] God knows! This is some outrageous trick. You've been duped, you poor child. But we'll get to the bottom of this. Just leave it to me. I'll get detectives. I'll find out who's back of it! I'll—

[*He comes face to face with her and finds her looking quietly at him with something akin to critical interest.*]

HAROLD. Good Lord. What's the matter with me! You don't believe those letters. You couldn't think I wrote them, or you wouldn't have met me as you did,

quite naturally, as an old friend. *You understand!* For heaven's sake, make it clear to me!

ANNE. I am trying to . . . I told you there had to be . . . answers . . . I was afraid to send my letters to you, but there had to be answers. [HAROLD *stares at her.*] So I wrote them myself.

HAROLD. You wrote them yourself? ! ?

ANNE. Yes.

HAROLD. These? These very letters?

ANNE. Yes. I had to.

HAROLD. Good God! [*He gazes at the litter of letters on the desk in stupefied silence.*] But the handwriting.

ANNE. Oh, that was easy. I had the letter you wrote to Mother.

HAROLD. And you learned to imitate my handwriting?

ANNE. [*Politely.*] It was very good writing.

HAROLD. [*In sudden apprehension.*] No one has seen these things—have they?

ANNE. They arrived by mail.

HAROLD. You mean people saw the envelopes. Yes, that's bad enough . . . But you haven't shown them to anyone? [*At her silence he turns furiously upon her.*] Have you? . . . Have you?

ANNE. [*Who enjoys her answer and its effect upon him.*] Only parts—never a whole letter. But it was such a pleasure to be able to talk about you to someone. My only pleasure.

HAROLD. Good heavens! You told people I wrote these letters? That we were engaged?

ANNE. I didn't mean to, Harold. Really, I didn't. But I couldn't keep it dark. There were your telegrams.

HAROLD. My telegrams? ! ?

[*She goes to desk and produces a bundle of dispatches.*]

ANNE. [*Brazen in her sincerity.*] You used to wire me every time you changed your address. You were very thoughtful, Harold. But, of course, I couldn't keep those secret like your letters.

HAROLD. [*Standing helplessly, with the telegrams loose in his fingers.*] My telegrams! Good Lord! [*He opens one and reads.*] "Leaving Rio for fortnight of inspection in interior. Address care Señor Miguel—" *My* telegrams!

[*He flings the packet violently on the table, thereby almost upsetting a bowl of roses which he hastens to preserve.*]

ANNE. And then there were your flowers. I see you are admiring them.

[HAROLD *withdraws as if the flowers were charged with electricity.*]

HAROLD. What flowers?

ANNE. These—these—all of them. You sent me flowers every week while you were gone.

HAROLD. [*Overcome.*] Good God!

[*He has now reached the apex of his amazement and becomes sardonic.*]

ANNE. Yes. You were extravagant with flowers, Harold. Of course I love them, but I had to scold you about spending so much money.

HAROLD. Spending so much money? And what did I say when you scolded me?

ANNE. [*Taken aback only for a moment by his changed attitude.*] You sent me a bigger bunch than ever before—and—wait a minute—here's the card you put in it.

[*She goes to the same fatal desk and produces a package of florist's cards.*]

HAROLD. Are all those my cards too?

ANNE. Yes.

HAROLD. [*Laughing a bit wildly.*] I'm afraid I *was* a bit extravagant!

ANNE. Here's the one! You wrote: "If all that I have, and all that I am, is too little to lay before you, how can these poor flowers be much?"

HAROLD. I wrote that? Very pretty—very. I'd forgotten I had any such knack at sentiments.

ANNE. And then, right away, you sent me the ring.

HAROLD. [*Jumps, startled out of his sardonic pose.*] Ring! What ring?

ANNE. My engagement ring. You really were very extravagant that time, Harold.

HAROLD. [*Looking fearfully at her hands.*] But I don't see . . . You're not wearing . . . ?

ANNE. Not there—here, next to my heart. [*She takes out a ring which hangs on a chain inside her frock, and presses it to*

her lips. Looking at him deeply.] I adore sapphires, Harold.

[*A new fear comes into* HAROLD'S *eyes. He begins to humor her.*]

HAROLD. Yes. Yes. Of course. Everyone likes sapphires, Anne. It is a beauty. Yes. [*He comes very close to her, and speaks very gently, as if to a child.*] You haven't shown your ring to anyone, have you, Anne?

ANNE. Only to a few people—one or two.

HAROLD. A few people! Good heavens! [*Then he controls himself, takes her hands gently in his, and continues speaking, as if to a child.*] Sit down, Anne; we must talk this over a little—very quietly, you understand, very quietly. Now to begin with, when did you first—

ANNE. [*Breaks away from him with a little laugh.*] No, I'm not crazy. Don't be worried. I'm perfectly sane. I had to tell you all this to show how serious it was. Now you know. What are you going to do?

HAROLD. Do? [*He slowly straightens up as if the knowledge of her sanity had relieved him of a heavy load.*] I'm going to take the next train back to New York.

ANNE. And leave me to get out of this before people all alone?

HAROLD. You got into it without my assistance, didn't you? Great Scott, you forged those letters in cold blood—

ANNE. Not in cold blood, Harold. Remember, I cared.

HAROLD. I don't believe it. [*Accusingly.*] You enjoyed writing those letters!

ANNE. Of course I enjoyed it. It meant thinking of you, talking of—

HAROLD. Rot! Not of me, really. You don't think I am really the sort of person who could write that—that drivel!

ANNE. [*Hurt.*] Oh, I don't know. After a while I suppose you and my dream got confused.

HAROLD. But it was the rankest—

ANNE. Oh, I'm not so different from other girls. We're all like that. [*Repeating* RUTH'S *phrase reminiscently.*] We must have someone to dream about—to talk about. I suppose it's because we haven't enough to do. And then we don't have any—any real adventures like—shop girls.

HAROLD. [*Surprised at this bit of reality.*] That's a funny thing to say!

ANNE. Well, it's true. I know I went rather far. After I got started I couldn't stop. I didn't want to, either. It took hold of me. So I went on and on and let people think whatever they wanted. But if you go now and people find out what I've done, they'll think I'm really mad— or something worse. Life will be impossible for me here, don't you see—impossible. [HAROLD *is silent.*] But if you stay, it will be so easy. Just a day or two. Then you will have to go to India. Is that much to ask? [*Acting.*] And you save me from disgrace, from ruin!

[HAROLD *remains silent, troubled.*]

ANNE. [*Becoming impassioned.*] You must help me. You *must.* After I've been so frank with you, you can't go back on me now. I've never in my life talked to anyone like this—so openly. You *can't* go back on me! If you leave me here to be laughed at, mocked at by everyone, I don't know what I shall do. I shan't be responsible. If you have any kindness, any chivalry . . . Oh, for God's sake, Harold, help me, help me! [*Kneels at his feet.*]

HAROLD. I don't know . . . I'm horribly muddled . . . All right, I'll stay!

ANNE. Good! Good! Oh, you are fine! I knew you would be. Now everything will be so simple. [*The vista opens before her.*] We will be very quiet here for a couple of days. We won't see many people, for of course it isn't announced. And then you will go . . . and I will write you a letter . . .

HAROLD. [*Disagreeably struck by the phrase.*] Write me a letter? What for?

ANNE. [*Ingenuously.*] Telling you that I have been mistaken. Releasing you from the engagement . . . and you will write me an answer . . . sad but manly . . . reluctantly accepting my decision . . .

HAROLD. Oh, I am to write an answer, sad but manly—Good God! Suppose you don't release me after all!

ANNE. Don't be silly, Harold. I promise. Can't you trust me?

HAROLD. Trust you? [*His eyes travel quickly from the table littered with letters and dispatches to the flowers that ornament the*

room, back to the table, and finally to the ring that now hangs conspicuously on her breast. She follows the look and instinctively puts her hand to the ring.] Trust you? By Jove, no, I don't trust you! This is absurd. I don't stay another moment. Say what you will to people. I'm off. This is final.

ANNE. [*Who has stepped to the window.*] You can't go now. I hear Mother and Ruth coming.

HAROLD. All the more reason. [*He finds his hat.*] I bolt.

ANNE. [*Blocking the door.*] You can't go, Harold! Don't corner me. I'll fight like a wildcat if you do.

HAROLD. Fight?

ANNE. Yes. A pretty figure you'll cut if you bolt now. They'll think you a cad—an out and out cad! Haven't they seen your letters come week by week, and your presents? And you have written to Mother, too—I have your letter. There won't be anything bad enough to say about you. They'll say you jilted me for that English girl in Brazil. It will be true, too. And it will get about. She'll hear of it, I'll see to that—and then—

HAROLD. But it's a complete lie! I can explain—

ANNE. You'll have a hard time explaining your letters and your presents—and your ring. There's a deal of evidence against you—

HAROLD. See here, are you trying to blackmail me? Oh, this is too ridiculous!

ANNE. They're coming! I hear them on the stairs! What are you going to tell them?

HAROLD. The truth. I must get clear of all this. I tell you—

ANNE. [*Suddenly clinging to him.*] No, no, Harold! Forgive me; I was just testing you. I will get you out of this. Leave it to me.

HAROLD. [*Struggling with her.*] No, I won't leave anything to you, *ever.*

ANNE. [*Still clinging tightly.*] Harold, remember I am a woman—and I love you.

[*This brings him up short a moment to wonder, and in this moment there is a knock at the door.*]

ANNE. [*Abandoning Harold.*] Come in.

[*There is a discreet pause.*]

MRS. CAREY'S VOICE. [*Off stage.*] May we come in?

ANNE. [*Angrily.*] Yes!

[HAROLD, *who has moved toward the door, meets* MRS. CAREY *as she enters. She throws her arms about his neck and kisses him warmly. She is followed by* RUTH.]

MRS. CAREY. Harold! My dear boy!

RUTH. [*Clutching his arm.*] Hello, Harold. I am so glad.

[HAROLD, *temporarily overwhelmed by the onslaught of the two women, is about to speak, when* ANNE *interrupts dramatically.*]

ANNE. Wait a moment, Mother. Before you say anything more I must tell you that Harold and I are no longer engaged!

[MRS. CAREY *and* RUTH *draw away from* HAROLD *in horror-struck surprise.*]

MRS. CAREY. No longer engaged? Why . . . What . . . ?

HAROLD. Really, Mrs. Carey, I—

ANNE. [*Interrupts, going to her mother.*] Mother, dear, be patient with me, trust me, I beg of you—and please, please don't ask me any questions. Harold and I have had a very hard—a very painful hour together. I don't think I can stand any more.

[*She is visibly very much exhausted, gasping for breath.*]

MRS. CAREY. Oh, my poor child, what is it? What has he done?

[*She supports* ANNE *on one side while* RUTH *hurries to the other.*]

HAROLD. Really, Mrs. Carey, I think I can explain.

ANNE. No, Harold, there's no use trying to explain. There are some things a woman feels, about which she cannot reason. I know I am doing right.

HAROLD. [*Desperately.*] Mrs. Carey, I assure you—

ANNE. [*As if on the verge of a nervous crisis.*] Oh, please, *please*, Harold, don't protest any more. I am not blaming you. Understand, Mother, I am not blaming him. But my decision is irrevocable. I thought you understood. I beg you to go

away. You have just time to catch the afternoon express.

HAROLD. Nonsense, Anne, you must let me—

ANNE. [*Wildly.*] No, no, Harold, it is finished! Don't you understand? Finished! [*She abandons the support of her mother and* RUTH *and goes to the table.*] See, here are your letters. I am going to burn them. [*She throws the packet into the fire.*] All your letters—[*She throws the dispatches into the fire.*] Don't, please, continue this unendurable situation any longer. Go, I beg of you, go! [*She is almost hysterical.*]

HAROLD. But I tell you I must—

ANNE. [*Falling back in her mother's arms.*] Make him go, Mother! Make him go!

MRS CAREY. Yes, go! Go, sir! Don't you see you are torturing the child? I insist upon your going.

RUTH. Yes, she is in a dreadful state.

[*Here* MRS. CAREY *and* RUTH *fall into simultaneous urgings.*]

HAROLD. [*Who has tried in vain to make himself heard.*] All right, I'm going; I give up!

[*He seizes his hat and rushes out, banging the door behind him.* ANNE *breaks away from her mother and sister, totters rapidly to the door, and calls down gently.*]

ANNE. Not in anger, I beg of you, Harold! I am not blaming you. Good-by.

[*The street door is heard to bang.* ANNE *collapses in approved tragedy style.*]

ANNE. [*Gasping.*] Get some water, Ruth. I shall be all right in a moment.

[RUTH *rushes into the bedroom.*]

MRS. CAREY. Oh, my dear child, calm yourself. Mother is here, dear. She will take care of you. Tell me, dear, tell me.

[RUTH *returns with the water.* ANNE *sips a little.*]

ANNE. I will, mother—I will . . . everything . . . later. [*She drinks.*] But now I must be alone. Please, dear, go away . . . for a little while. I must be alone [*Rising and moving to the fire.*] with the ruin of my dreams.

[*She puts her arms on the chimney shelf and drops her head on them.*]

RUTH. Come, Mother! Come away!

MRS. CAREY. Yes, I am coming. We shall be in the next room, Anne, when you want us. Right here.

ANNE. [*As they go out, raises her head and murmurs.*] Dust and ashes! Dust and ashes!

[*As soon as they have gone,* ANNE *straightens up slowly. She pulls herself together after the physical strain of her acting. Then she looks at the watch on her wrist and sighs a long triumphant sigh. Her eye falls on the desk and she sees the package of florist's cards still there. She picks them up, returns with them to the fire and is about to throw them in, when her eye is caught by the writing on one. She takes it out and reads it. Then she takes another—and another. She stops and looks away dreamily. Then slowly, she moves back to the desk, drops the cards into a drawer, and locks it. She sits brooding at the desk and the open paper before her seems to fascinate her. As if in a dream she picks up a pencil. A creative look comes into her eyes. Resting her chin on her left hand, she begins slowly to write, murmuring to herself.*]

ANNE. [*Reading as she writes.*] "Anne, my dearest . . . I am on the train . . . broken, shattered . . . Why have you done this to me . . . why have you darkened the sun . . . and put out the stars . . . put out the stars . . . Give me another chance, Anne . . . I will make good . . . I promise you . . . For God's sake, Anne, don't shut me out of your life utterly . . . I cannot bear it . . . I . . ."

The curtain has fallen slowly as she writes.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why should Anne be nervous when she first appears? Why does she *act* before her sister? Why does she change when Ruth leaves?

2. Do you agree with Ruth about Harold's letters? Would most girls admire Harold's extravagance and sentiment? Would they like "the idea of a man"?

3. How do you account for his lack of sentiment on meeting Anne? His delay of three weeks in seeing her? Why hadn't Anne known of his return through his letters? Where do we learn he is not at all in love with her?

4. Why does Anne force Harold to remain?

5. Why does Harold call the letters which Ruth admired "stuff"? What makes him think they were not written by an impostor? Why is he angry when he learns that she has shown letters and telegrams?

6. When does he become "sardonic"? Why does he for a moment think her insane? What in her explanation makes clear to him the motive for her deception?

7. Why does Harold consent to remain? Why does he change his mind? Are Anne's threats natural? Honorable?

8. Why does Harold allow Anne to put him in such a false position? Why is Anne successful?

9. Has the experience reformed her? How do you know?

10. Do you think that young women in small towns have as little to occupy their minds as Anne apparently had? Do you think some of them as imaginative and unscrupulous as Anne? Can they *act* as well as Anne?

11. (*a*) At what moment were you most interested in what was going to happen? Trace the conflict in the play to its conclusion. (*b*) What part of the conversation was to you most amusing? (*c*) Anne's outrageous deception is something like a practical joke. Does the play contain any satire of American life? If you think so, point out what characteristics of American girls or what features of small-town existence are satirized.

12. Do you consider the characters more natural or less natural than those in *She Stoops to Conquer*? *Henry V*? In particular, compare Anne with Kate Hardcastle. Do they look for the same qualities in young men? Which employs the more clever deception? If either of them is justified, tell why you think so. Which of them *acts* better? Cite particular scenes. Which do you like better? Why? Are the situations more or less laughable than those in *She Stoops to Conquer* or the comic parts of *Henry V*?

13. Do you think the story in Goldsmith's or in this play the more skillfully told? In which do you see the situations and the characters more clearly? In which do the events follow each other more naturally and interestingly? In which is the conclusion the more consistent with the rest of the play?

14. Have the conditions of life changed very much since Goldsmith's day? Cite particular features, like transportation and communication. Has human nature changed very much? Find your evidence in the plays.

SHAM*

FRANK G. TOMPKINS

Three people: CHARLES, *the householder.*
CLARA, *his wife.*
THE THIEF.

SCENE: *A darkened room.*

After a moment the door opens, admitting a streak of light. A man peers in cautiously. As soon as he is sure that the room is unoccupied, he steps inside and feels along the wall until he finds the switch which floods the room with light. He is dressed in impeccable taste—evidently a man of culture. From time to time he bites appreciatively on a ham sandwich as he looks about him, apparently viewing the room for the first time. Nothing pleases him until a vase over the mantel catches his eye. He picks it up, looks at the bottom, puts it down hard, and mutters, "Imitation." Other articles receive the same disdainful verdict. The whole room is beneath his notice. He starts to sit down before the fire and enjoy his sandwich. Suddenly he pauses to listen, looks about him hur-

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riedly for some place to hide, thinks better of it, and takes his stand opposite the door, smiling pleasantly and expectantly. The door opens and a young woman enters with a man at her heels. As she sees the thief she stifles a scream and retreats, backing the man out behind her. The thief smiles and waits. Soon the door opens again, and the man enters with the woman clinging to him. They stand opposite the thief and stare at him, not sure what they ought to say or do.

THIEF. [*Pleasantly.*] Good evening! [*Pause.*] Good evening, good evening. You surprised me. Can't say I expected you home so soon. Was the play an awful bore? [*Pause.*] We-e-ell, can't one of you speak? I *can* carry on a conversation alone, but the question-and-answer method is usually preferred. If one of you will ask me how I do, we might get a step farther.

CLARA. [*Breathlessly.*] You—you— [*With growing conviction.*] You're a thief!

THIEF. Exactly. And you, madam? The mistress of the house, I presume. Or are you another thief? The traditional one that it takes to catch the first?

CLARA. This — this is *our* house. Charles, why don't you do something? Don't stand there like a— Make him go away! Tell him he mustn't take anything. [*Advancing toward the* THIEF *and speaking all in one sentence.*] What have you taken? Give it to me instantly. How dare you! Charles, take it away from him.

CHARLES. [*Apparently not afraid, a little amused, but uncertain what to do, finally adopting the bullying tone.*] I say, old man, you'd better clear out. We've come home. You know you can't—come now, give it up. Be sensible. I don't want to use force—

THIEF. I don't want you to.

CHARLES. If you've got anything of ours— We aren't helpless, you know.

[*He starts to draw something black and shiny from his overcoat pocket. It might be a pistol, but he does not reveal its shape.*]

THIEF. Let's see those glasses. Give them here. [*Takes them from the uncertain* CHARLES.] Perhaps they're better than mine. Fine cases. [*Tries them.*] Humph! Window glass! Take them back. You're not armed, you know. I threw your revolver down the cold-air shaft. Never carry one myself—in business hours. Yours was in the bottom of your bureau drawer. Bad shape, those bureau drawers were in. Nice and neat on top; rat's nest below. Shows up your character in great shape, old man. Always tell your man by his bureau drawers. Didn't it ever occur to you that a thief might drop in on you some night? What would he think of you?

CHARLES. I don't think—

THIEF. You should. I said to myself when I opened that drawer: "They put up a great surface, but they're shams. Probably streak that runs through everything they do." You ought to begin with real neatness. This other sort of thing is just a form of dishonesty.

CLARA. You! Talking to *us* about honesty—in our house!

THIEF. Just the place for honesty. Begins at home. Let's—

CLARA. Charles, I won't stand this! Grab hold of him. Search him. You hold him. I'll telephone.

THIEF. You can't.

CLARA. You've cut the wires.

THIEF. Didn't have to. Your telephone service has been cut off by the company. I found that out before I came. I suspect you neglected the bill. You ought not to, makes no end of trouble. Inconvenienced me this evening. Better get it put in right away.

CLARA. Charles, do I have to stand here and be insulted?

THIEF. Sit down. Won't you, please! This is your last ham sandwich, so I can't offer you any, but there's plenty of beer in the cellar, if you care for it. I don't recommend it, but perhaps you're used to it.

CLARA. [*Almost crying.*] Charles, are you going to let him preach to us all night! I won't have it. Being lectured by a thief!

CHARLES. You can't stop a man's talking, my dear, especially this sort of man. Can't you see he's a born preacher? Old man, while advice is going round, let me tell you that you've missed your calling. Why don't you go in for reform? Ought to go big.

CLARA. Oh, Charles! Don't talk to him. You're a good deal bigger than he is.

THIEF. Maybe I'll jiu-jitsu him.

CLARA. He's insulting you now, Charles. Please try. I'll hold his feet.

THIEF. No doubt you would. But that wouldn't stop my talking. You'd be taking an unfair advantage, too; I couldn't kick a lady, could I? Besides, there are two of you. You leave it to Charles and me. Let's have fair play, at least.

CLARA. Fair play? I'd like to know—

THIEF. Ple-e-ase, don't screech! My head aches and your voice pierces so. Let's sit down quietly and discuss the situation like well-bred people, and when we've come to some understanding, I'll go.

CLARA. Yes, after you've taken everything in the house and criticized everything else you can't take, our manners and our morals.

CHARLES. But he isn't taking anything now, is he? Let the poor chap criticize, can't you? I don't suppose he often meets his—er—customers socially. He's just dying for a good old visit. Lonesome profession, isn't it, old man?

CLARA. If you *won't* do anything, I'll call the neighbors.

THIEF. No neighbors to call. Nearest one a block away, and he isn't at home. That comes of living in a fashionable suburb. Don't believe you can afford it, either. *Won't* you sit down, madam? I can't till you do. Well, then I shall have to stand, and I've been on my feet all day. It's hardly considerate. [*Plaintively.*] I don't talk so well on my feet, either. It will take me much longer this way. [CLARA *bounces into a chair, meaningfully.*] Thank you, that's better. [*Sighs with relief as he sinks into the easy chair.*] I knew I could appeal to your better nature. Have a cigarette? [CHARLES *accepts one from his beautiful case.*] And you, madam?

CLARA. [*Puts out her hand, but withdraws it quickly.*] Thank you, I don't care to smoke—with a thief.

THIEF. Right. Better not smoke, anyway I'm so old-fashioned I hate to see women smoke. None of the women in my family do it. Perhaps we're too conventional—

CLARA. I don't know that I care to be like the women of your family. I *will* have one, if you please. No doubt you get them from a man of taste.

THIEF. Your next-door neighbor. This is—was—his case. Exquisite taste. Seen this case often, I suppose? [*He eyes them closely.*] Great friends? Or perhaps you don't move in the same circles. [CLARA *glares at him.*] Pardon me. Tactless of me, but how could I guess? Well, here's your chance to get acquainted with his cigarettes. Will you have one now?

CLARA. I don't receive stolen goods.

THIEF. That's a little hard on Charles, isn't it? He seems to be enjoying his.

CHARLES. Bully cigarette. Hempsted's a connoisseur. Truth is—we don't know the Hempsteds. They've never called.

THIEF. That's right, Charles. Tell the truth and shame [*With a jerk of his head toward* CLARA.]—you know who.

CLARA. Charles, there isn't any reason, I'm sure—

THIEF. Quietly, please. Remember my head. I'm sorry but I must decline to discuss your social prospects with you, and also your neighbors' shortcomings, much as we should all enjoy it. There isn't time for that. Let's get down to business. The question we've got to decide and decide very quickly is, What would you like to have me take?

CLARA. [*Aghast.*] What would we—what would we like to have you take? Why—why—you can't take anything now; we're here. Of all the nerve! What would we like—

THIEF. It gains by repetition, doesn't it?

CHARLES. You've got me, old man. You'll have to come again. I may be slow, but I don't for the moment see the necessity for your taking anything.

THIEF. I was afraid of this. I'll have to begin farther back. Look here now, just suppose I go away and don't take anything. [*With an air of triumph.*] How would you like that?

CHARLES. Suits me to a "T." How about you, my dear? Think you can be firm and bear up under it?

4. **jiu-jitsu**, the Japanese method in wrestling. Its chief reliance is on skill instead of on muscular strength.

THIEF. Don't be sarcastic. You're too big. Only women and little men should be sarcastic. Besides, it isn't fair to me, when I'm trying to help you. Here am I, trying to get you out of a mighty ticklish situation, and you go and get funny. It isn't right.

CHARLES. Beg pardon, old man. Try us in words of one syllable. You see this is a new situation for us. But we're anxious to learn.

THIEF. Listen, then. See if you can follow this. Now there's nothing in your house that I want; nothing that I could for a moment contemplate keeping without a good deal of pain to myself.

CLARA. We're trying to spare you. But if you care to know, we had the advice of Elsie de Wolfe.

THIEF. [*Wonderingly.*] Elsie de Wolfe? Elsie, how could you! Now, if you had asked me to guess, I should have said—the Pullman Company. I shudder to think of owning any of this bric-a-brac myself. But it must be done. Here am I offering to burden myself with something I don't want, wouldn't keep for worlds, and couldn't sell. [*Growing a little oratorical.*] Why do I do this?

CHARLES. Yes, why do you?

CLARA. Hush, Charles; it's a rhetorical question; he wants to answer it himself.

THIEF. I do it to accommodate you. Must I be even plainer? Imagine that I go away, refusing to take anything in spite of your protests. Imagine it's tomorrow. The police and the reporters have caught wind of the story. Something has been taken from every house in Sargent Road—except one. The nature of the articles shows that the thief is a man of rare discrimination. To be quite frank—a connoisseur.

CLARA. A connoisseur of what? Humph!

THIEF. And a connoisseur of such judgment that to have him pass your Rubens by is to cast doubt upon its authenticity. I do not exaggerate. Let me tell you that from the Hempsteds—[CLARA *leans forward, all interest*]—but that would take too long. [*She leans back.*] The public immediately asks, Why did the thief take nothing from 2819 Sargent Road? The answer is too obvious: There is nothing worth taking at 2819 Sargent Road.

CHARLES. [*Comprehendingly.*] Um-hu-m!

THIEF. The public laughs. Worse still, the neighbors laugh. What becomes of social pretensions after that? It's a serious thing, laughter is. It puts anybody's case out of court. And it's a serious thing to have a thief pass you by. People have been socially marooned for less than that. Have I made myself clear? Are you ready for the question? What would you like to have me take?

CHARLES. Now, old man, I say that's neat. Sure you aren't a lawyer?

THIEF. I have studied the law—but not from that side.

CLARA. It's all bosh. Why couldn't we claim we'd lost something very valuable, something we'd never had?

THIEF. [*Solemnly.*] That's the most shameless proposal I've ever heard. Yes, you could *lie* about it. I can't conceal from you what I think of your moral standards.

CHARLES. I can't imagine you concealing anything unpleasant.

CLARA. It's no worse than—

THIEF. Your moral sense is blunted. But I can't attend to that now. Think of this: Suppose, as I said, I should take nothing and you should publish that barefaced lie, and then I should get caught. Would I shield you? Never. Or suppose I shouldn't get caught. Has no one entered your house since you have been here? Doesn't your maid know what you have? Can you trust her not to talk? No, no, it isn't worth the risk. It isn't even common sense, to say nothing of the moral aspects of the case. Why do people never stop to think of the practical advantages of having things stolen! Endless possibilities! Why, a woman loses a $5 brooch and it's immediately worth $15. The longer it stays lost, the more diamonds it had in it, until she prays every night that it won't be found. Look at the advertising she gets out of it. And does she learn anything from it? Never. Let a harmless thief appear in her room and she yells like a hyena instead of saying to

19. **Elsie de Wolfe** (1865-), an American actress very well known as an interior decorator. 46. **Rubens**, i. e., a picture by the celebrated Flemish painter, Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640).

him, like a sensible woman: "Hands up; I've got you right where I want you; you take those imitation pearls off my dresser and get out of here. If I ever see you or those pearls around here again, I'll hand you over to the police." That's what she ought to say. It's the chance of her life. But unless she's an actress, she misses it absolutely. A thief doesn't expect gratitude, but it seems to me he might at least expect understanding and intelligent coöperation. Here are you facing disgrace, and here am I willing to save you. And what do I get? Sarcasm, cheap sarcasm!

CHARLES. I beg your pardon, old man. I'm truly sorry. You're just too advanced for us. Clara, there's an idea in it. What do you think?

CLARA. It has its possibilities. Now if he'll let me choose— Isn't there a joker in it somewhere? Let me think. We might let you have something. What do you want?

THIEF. [*Indignantly.*] What do I want? I—don't want—anything. Can't you see that? The question is, What do you want me to have? And please be a little considerate. Don't ask me to take the pianola or the icebox. Can't you make up your minds? Let me help you. Haven't you got some old wedding gifts? Everybody has. Regular white elephants, yet you don't dare get rid of them for fear the donors will come to see you and miss them. A discriminating thief is a godsend. All you have to do is write: "Dear Maude and Fred: Last night our house was broken into, and of course the first thing that was taken was that lovely Roycroft chair you gave us." Or choose what you like. Here's opportunity knocking at your door. Make it something ugly as you please, but something genuine. I hate sham.

CLARA. Charles, it's our chance. There's that lovely, hand-carved—

THIEF. Stop! I saw it. [*Shuddering.*] It has the marks of the machine all over it. Not that. I can't take that.

CLARA. Beggars shouldn't be—

THIEF. Where's my coat? That settles it.

CLARA. Oh, don't go! I didn't mean it. Honestly I didn't. It just slipped out. You mustn't leave us like this—

THIEF. I don't have to put up with such—

CLARA. Oh, please stay, and take something! Haven't we anything you want? Charles, hold him; don't let him go. No, that won't do any good. Talk to him—

CHARLES. Don't be so sensitive, old man. She didn't mean it. You know how those old sayings slip out—just say themselves. She only called you a little beggar anyway. You ought to hear what she calls me sometimes.

THIEF. I don't want to. I'm not her husband. And I don't believe she does it in the same way, either. But I'm not going to be mean about this. I'll give you another chance. Trot out your curios.

CHARLES. How about this? Old luster set of Clara's grandmother's. I'm no judge of such things myself, but if you could use it, take it. Granddad gave it to her when they were sweethearts, didn't he, Clara?

THIEF. That! Old luster? That jug won't be four years old its next birthday. Don't lay such things to your grandmother. Have some respect for the dead. If you gave more than $3.98 for it, they saw you coming.

CLARA. You don't know anything about it. You're just trying to humiliate us because you know you have the upper hand.

THIEF. All right. Go ahead. Take your own risks.

CLARA. There's this Sheffield tray?

THIEF. No.

CHARLES. Do you like Wedgwood?

THIEF. Yes, where is it? [*Looks at it.*] No.

CLARA. This darling hawthorn vase—

THIEF. Please take it away. It isn't hawthorn.

CHARLES. I suppose cloisonné—

THIEF. If they were any of them what you call them. But they aren't.

CHARLES. Well, if you'd consider burnt wood. That's a genuine burn.

THIEF. Nothing short of cremation

39. **Roycroft chair**, chair made by hand, after an original design, at the Roycroft shop, East Aurora, New York.

90-98. **Sheffield, Wedgwood, hawthorn, cloisonné**, etc. See note *5*, page 537.

would do it justice. Of course I've got to take one of them, if they're all you've got. But honestly, there isn't one genuine thing in this house, except Charles—and—and the ham sandwich.

CLARA. [*Takes miniature from cabinet.*] I wonder if you would treasure this as I do. It's very dear to me. It's grandmother—

THIEF. [*Suspiciously.*] Grandmother again?

CLARA. As a little girl. Painted on ivory. See that quaint old coral necklace. And those adorable yellow curls. And the pink circle comb. Would you like it?

THIEF. Trying to appeal to my sympathy. I've a good notion to take it to punish you. I wonder if it *is* your grandmother. There isn't the slightest family resemblance. Look here!—it is!—it's a copy of the Selby miniature! Woman, do you know who that *is?* It's Harriet Beecher Stowe at twelve. What have you done with my overcoat?

CHARLES. I give up. Here it is. Clara, that was too bad.

CLARA. I wanted to see if he'd know.

CHARLES. There's no use trying to save us after this. We'll just have to bear the disgrace.

THIEF. Charles, you're a trump! I'll even take that old daub for *you*. Give it to me.

CHARLES. Wait a minute. You won't have to. Say, Clara, where is that old picture of Cousin Paul? It's just as bad as it pretends to be, if genuineness is all you want.

THIEF. [*Suspiciously.*] Who is Cousin Paul? Don't try to ring in Daniel Webster on me.

CHARLES. Cousin of mine. Lives on a farm near Madison, Wisconsin.

THIEF. You don't claim the picture is by Sargent or Whistler?

CLARA. It couldn't be—

THIEF. [*Ignoring her pointedly.*] Do you, Charles?

CHARLES. Certainly not. It's a water color of the purest water, and almost a speaking likeness.

THIEF. I'll take Cousin Paul. Probably he has human interest.

CHARLES. That's the last thing I should have thought of in connection with Cousin Paul.

THIEF. Bring him, but wrapped, please. My courage might fail me if I saw him face to face.

CHARLES. [*Leaving room for picture.*] Mine always does.

THIEF. While Charles is wrapping up the picture, I want to know how you got back so early. Your maid said you were going to the Garrick.

CLARA. We told her so. But we went to the moving pictures.

THIEF. You ought not to go to the movies. It will destroy your literary taste and weaken your minds.

CLARA. I don't care for them myself, but Charles won't see anything else.

THIEF. You ought to make him. Men only go to the theater anyway because their wives take them. They'd rather stay at home or play billiards. You have a chance right there. Charles will go where you take him. By and by he will begin to like it. Now tonight there was a Granville Barker show at the Garrick, and you went to the movies to see a woman whose idea of cuteness is to act as if she had a case of arrested mental development.

CHARLES. [*Entering, doing up picture.*] Silly old films, anyway. But Clara *will* go. Goes afternoons when I'm not here, and then drags me off again in the evening. Here's your picture, as soon as I get it tied up. Can't tell you how grateful we are. Shall we make it unanimous, Clara?

CLARA. I haven't the vote, you know. Clumsy! give me the picture.

THIEF. Don't try to thank me. If you'll give up this shamming, I'll feel repaid for my time and trouble. [*Looking at watch.*] By Jove! it's far too much time. I must make tracks this minute. I'll feel repaid if you'll take my advice about the theater for one thing, and—why don't you bundle all this imitation junk together and sell it and get one genuine good thing?

21. **Harriet Beecher Stowe** (1812-1896), an American author. 44. **Sargent**, John Singer (1856-), an American painter famous for his portraits. **Whistler**, James McNeill (1834-1903), one of the greatest American painters.

79. **Granville Barker** (1877-), an English playright whose plays, like this one, criticize the failings of the day.

[CLARA *leaves, apparently for more string.*]

CHARLES. Who'd buy them?

THIEF. There must be other people in the world with taste as infallibly bad as yours.

CHARLES. Call that honest?

THIEF. Certainly. I'm not telling you to sell them as relics. You couldn't in the first place, except to a home for the aged and indigent blind. But I know a man who needs them. They'd rejoice his heart. They'd be things of beauty to him. I wish I could help you pick out something with your money. But I don't dare risk seeing you again.

CLARA. [*Reëntering, with the picture tied.*] Why not? There's honor among thieves.

THIEF. There *is*. If you were thieves, I'd know just how far to trust you. Now, I'd be willing to trust Charles as man to man. Gentleman's agreement. But [*Looking at* CLARA.] I don't know—

CHARLES. Clara is just as honest as we are—with her own class. But your profession puts you outside the pale with her; you're her natural enemy. You haven't any rights. But you've been a liberal education for us both.

THIEF. I've been liberal. You meet me—listen!—there are footsteps on the porch. I—I've waited too long. Here I've stood talking—

CHARLES. Well, stop it now, can't you. I don't see how you've ever got anywhere. Hide!

THIEF. No, it can't be done. If you'll play fair, I'm safe enough here in this room, safer than anywhere else. Pretend I'm a friend of yours. You will? Gentleman's agreement? [*He shakes hands with* CHARLES.]

CHARLES. Gentleman's agreement. My word of honor.

CLARA. [*Offers her hand as* CHARLES *starts for the door.*] Gentleman's agreement, but only in this. I haven't forgiven you for what you've said. If I ever get you in a tight place—look out.

THIEF. [*Taking her hand.*] Don't tell more than the one necessary lie. It's so easy to get started in that sort of thing. Stick to it that I'm a friend of the family and that I've been spending the evening.

CLARA. I'll try to stick to that. But can't I improvise a little? It's such fun!

THIEF. Not a bit. Not one little white lie.

CHARLES. [*Entering with a young man behind him.*] It's a man from the *News*. He says he was out here on another story and he's got a big scoop. There's been some artistic burglary in the neighborhood and he's run on to it. I told him we hadn't lost anything and that we don't want to get into the papers; but he wants us to answer a few questions.

REPORTER. Please do. I need some stuff about the neighborhood.

CLARA. I don't know, Charles, but that it's our duty. [*She smiles wickedly at the* THIEF.] Something we say may help catch the thieves. Perhaps we owe it to law and order.

REPORTER. That's right. Would you object if I used your name?

[CHARLES *and the* THIEF *motion to* CLARA *to keep still, but throughout the rest of the conversation she disregards their frantic signals, and sails serenely on.*]

CLARA. I don't know that we should mind if you mention us nicely. Will the Hempsteds be in? I shan't mind it, if they don't.

REPORTER. Good for you. Now, have you—

CLARA. We *have* missed something. We haven't had time to look thoroughly, but we do know that one of our pictures is gone.

[*The men are motioning to her, but she goes on sweetly.*]

REPORTER. A-a-ah! Valuable picture. He hasn't taken anything that wasn't the best of its class. Remarkable chap. Must be the same one that rifled the Pierpont collection of illuminated manuscripts. Culled the finest pieces without a mistake.

THIEF. [*Interested.*] He made one big mistake. He— [*Stops short.*]

REPORTER. Know the Pierponts?

THIEF. Er—ye-es. I've been in their

house. [*Retires from the conversation.* CLARA *smiles.*]

REPORTER. Well, believe me, if he's taken anything, your reputation as collectors is made. Picture, eh? Old master, I suppose?

CLARA. A family portrait. We treasured it for that. Associations, you know.

REPORTER. Must have been valuable, all right. Depend on him to know. He don't run away with any junk. Who was the artist?

CLARA. We don't know—definitely.

REPORTER. Never heard it attributed to anybody?

CLARA. We don't care to make any point of such things. But there have been people who have thought—it was not—a—a Gilbert Stuart.

CHARLES. Clara!

CLARA. I don't know much about such things myself. But our friend [*Nods toward the* THIEF.], Mr.—Mr. Hibbard—who has some reputation as a collector, has always said that it was—not. In spite of that fact, he had offered to take it off our hands.

CHARLES. Clara, you're going too far—

REPORTER. She's quite right. You're wrong, Mr. Hibbard. You may be good, but this fellow *knows*. Too bad you didn't take it while the taking was good. This fellow never sells. Of course he can't exhibit. Just loves beautiful things. No, sir, it was real.

THIEF. [*Between his teeth.*] It wasn't. Of all the—

CLARA. [*Smiling.*] You take your beating so ungracefully, Mr. Hibbard. The case, you see, is all against you.

THIEF. Be careful. The picture may be found at any minute. Don't go too far.

CLARA. I hardly think it will be found unless the thief is caught. And I have such perfect confidence in his good sense that I don't expect that.

REPORTER. Lots of time for a getaway. When was he here?

CLARA. He was gone when we came from the theater. But we must almost have caught him. Some of our finest things were gathered together here on the table ready for his flight. How he must have hated to leave them, all the miniatures and the cloisonné. I almost feel sorry for him.

CHARLES. I do.

CLARA. You see, we went to the Garrick for the Granville Barker show. Mr. Hibbard took us. [*She smiles sweetly at him.*] I'm devoted to the best in drama and I always insist that Charles and Mr. Hibbard shall take me only to the finest things. And now we come home to find our—You're sure it was a Gilbert Stuart?—gone.

THIEF. I've got to be getting out of here! Can't stay a minute longer! Charles, I wish you luck in that reform we were speaking of, but I haven't much hope. [*Looking at* CLARA.] There is such a thing as total depravity. Oh, here! [*Taking package from under his arm.*] What am I thinking of? I was running away with your package. [*Hands it to* CLARA.]

CLARA. [*Refusing it.*] Oh, but it's yours, Mr. Hibbard. I couldn't think of taking it. Really, you must keep it to remember us by. Put it among your art treasures at home, next to your lovely illuminated manuscripts, and whenever you look at it remember us and this delightful evening, from which we are all taking away so much. You must keep it—that's part of the bargain, isn't it? And now are we even?

THIEF. Even? Far from it. I yield you your woman's right to the last word, and I admit it's the best. [*Stoops and kisses her hand.*] Good-night, Clara. [*To the* REPORTER.] May I give you a lift back to town?

REPORTER. Thanks. As far as the Hempsted's corner. Good-night. Thank you for this much help. [*Exeunt.*]

CHARLES. Thank goodness, they've gone. What relief! That pace is too rapid for me. You had me running round in circles. But he's got the picture, and we're safe at last. But don't you think, Clara, you took some awful risks? You goaded him pretty far.

CLARA. I had to. Did you hear him call me Clara?

19. **Gilbert Stuart** (1755-1828), an American painter famous for his portrait of Washington.

CHARLES. He had to. [*Chuckling.*] He doesn't know our name. But he wasn't a bad fellow, was he? I couldn't help liking him in spite of his impudence.

CLARA. You showed it. You took sides with him against me all the time the reporter was here. But, you know, he was right about our house. It's all wrong. The Hempsteds would see it in a minute. I believe I'll clear out this cabinet and have this room done over in mahogany.

CHARLES. Too expensive this winter.

CLARA. Birch will do just as well—nobody knows the difference. Listen! is he coming back?

REPORTER. [*In the doorway.*] Excuse me—listen. Mr. Hibbard says you've given him the wrong package. He says you need this to go with the picture of your grandmother. And he says, sir, that you need to get wise to your own family. He's waiting for me. Good-night! [*Exit.*]

CHARLES. [*Angrily.*] Get wise to my own family? He may know all about art [*Undoing the picture.*] but I guess I know my own relatives. [*Holds up picture so that audience can see it, but he can't.*] And if that isn't a picture of my own cousin Paul, I'll eat—[*Sees Clara laughing.*] What the devil! [*Looks at picture, which represents George Washington.*] Clara! you did that! [*Laughs uproariously.*] You little cheat!

CURTAIN

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. How does the thief, at his first appearance, differ from other thieves you have read about? How do his first five speeches differ from what you expect? After Clara's entrance and first three speeches, what kind of woman do you think she is? What opinion of Charles do you have after his first three speeches?

2. Before they sit down, in how many ways does the thief imply that they are dishonest? Why does Clara get more indignant than Charles does?

3. Why does Clara live in this part of town? Why haven't the Hempsteds called? Why does the thief visit Sargent Road? Of what things is he a connoisseur? Why would people laugh at Clara the next day if the thief stole nothing from her house?

4. Why does Clara propose to report that something has been stolen? Why does she decide to ask the thief to carry off something? Why does the thief threaten to leave when she calls him a beggar?

5. Pupils should make reports to class on lusterware, Sheffield Plate, Wedgwood ware, hawthorn china, cloisonné. *The New International Encyclopedia* treats lusterware under "Pottery," Sheffield Plate under "Plate," Wedgwood ware under "Wedgwood," and cloisonné under "Enamel." Hawthorn china refers to Chinese porcelain with a decoration of the flowering branches of a plum-tree against a background of dark blue, red, or black. What light do these reports throw on the thief's taste? Why does Charles mention the burnt wood?

6. What motive has Clara in speaking of the movies to the thief as she does? Why does she take the picture and tie it up? Why does the thief trust Charles more than he does Clara? Why does Charles say the thief has been a liberal education?

7. How does Clara get even with the thief? In what speeches did she "goad" him? Why does the thief send the picture back? Has he reformed Charles and Clara? What does he mean by "get wise to your own family"? Why does Charles laugh in the end?

8. Has your impression of the thief changed since his first five speeches? Explain by quoting passages that illustrate your conception now. How was he impudent? Why does Charles like him? What traits in Clara's character have come out more clearly since her first appearance? Again quote. Does sham appear in her character anywhere except in choosing interior decorations? Do you like her? Quote to show why. What are the chief traits of Charles? How does he differ from her? Quote to illustrate. How do these characters differ from those in *She Stoops to Conquer*? From those in *Enter the Hero*? Which set of characters do you think is truest to human nature?

9. What creates the suspense? Where is the suspense highest? What kind of conflict runs through the play? Where is this conflict sharpest? Which side is uppermost at the end? Does the end come naturally? Does the story seem to you natural or improbable? Explain why.

10. Which conversations in the play are most amusing? Be prepared to read them to the class to bring out the humor. Review what was said in the Introduction to *She Stoops to*

Conquer about comedy. What kinds are present in this play? In which situations would acting add most to the enjoyment of the audience? Which actor would have to be most skillful? Do any of the kinds of humor described by Leacock in "Humor As I See It" appear here?

11. What is the chief object of satire in this play? What speeches show this most clearly? Do you think the satire just? Did sham enter anywhere into *She Stoops to Conquer?* Be specific. If so, how does the satire of Goldsmith differ from the satire here? Does sham appear in *Enter the Hero?* If so, how does Miss Helburn's satire differ from the satire here? Has any satire entered any of the essays? Show where. Do you like the dramatic form of satire more or less than the essay form? Pick out passages that illustrate your preference.

12. Sham is revealed in this play most conspicuously in interior decorations, but it may appear in almost any kind of choice, conversation, or conduct, such as the reasons for going to a moving-picture show. Relate, either orally or in writing, instances that you have observed of this lack of sincerity or genuineness. If you care to, you may try a very short dramatized scene. Whatever the form, try to remain amusing instead of stern or bitter.

PART V

TODAY

The captains and the kings depart.
—Kipling

TODAY

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TODAY

AN INTRODUCTION

In some ways Today, in the world's life, is like the Yesterdays of which you have been reading. The world seems much bigger, yet Japan, Russia, South Africa, the Argentine, are after all not farther away from your home than Persia was from the Egyptian pharaohs or than the Pillars of Hercules, as the ancients called Gibraltar, seemed to Ulysses. The world may seem less romantic than in the days of King Arthur or Henry V, but romance is not a matter of costume; the ideals of chivalry may live again in a company of boy scouts.

Yet life at the present time is very complex. Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of it is the way in which the ordinary man has won freedom to make the most of himself. In the days of chivalry, knights rode about the world in search of glory; the common man was a serf. King Henry waged brilliant war for England; the common man fought in his battles and died, or returned to a life of poverty. The period of revolution, about which you read in *A Tale of Two Cities*, marked the effort of the common man to win a larger measure of freedom, and the process has been going on in every land from that time to the present day.

Something of the spirit of this is explained in Whitman's poem, which opens this section of your book. It is a prophecy, written many years ago, of what the world has been witnessing since 1914. There are new exits and entrances; the landmarks of European kings have been removed; the "average man" has awakened. As Kipling expressed it in the line from his "Recessional" quoted on the title page of this section:

The captains and the kings depart.

It is impossible in the few pages that remain to give you a complete picture of the present age. All your further work in school and college, much of the activity of your life after you leave school, will be concerned with this matter. Much of your happiness will depend on the intelligence with which you fit your life into the complex requirements of Today. Not your success alone, the career you make for yourself and the money you earn, but your happiness. "Today" means material things—great business and industrial enterprises, a world in which wealth and high position may be won. It means political relations—the duty of every citizen to contribute to the safety and welfare of the nation. It also means art, literature, culture, the profitable use of leisure. For the improvements in machinery and all the processes of industry have made it possible for the world's work to be done, not by men toiling like slaves through every daylight hour, sleeping like beasts from the setting of the sun to its rising, but in a constantly shortening workday. The time thus set free for the laborer, as well as for those who earn their living in trades and professions apart from industry, may have the richest and happiest significance to the individual and society, or it may become a curse. Today, therefore, brings more insistently than ever before, and to vastly greater numbers, the problem of the margin, that spare time, that leisure, which is the flower of civilization and the reason for its continuance.

The selections that follow have been chosen in order to present little pictures of some phases of life or summaries of some problems of Today. Though most

of them relate to America, they represent some of the conditions that also confront citizens in other countries. They also present a connected story. Even the order in which they are arranged is significant. First there are several poems. One of them tells you of the thoughts and feelings of a girl from the tenements who found herself beside a girl from a wealthy family, their common sisterhood brought out by the fire that burned away all differences of social rank. Mr. Frost's poems treat this subject of neighborliness, whether of individuals or nations, in an unusual and vivid way. In the farmer's recollections of Lincoln we find a portrait of a great American that brings out this same idea of simple human relations, the worth of the average man, which we have chosen as the fundamental characteristic of Today.

The next group of selections, from Edwin Markham's famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe," to Joseph Husband's "The Romance of Discovery in the Life of Today," makes the idea still more concrete. Mr. Markham's poem compresses into a few lines the results of the centuries—long indifference of rulers and men of high position to the miseries of the peasants. In America many of these poor found an asylum. "The Fat of the Land" introduces some of these, and shows how the "melting pot" of American institutions and opportunities works its transformations. The process is not without pain; the Americans of the new generation are perhaps not your ideal in every way, but you see the change going on as in a moving picture. In the stories about the candy-makers and about the steel-workers you have close-up views of American industry and of the polyglot races that make up our workers, so that you see the "melting pot" once more in action. Mr. Sandburg's poem, "The Skyscraper," shows you how the lives of workers enter into the steel and concrete structure and give it a soul. Mr. Husband summarizes these and countless other experiences of the kind. His story was written expressly for this book, to help you realize this aspect of our common life, so that you may see the romance and wonder of it as well as its hardships; so that you may see, also, how a writer draws upon the life of his own time for his inspiration. Mr. Husband himself tried an experiment like those recounted by Mr. Walker and Mrs. Parker. He worked for some time as a common laborer in order to find out for himself how life looks to these people of every race that are helping to make the America of Today.

At the end of the book you will find a group of selections that view all this multifarious life from a little distance. The writers are observers, as from a lofty hill, able to see what is going on and to point out the road that humanity should take. The "struggle" that Arthur Hugh Clough wrote about in 1848 was the struggle for the rights of the common man. To many the battle seemed hopeless, but the poet's image of the tide, coming imperceptibly but resistlessly, we feel to be true. The essays by Ruskin, Emerson, and former Secretary Lane may seem at first far removed from stories of working girls and men, and skyscrapers, and American industry. In reality they are very closely connected. They have to do with the margin of life that was spoken of a moment ago. They help you to see what civilization really is or must become. They show you that the seeming gap between the steel-worker's toil and the arts of life must be bridged somehow. That is the problem of Today. And Emerson's little poem, closing this volume which has introduced you to the great periods of culture and civilization of the modern world, the thoughts and ideals of men for so many centuries, reminds you of how the opportunities presented by Today may be taken or may be scorned.

THE PROPHECY OF A NEW ERA

WALT WHITMAN

I see tremendous entrances and exits, new
combinations, the solidarity of nations,
I see that force advancing with irresistible
power on the world's stage . . .
I see men marching and countermarching
by swift millions,
I see the landmarks of European kings re-
moved,
I see this day the People beginning their
landmarks—all others give way—
Never were such sharp questions asked as
this day,
Never was average man, his soul, more
energetic, more like a god . . .
What whispers are these, O lands, running
ahead of you, passing under the seas?
Are all nations communing? Is there going
to be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming *en masse?* For, lo,
tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim,
The earth, restive, confronts a new era.

10. **en masse,** in a body.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Though written many years ago, Whitman's poem is a remarkable prophecy of the passing of old kingdoms and the spread of democratic forms of government. Point out details in the poem that illustrate this statement. What European countries have changed their form of government in recent years?

2. What is meant by line 5? Give illustrations from recent history.

3. What does Whitman mean by "the average man"? Keep this idea in mind as you read the remaining selections in Part V and be ready to illustrate it. What is the "new era" that Whitman wishes to see?

FIFTH AVENUE AND GRAND STREET

CAROLYN DAVIES

I sat beside her, rolling bandages.
I peeped. "Fifth Avenue," her clothes
were saying.
It's "Grand Street," I know well, my shirt-
waist says.
And shoes, and hat, but then, she didn't hear
Or she pretended not, for we were laying
Our coats aside, and as we were so near,
She saw my pin like hers. And when girls are
Wearing a pin these days that has a star,
They smile out at each other. We did that,
And then she didn't seem to see my hat.

I sat beside her, handling gauze and lint,
And thought of Jim. She thought of some-
one too;
Under the smile there was a little glint
In her eyelashes, that was how I knew.
I wasn't crying—but I haven't any
Pride in it; we've a better chance than they
To take blows standing, for we've had so
many.
We two sat, fingers busy, all that day.

I'd spoken first, if I'd known what to say.
But she did soon, and after, told of him,
The man she wore the star for, and the way
He'd gone at once. I bragged a bit of Jim;
Who wouldn't who had ever come to know
Him? When the girls all rose to go,
She stood there, shyly, with her gloves
half on,
Said, "Come to see me, won't you?" and
was gone.

I meant to call, too; I'd have liked it then,
For we'd a lot in common, with our men
Across. But now that peace is here again
And our boys safe, I can't help wonder-
ing—Well,
Will she forget, and crawl back in her shell
And if I call, say "Show this person out"?
Or still be friendly as she was? I doubt
If Grand will sit beside Fifth Avenue
Again, and be politely spoken to.
We're sisters while the danger lasts, it's true;
But rich and poor's equality must cease
(For women especially), of course, in peace.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What is the meaning of the title? Explain the first line. What were the two girls doing? What, besides the work, brought them together?

2. Is the speaker probably right, do you suppose, in thinking that now that the danger is over her Fifth Avenue acquaintance will not care to see her? What do you think of the phrase, "For women especially," in the last line?

MENDING WALL

ROBERT FROST

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper bowlders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the bowlders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more;
There where it is we do not need the wall—
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage, armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Like "Fifth Avenue and Grand Street," this poem presents the problem of neighborliness, though from a different angle. What is the meaning of "Good fences make good neighbors"? Is it an argument for large military and naval defenses? What does the poet think of it?

2. What, do you think, is the "Something . . . that doesn't love a wall"? Why does the poet think it may be "elves"? Why does he prefer that the neighbor should "say it for himself"? Say what?

3. "He will not go behind his father's saying"—explain the significance. Are there other "sayings" that we like "having thought of," but that would better be forgotten?

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN

ROBERT FROST

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step
She ran on tiptoe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbor him

At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud—he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to—he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do—he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—
To see if he was talking in his sleep.

He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work—
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education—you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—

Which showed how much good school had ever done him.
He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die;
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
"Silas has better claim on us, you think,
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt today.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is."

"*I* can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there tonight.

You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.
Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand, and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What is the situation at the opening of the poem? Why did Mary wish to put Warren on his guard? What had happened at the last interview between Warren and Silas? Why had Silas left?

2. What had Silas and young Wilson talked about while haying? What did Silas think of college education? What is meant by "He could find water with a hazel prong"? Why did Silas keep thinking of these past events?

3. Do you gain a clear idea of Silas from the poem? Have you ever known anyone like him? What were the chief traits of his character?

A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN

WITTER BYNNER

"Lincoln?—
Well, I was in the old Second Maine,
The first regiment in Washington from the Pine Tree State.
Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;
We was there for guardin' Washington—
We was all green.

"I ain't never ben to the theayter in my life—
I didn't know how to behave.
I ain't never ben since.
I can see as plain as my hat the box where he sat in
When he was shot.
I can tell you, sir, there was a panic
When we found our President was in the shape he was in!
Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked him.

"Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.
He was a spare man,
An old farmer.
Everything was all right, you know,
But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man at all—
Not in no ways;
Thin-faced, long-necked,
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

"And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;
He wasn't so high but the boys could talk to him their own ways.
While I was servin' at the Hospital
He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'
Praise us up, you know.
And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—
And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—
That's why I call him a farmer.
I don't mean that everything about him wasn't all right, you understand,
It's just—well, I was a farmer—
And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.
I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why does the speaker say that Lincoln was a farmer? In what respects does his characterization of Lincoln seem to you to be just? Why had the farmer never been in a theater since that night?

2. Compare this portrait of Lincoln with others you have read previously. Do the different sketches of him agree in any particulars?

3. Study the language, the stanza, and the lines of this poem. What signs are there that the farmer found his ideas hard to express. Would the incident make as much impression on you if written in prose?

Millet

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

EDWIN MARKHAM

"God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him."

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packed with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

24. **Plato** (B.C. 427-347), a famous Greek philosopher. **Pleiades**, a cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall appeal to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What differences do you note between the "man with the hoe" and Frost's "hired man" as farm laborer types? Is Markham thinking of the American laborer, or of the European peasant? Give reasons for your answer.

2. In what respect is this picture of the peasant unfair or biased? In what respects does it seem to you to be true?

3. Why should the poet say that this brutal man is "packed with danger to the universe"? Why should he appeal to the "masters, lords, and rulers in all lands"? Do you think of any periods in history when this prophecy has come true, wholly or in part? In what ways, do you think, may the repetition of such disasters be prevented?

"THE FAT OF THE LAND"

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

I

In an air-shaft so narrow that you could touch the next wall with your bare hands, Hanneh Breineh leaned out and knocked on her neighbor's window.

"Can you loan me your wash-boiler for the clothes?" she called.

Mrs. Pelz threw up the sash.

"The boiler? What's the matter with yours again? Didn't you tell me you had it fixed already last week?"

"A black year on him, the robber, the way he fixed it! If you have no luck in this world, then it's better not to live. There I spent out fifteen cents to stop up one hole, and it runs out another. How I ate out my gall bargaining with him he should let it down to fifteen cents! He wanted yet a quarter, the swindler. *Gottuniu!* My bitter heart on him for every penny he took from me for nothing!"

"You got to watch all those swindlers, or they'll steal the whites out of your eyes," admonished Mrs. Pelz. "You should have tried out your boiler before you paid him. Wait a minute till I empty out my dirty clothes in a pillow-case; then I'll hand it to you."

Mrs. Pelz returned with the boiler and tried to hand it across to Hanneh Breineh, but the soap-box refrigerator on the window-sill was in the way.

"You got to come in for the boiler yourself," said Mrs. Pelz.

"Wait only till I tie my Sammy on to the high-chair he shouldn't fall on me again. He's so wild that ropes won't hold him."

Hanneh Breineh tied the child in the chair, stuck a pacifier in his mouth, and went in to her neighbor. As she took the boiler Mrs. Pelz. said:

"Do you know Mrs. Melker ordered fifty pounds of chicken for her daughter's wedding? And such grand chickens! Shining like gold! My heart melted in me just looking at the flowing fatness of those chickens."

Hanneh Breineh smacked her thin, dry lips, a hungry gleam in her sunken eyes.

"Fifty pounds!" she gasped. "It ain't possible. How do you know?"

"I heard her with my own ears. I

saw them with my own eyes. And she said she will chop up the chicken livers with onions and eggs for an appetizer, and then she will buy twenty-five pounds of fish, and cook it sweet and sour with raisins, and she said she will bake all her shtrudels on pure chicken fat."

"Some people work themselves up in the world," sighed Hanneh Breineh. "For them is America flowing with milk and honey. In Savel Mrs. Melker used to get shriveled up from hunger. She and her children used to live on potato-peelings and crusts of dry bread picked out from the barrels; and in America she lives to eat chicken, and apple shtrudels soaking in fat."

"The world is a wheel always turning," philosophized Mrs. Pelz. "Those who were high go down low, and those who've been low go up higher. Who will believe me here in America that in Poland I was a cook in a banker's house? I handled ducks and geese every day. I used to bake coffee-cake with cream so thick you could cut it with a knife."

"And do you think I was a nobody in Poland?" broke in Hanneh Breineh, tears welling in her eyes as the memories of her past rushed over her. "But what's the use of talking? In America money is everything. Who cares who my father or grandfather was in Poland? Without money I'm a living dead one. My head dries out worrying how to get for the children the eating a penny cheaper."

Mrs. Pelz wagged her head, a gnawing envy contracting her features.

"Mrs. Melker had it good from the day she came," she said, begrudgingly. "Right away she sent all her children to the factory, and she began to cook meat for dinner every day. She and her children have eggs and buttered rolls for breakfast each morning like millionaires."

A sudden fall and a baby's scream, and the boiler dropped from Hanneh Breineh's hands as she rushed into her kitchen, Mrs. Pelz after her. They found the high-chair turned on top of the baby.

"*Gewalt!* Save me! Run for a doctor!" cried Hanneh Breineh, as she dragged the child from under the high-chair. "He's killed! He's killed! My only child! My precious lamb!" she shrieked as she ran back and forth with the screaming infant.

Mrs. Pelz snatched little Sammy from the mother's hands.

"*Meshugneh!* What are you running around like a crazy, frightening the child? Let me see. Let me tend to him. He ain't killed yet." She hastened to the sink to wash the child's face, and discovered a swelling lump on his forehead. "Have you a quarter in your house?" she asked.

"Yes, I got one," replied Hanneh Breineh, climbing on a chair. "I got to keep it on a high shelf where the children can't get it."

Mrs. Pelz seized the quarter Hanneh Breineh handed down to her.

"Now pull your left eyelid three times while I'm pressing the quarter, and you'll see the swelling go down."

Hanneh Breineh took the child again in her arms, shaking and cooing over it and caressing it.

"Ah-ah-ah, Sammy! Ah-ah-ah-ah, little lamb! Ah-ah-ah, little bird! Ah-ah-ah-ah, precious heart! Oh, you saved my life; I thought he was killed," gasped Hanneh Breineh, turning to Mrs. Pelz. "*Oi-i!*" she sighed, "a mother's heart! Always in fear over her children. The minute anything happens to them all life goes out of me. I lose my head and I don't know where I am any more."

"No wonder the child fell," admonished Mrs. Pelz. "You should have a red ribbon or red beads on his neck

to keep away the evil eye. Wait. I got something in my machine-drawer."

Mrs. Pelz returned, bringing the boiler and a red string, which she tied about the child's neck while the mother proceeded to fill the boiler.

A little later Hanneh Breineh again came into Mrs. Pelz's kitchen, holding Sammy in one arm and in the other an apronful of potatoes. Putting the child down on the floor, she seated herself on the unmade kitchen-bed and began to peel the potatoes in her apron.

"Woe to me!" sobbed Hanneh Breineh. "To my bitter luck there ain't no end. With all my other troubles, the stove got broke. I lighted the fire to boil the clothes, and it's to get choked with smoke. I paid rent only a week ago, and the agent don't want to fix it. A thunder should strike him! He only comes for rent, and if anything has to be fixed, then he don't want to hear nothing.

"Why comes it to me so hard?" went on Hanneh Breineh, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "I can't stand it no more. I came into you for a minute to run away from my troubles. It's only when I sit myself down to peel potatoes or nurse the baby that I take time to draw a breath, and beg only for death."

Mrs. Pelz, accustomed to Hanneh Breineh's bitter outbursts, continued her scrubbing.

"*Ut!*" exclaimed Hanneh Breineh, irritated at her neighbor's silence, "what are you tearing up the world with your cleaning? What's the use to clean up when everything only gets dirty again?"

"I got to shine up my house for the holidays."

"You've got it so good nothing lays on your mind but to clean your house. Look on this little blood-sucker," said Hanneh Breineh, pointing to the wizened child, made prematurely solemn from starvation and neglect. "Could anybody keep that brat clean? I wash him one minute, and he is dirty the minute after." Little Sammy grew frightened and began to cry. "Shut up!" ordered the mother, picking up the child to nurse it again. "Can't you see me take a rest for a minute?"

The hungry child began to cry at the top of its weakened lungs.

"Na, na, you glutton." Hanneh Breineh took out a dirty pacifier from her pocket and stuffed it into the baby's mouth. The grave, pasty-faced infant shrank into a panic of fear, and chewed the nipple nervously, clinging to it with both his thin little hands.

"For what did I need yet the sixth one?" groaned Hanneh Breineh, turning to Mrs. Pelz. "Wasn't it enough five mouths to feed? If I didn't have this child on my neck, I could turn myself around and earn a few cents." She wrung her hands in a passion of despair. "*Gottuniu!* The earth should only take it before it grows up!"

"*Shah! Shah!*" reproved Mrs. Pelz. "Pity yourself on the child. Let it grow up already so long as it is here. See how frightened it looks on you." Mrs. Pelz took the child in her arms and petted it. "The poor little lamb! What did it done you should hate it so?"

Hanneh Breineh pushed Mrs. Pelz away from her.

"To whom can I open the wounds of my heart?" she moaned. "Nobody has pity on me. You don't believe me, nobody believes me until I'll fall down like a horse in the middle of the street. *Oi weh!* Mine life is so black for my eyes! Some mothers got luck. A child gets run over by a car, some fall from a window, some burn themselves up with a match, some get choked with

diphtheria; but no death takes mine away."

"God from the world! stop cursing!" admonished Mrs. Pelz. "What do you want from the poor children? Is it their fault that their father makes small wages? Why do you let it all out on them?" Mrs. Pelz sat down beside Hanneh Breineh. "Wait only till your children get old enough to go to the shop and earn money," she consoled. "Push only through those few years while they are yet small; your sun will begin to shine; you will live on the fat of the land, when they begin to bring you in the wages each week."

Hanneh Breineh refused to be comforted.

"Till they are old enough to go to the shop and earn money they'll eat the head off my bones," she wailed. "If you only knew the fights I got by each meal. Maybe I gave Abe a bigger piece of bread than Fanny. Maybe Fanny got a little more soup in her plate than Jake. Eating is dearer than diamonds. Potatoes went up a cent a pound, and milk is only for millionaires. And once a week, when I buy a little meat for the Sabbath, the butcher weighs it for me like gold, with all the bones in it. When I come to lay the meat out on a plate and divide it up, there ain't nothing to it but bones. Before, he used to throw me in a piece of fat extra or a piece of lung, but now you got to pay for everything, even for a bone to the soup."

"Never mind; you'll yet come out from all your troubles. Just as soon as your children get old enough to get their working papers the more children you got, the more money you'll have."

"Why should I fool myself with the false shine of hope? Don't I know it's already my black luck not to have it good in this world? Do you think American children will right away give everything they earn to their mother?"

"I know what is with you the matter," said Mrs. Pelz. "You didn't eat yet today. When it is empty in the stomach, the whole world looks black. Come, only let me give you something good to taste in the mouth; that will freshen you up." Mrs. Pelz went to the cupboard and brought out the saucepan of *gefüllte* fish that she had cooked for dinner and placed it on the table in front of Hanneh Breineh. "Give a taste my fish," she said, taking one slice on a spoon, and handing it to Hanneh Breineh with a piece of bread. "I wouldn't give it to you on a plate because I just cleaned up my house, and I don't want to dirty up more dishes."

"What, am I a stranger you should have to serve me on a plate yet!" cried Hanneh Breineh, snatching the fish in her trembling fingers.

"*Oi weh!* How it melts through all the bones!" she exclaimed, brightening as she ate. "May it be for good luck to us all!" she exulted, waving aloft the last precious bite.

Mrs. Pelz was so flattered that she even ladled up a spoonful of gravy.

"There is a bit of onion and carrot in it, "she said, as she handed it to her neighbor.

Hanneh Breineh sipped the gravy drop by drop, like a connoisseur sipping wine.

"Ah-h-h! A taste of that gravy lifts me up to heaven!" As she disposed leisurely of the slice of onion and carrot she relaxed and expanded and even grew jovial. "Let us wish all our troubles on the Russian Czar! Let him burst with our worries for rent! Let him get shriveled with our hunger for bread! Let his eyes dry out of his head looking for work!

"*Shah!* I'm forgetting from every-

60. gefüllte, stuffed.

thing," she exclaimed, jumping up. "It must be eleven or soon twelve, and my children will be right away out of school and fall on me like a pack of wild wolves. I better quick run to the market and see what cheaper I can get for a quarter."

Because of the lateness of her coming, the stale bread at the nearest bakeshop was sold out, and Hanneh Breineh had to trudge from shop to shop in search of the usual bargain, and spent nearly an hour to save two cents.

In the meantime the children returned from school, and, finding the door locked, climbed through the fire-escape, and entered the house through the window. Seeing nothing on the table, they rushed to the stove. Abe pulled a steaming potato out of the boiling pot, and so scalded his fingers that the potato fell to the floor; whereupon the three others pounced on it.

"It was my potato," cried Abe, blowing his burned fingers, while with the other hand and his foot he cuffed and kicked the three who were struggling on the floor. A wild fight ensued, and the potato was smashed under Abe's foot amid shouts and screams. Hanneh Breineh, on the stairs, heard the noise of her famished brood, and topped their cries with curses and invectives.

"They are here already, the savages! They are here already to shorten my life! They heard you all over the hall, in all the houses around!"

The children, disregarding her words, pounced on her market-basket, shouting ravenously: "Mamma, I'm hungry! What more do you got to eat?"

They tore the bread and herring out of Hanneh Breineh's basket and devoured it in starved savagery, clamoring for more.

"Murderers!" screamed Hanneh Breineh, goaded beyond endurance. "What are you tearing from me my flesh? From where should I steal to give you more? Here I had already a pot of potatoes and a whole loaf of bread and two herrings, and you swallowed it down in the wink of an eye. I have to have Rockefeller's millions to fill your stomachs."

All at once Hanneh Breineh became aware that Benny was missing. "*Oi weh!*" she burst out, wringing her hands in a new wave of woe, "where is Benny? Didn't he come home yet from school?"

She ran out into the hall, opened the grime-coated window, and looked up and down the street; but Benny was nowhere in sight.

"Abe, Jake, Fanny, quick, find Benny!" entreated Hanneh Breineh, as she rushed back into the kitchen. But the children, anxious to snatch a few minutes' play before the school-call, dodged past her and hurried out.

With the baby on her arm, Hanneh Breineh hastened to the kindergarten.

"Why are you keeping Benny here so long?" she shouted at the teacher as she flung open the door. "If you had my bitter heart, you would send him home long ago and not wait till I got to come for him."

The teacher turned calmly and consulted her record-cards.

"Benny Safron? He wasn't present this morning."

"Not here?" shrieked Hanneh Breineh. "I pushed him out myself he should go. The children didn't want to take him, and I had no time. Woe is me! Where is my child?" She began pulling her hair and beating her breast as she ran into the street.

Mrs. Pelz was busy at a pushcart, picking over some spotted apples, when she heard the clamor of an approaching crowd. A block off she recognized Hanneh Breineh, her hair disheveled, her clothes awry, running

toward her with her yelling baby in her arms, the crowd following.

"Friend mine," cried Hanneh Breineh, falling on Mrs. Pelz's neck. "I lost my Benny, the best child of all my children." Tears streamed down her red, swollen eyes as she sobbed. "Benny! mine heart, mine life! *Oi-i-i!*"

Mrs. Pelz took the frightened baby out of the mother's arms.

"Still yourself a little! See how you're frightening your child."

"Woe to me! Where is my Benny? Maybe he's killed already by a car. Maybe he fainted away from hunger. He didn't eat nothing all day long. *Gottuniu!* Pity yourself on me!"

She lifted her hands full of tragic entreaty.

"People, my child! Get me my child! I'll go crazy out of my head! Get me my child, or I'll take poison before your eyes!"

"Still yourself a little!" pleaded Mrs. Pelz.

"Talk not to me!" cried Hanneh Breineh, wringing her hands. "You're having all your children. I lost mine. Every good luck come to other people. But I didn't live yet to see a good day in my life. Mine only joy, mine Benny, is lost away from me."

The crowd followed Hanneh Breineh as she wailed through the streets, leaning on Mrs. Pelz. By the time she returned to her house the children were back from school; but seeing that Benny was not there, she chased them out in the street, crying:

"Out of here you robbers, gluttons! Go find Benny!" Hanneh Breineh crumpled into a chair in utter prostration. "*Oi weh!* he's lost! Mine life; my little bird; mine only joy! How many nights I spent nursing him when he had the measles! And all that I suffered for weeks and months when he had the whooping-cough! How the eyes went out of my head till I learned him how to walk, till I learned him how to talk! And such a smart child! If I lost all the others, it wouldn't tear me so by the heart."

She worked herself up into such a hysteria, crying, and tearing her hair, and hitting her head with her knuckles, that at last she fell into a faint. It took some time before Mrs. Pelz, with the aid of neighbors, revived her.

"Benny, mine angel!" she moaned as she opened her eyes.

Just then a policeman came in with the lost Benny.

"Na, na, here you got him already!" said Mrs. Pelz. "Why did you carry on so for nothing? Why did you tear up the world like a crazy?"

The child's face was streaked with tears as he cowered, frightened and forlorn. Hanneh Breineh sprang toward him, slapping his cheeks, boxing his ears, before the neighbors could rescue him from her.

"Woe on your head!" cried the mother. "Where did you lost yourself? Ain't I got enough worries on my head than to go around looking for you? I didn't have yet a minute's peace from that child since he was born!"

"See a crazy mother!" remonstrated Mrs. Pelz, rescuing Benny from another beating. "Such a mouth! With one breath she blesses him when he is lost, and with the other breath she curses him when he is found."

Hanneh Breineh took from the window-sill a piece of herring covered with swarming flies, and putting it on a slice of dry bread, she filled a cup of tea that had been stewing all day, and dragged Benny over to the table to eat.

But the child, choking with tears, was unable to touch the food.

"Go eat!" commanded Hanneh Breineh. "Eat and choke yourself eating!"

II

"Maybe she won't remember me no more. Maybe the servant won't let me in," thought Mrs. Pelz, as she walked by the brownstone house on Eighty-fourth Street where she had been told Hanneh Breineh now lived. At last she summoned up enough courage to climb the steps. She was all out of breath as she rang the bell with trembling fingers. "*Oi weh!* even the outside smells riches and plenty! Such curtains! And shades on all windows like by millionaires! Twenty years ago she used to eat from the pot to the hand, and now she lives in such a palace."

A whiff of steam-heated warmth swept over Mrs. Pelz as the door opened, and she saw her old friend of the tenements dressed in silk and diamonds like a being from another world.

"Mrs. Pelz, is it you!" cried Hanneh Breineh, overjoyed at the sight of her former neighbor. "Come right in. Since when are you back in New York?"

"We came last week," mumbled Mrs. Pelz, as she was led into a richly carpeted reception-room.

"Make yourself comfortable. Take off your shawl," urged Hanneh Breineh.

But Mrs. Pelz only drew her shawl more tightly around her, a keen sense of her poverty gripping her as she gazed, abashed by the luxurious wealth that shone from every corner.

"This shawl covers up my rags," she said, trying to hide her shabby sweater.

"I'll tell you what; come right into the kitchen," suggested Hanneh Breineh. "The servant is away for this afternoon, and we can feel more comfortable there. I can breathe like a free person in my kitchen when the girl has her day out."

Mrs. Pelz glanced about her in an excited daze. Never in her life had she seen anything so wonderful as a white-tiled kitchen, with its glistening porcelain sink and the aluminum pots and pans that shone like silver.

"Where are you staying now?" asked Hanneh Breineh, as she pinned an apron over her silk dress.

"I moved back to Delancey Street, where we used to live," replied Mrs. Pelz, as she seated herself cautiously in a white enameled chair.

"*Oi weh!* What grand times we had in that old house when we were neighbors!" sighed Hanneh Breineh, looking at her old friend with misty eyes.

"You still think on Delancey Street? Haven't you more high-class neighbors uptown here?"

"A good neighbor is not to be found every day," deplored Hanneh Breineh. "Uptown here, where each lives in his own house, nobody cares if the person next door is dying or going crazy from loneliness. It ain't anything like we used to have it in Delancey Street, when we could walk into one another's rooms without knocking, and borrow a pinch of salt or a pot to cook in."

Hanneh Breineh went over to the pantry-shelf.

"We are going to have a bit right here on the kitchen-table like on Delancey Street. So long there's no servant to watch us we can eat what we please."

"*Oi!* How it waters my mouth with appetite, the smell of the herring and onion!" chuckled Mrs. Pelz, sniffing the welcome odors with greedy pleasure.

Hanneh Breineh pulled a dish-towel from the rack and threw one end of it to Mrs. Pelz.

"So long there's no servant around, we can use it together for a napkin. It's dirty, anyhow. How it freshens up my heart to see you!" she rejoiced as she poured out her tea into a saucer. "If you would only know how I used to beg my daughter to write

for me a letter to you; but these American children, what is to them a mother's feelings?"

"What are you talking!" cried Mrs. Pelz. "The whole world rings with you and your children. Everybody is envying you. Tell me how began your luck?"

"You heard how my husband died with consumption," replied Hanneh Breineh. "The five hundred dollars lodge money gave me the first lift in life, and I opened a little grocery store. Then my son Abe married himself to a girl with a thousand dollars. That started him in business, and now he has the biggest shirt-waist factory on West Twenty-ninth Street."

"Yes, I heard your son had a factory," Mrs. Pelz hesitated and stammered; "I'll tell you the truth. What I came to ask you—I thought maybe you would beg your son Abe if he would give my husband a job."

"Why not?" said Hanneh Breineh. "He keeps more than five hundred hands. I'll ask him if he should take in Mr. Pelz."

"Long years on you, Hanneh Breineh! You'll save my life if you could only help my husband get work."

"Of course my son will help him. All my children like to do good. My daughter Fanny is a milliner on Fifth Avenue, and she takes in the poorest girls in her shop and even pays them sometimes while they learn the trade." Hanneh Breineh's face lit up, and her chest filled with pride as she enumerated the successes of her children. "And my son Benny he wrote a play on Broadway and he gave away more than a hundred free tickets for the first night."

"Benny? The one who used to get lost from home all the time? You always did love that child more than all the rest. And what is Sammy your baby doing?"

"He ain't a baby no longer. He goes to college and quarterbacks the football team. They can't get along without him.

"And my son Jake, I nearly forgot him. He began collecting rent in Delancey Street, and now he is boss of renting the swellest apartment-houses on Riverside Drive."

"What did I tell you? In America children are like money in the bank," purred Mrs. Pelz, as she pinched and patted Hanneh Breineh's silk sleeve. "*Oi weh!* How it shines from you! You ought to kiss the air and dance for joy and happiness. It is such a bitter frost outside; a pail of coal is so dear, and you got it so warm with steam heat. I had to pawn my feather bed to have enough for the rent, and you are rolling in money."

"Yes, I got it good in some ways, but money ain't everything," sighed Hanneh Breineh.

"You ain't yet satisfied?"

"But here I got no friends," complained Hanneh Breineh.

"Friends?" queries Mrs. Pelz. "What greater friend is there on earth than the dollar?"

"*Oi!* Mrs. Pelz; if you could only look into my heart! I'm so choked up! You know they say a cow has a long tongue, but can't talk." Hanneh Breineh shook her head wistfully, and her eyes filmed with inward brooding. "My children give me everything from the best. When I was sick, they got me a nurse by day and one by night. They brought me the best wine. If I asked for dove's milk, they would buy it for me; but—but—I can't talk myself out in their language. They want to make me over for an American lady, and I'm different." Tears cut their way under her eyelids with a pricking pain as she went on: "When I was poor, I was free, and could holler and do what I like in my own house.

Here I got to lie still like a mouse under a broom. Between living up to my Fifth-Avenue daughter and keeping up with the servants, I am like a sinner in the next world that is thrown from one hell to another." The doorbell rang, and Hanneh Breineh jumped up with a start.

"*Oi weh!* It must be the servant back already!" she exclaimed, as she tore off her apron. "*Oi weh!* Let's quickly put the dishes together in a dish-pan. If she sees I eat on the kitchen table, she will look on me like the dirt under her feet."

Mrs. Pelz seized her shawl in haste. "I better run home quick in my rags before your servant sees me."

"I'll speak to Abe about the job," said Hanneh Breineh, as she pushed a bill into the hand of Mrs. Pelz, who edged out as the servant entered.

"I'm having fried potato *lotkes* special for you, Benny," said Hanneh Breineh, as the children gathered about the table for the family dinner given in honor of Benny's success with his new play. "Do you remember how you used to lick the fingers from them?"

"Oh, mother!" reproved Fanny. "Anyone hearing you would think we were still in the pushcart district."

"Stop your nagging, sis, and let ma alone," commanded Benny, patting his mother's arm affectionately. "I'm home only once a month. Let her feed me what she pleases. My stomach is bomb-proof."

"Do I hear that the President is coming to your play?" said Abe, as he stuffed a napkin over his diamond-studded shirt-front.

"Why shouldn't he come?" returned Benny. "The critics say it's the greatest antidote for the race hatred created by the war. If you want to know, he is coming tonight; and what's more, our box is next to the President's."

"*Nu*, Mammeh," sallied Jake, "did you ever dream in Delancey Street that we should rub sleeves with the President?"

"I always said that Benny had more head than the rest of you," replied the mother.

As the laughter died away, Jake went on:

"Honor you are getting plenty; but how much *mezummen* does this play bring you? Can I invest any of it in real estate for you?"

"I'm getting ten per cent royalties of the gross receipts," replied the youthful playwright.

"How much is that?" queried Hannah Breineh.

"Enough to buy up all your fish-markets in Delancey Street," laughed Abe in good-natured raillery at his mother.

Her son's jest cut like a knife-thrust in her heart. She felt her heart ache with the pain that she was shut out from their successes. Each added triumph only widened the gulf. And when she tried to bridge this gulf by asking questions, they only thrust her back upon herself.

"Your fame has even helped me get my hat trade solid with the Four Hundred," put in Fanny. "You bet I let Mrs. Van Suyden know that our box is next to the President's. She said she would drop in to meet you. Of course she let on to me that she hadn't seen the play yet, though my designer said she saw her there on the opening night."

"Oh, gosh, the toadies!" sneered Benny. "Nothing so sickens you with success as the way people who once shoved you off the sidewalk come crawling to you on their stomachs begging you to dine with them."

"Say, that leading man of yours he's

some class!" cried Fanny. "That's the man I'm looking for. Will you invite him to supper after the theater?"

The playwright turned to his mother.

"Say, Ma," he said, laughingly, "how would you like a real actor for a son-in-law?"

"She should worry," mocked Sam. "She'll be discussing with him the future of the Greek drama. Too bad it doesn't happen to be Warfield, or mother could give him tips on *The Auctioneer*."

Jake turned to his mother with a covert grin.

"I guess you'd have no objection if Fanny got next to Benny's leading man. He makes at least fifteen hundred a week. That wouldn't be such a bad addition to the family, would it?"

Again the bantering tone stabbed Hanneh Breineh. Everything in her began to tremble and break loose.

"Why do you ask me?" she cried, throwing her napkin into her plate. "Do I count for a person in this house? If I'll say something, will you even listen to me? What is to me the grandest man that my daughter could pick out? Another enemy in my house! Another person to shame himself from me!" She swept in her children in one glance of despairing anguish as she rose from the table. "What worth is an old mother to American children? The President is coming tonight to the theater, and none of you asked me to go." Unable to check the rising tears, she fled toward the kitchen and banged the door.

They all looked at one another guiltily.

"Say, sis," Benny called out sharply, "what sort of frame-up is this? Haven't you told mother that she was to go with us tonight?"

"Yes—I—" Fanny bit her lips as she fumbled evasively for words. "I asked her if she wouldn't mind my taking her some other time."

"Now you have made a mess of it!" fumed Benny. "Mother'll be too hurt to go now."

"Well, I don't care," snapped Fanny. "I can't appear with mother in a box at the theater. Can I introduce her to Mrs. Van Suyden? And suppose your leading man should ask to meet me?"

"Take your time, sis. He hasn't asked yet," scoffed Benny.

"The more reason I shouldn't spoil my chances. You know mother. She'll spill the beans that we come from Delancey Street the minute we introduce her anywhere. Must I always have the black shadow of my past trailing after me?"

"But have you no feelings for mother?" admonished Abe.

"I've tried harder than all of you to do my duty. I've *lived* with her." She turned angrily upon them. "I've borne the shame of mother while you bought her off with a present and a treat here and there. God knows how hard I tried to civilize her so as not to have to blush with shame when I take her anywhere. I dressed her in the most stylish Paris models, but Delancey Street sticks out from every inch of her. Whenever she opens her mouth, I'm done for. You fellows had your chance to rise in the world because a man is free to go up as high as he can reach up to; but I, with all my style and pep, can't get a man my equal because a girl is always judged by her mother."

They were silenced by her vehemence, and unconsciously turned to Benny.

"I guess we all tried to do our best for mother," said Benny, thoughtfully, "But wherever there is growth, there is pain and heartbreak. The trouble with us is that the ghetto of the Middle

11. Warfield, David (1866-), an American actor.

Ages and the children of the twentieth century have to live under one roof, and—"

A sound of crashing dishes came from the kitchen, and the voice of Hanneh Breineh resounded through the dining-room as she wreaked her pent-up fury on the helpless servant.

"Oh, my nerves! I can't stand it any more! There will be no girl again for another week!" cried Fanny.

"Oh, let up on the old lady," protested Abe. "Since she can't take it out on us any more, what harm is it if she cusses the servants?"

"If you fellows had to chase around employment agencies, you wouldn't see anything funny about it. Why can't we move into a hotel that will do away with the need of servants altogether?"

"I got it better," said Jake, consulting a notebook from his pocket. "I have on my list an apartment on Riverside Drive where there's only a small kitchenette; but we can do away with the cooking, for there is a dining service in the building."

The new Riverside apartment to which Hanneh Breineh was removed by her socially ambitious children was for the habitually active mother an empty desert of enforced idleness. Deprived of her kitchen, Hanneh Breineh felt robbed of the last reason for her existence. Cooking and marketing and puttering busily with pots and pans gave her an excuse for living and struggling and bearing up with her children. The lonely idleness of Riverside Drive stunned all her senses and arrested all her thoughts. It gave her that choked sense of being cut off from air, from life, from everything warm and human. The cold indifference, the each-for-himself look in the eyes of the people about her were like stinging slaps in the face. Even the children had nothing real or human in them. They were starched and stiff miniatures of their elders.

But the most unendurable part of the stifling life on Riverside Drive was being forced to eat in the public dining-room. No matter how hard she tried to learn polite table manners, she always found people staring at her, and her daughter rebuking her for eating with the wrong fork or guzzling the soup or staining the cloth.

In a fit of rebellion Hanneh Breineh resolved never to go down to the public dining-room again, but to make use of the gas-stove in the kitchenette to cook her own meals. That very day she rode down to Delancey Street and purchased a new market-basket. For some time she walked among the haggling pushcart venders, relaxing and swimming in the warm waves of her old familiar past.

A fish-peddler held up a large carp in his black, hairy hand and waved it dramatically:

"Women! Women! Fourteen cents a pound!"

He ceased his raucous shouting as he saw Hanneh Breineh in her rich attire approach his cart.

"How much?" she asked, pointing to the fattest carp.

"Fifteen cents, lady," said the peddler, smirking as he raised his price.

"Swindler! Didn't I hear you call fourteen cents?" shrieked Hanneh Breineh, exultingly, the spirit of the penny chase surging in her blood. Diplomatically, Hanneh Breineh turned as if to go, and the fisherman seized her basket in frantic fear.

"I should live; I'm losing money on the fish, lady," whined the peddler. "I'll let it down to thirteen cents for you only."

"Two pounds for a quarter, and not a penny more," said Hanneh Breineh, thrilling again with the rare sport of

bargaining, which had been her chief joy in the good old days of poverty.

"*Nu*, I want to make the first sale for good luck." The peddler threw the fish on the scale.

As he wrapped up the fish, Hanneh Breineh saw the driven look of worry in his haggard eyes, and when he counted out the change from her dollar, she waved it aside. "Keep it for your luck," she said, and hurried off to strike a new bargain at a pushcart of onions.

Hanneh Breineh returned triumphantly with her purchases. The basket under her arm gave forth the old, homelike odors of herring and garlic, while the scaly tail of a four-pound carp protruded from its newspaper wrapping. A gilded placard on the door of the apartment-house proclaimed that all merchandise must be delivered through the trade entrance in the rear; but Hanneh Breineh with her basket strode proudly through the marble-paneled hall and rang nonchalantly for the elevator.

The uniformed hall-man, erect, expressionless, frigid with dignity, stepped forward.

"Just a minute, madam. I'll call a boy to take up your basket for you."

Hanneh Breineh, glaring at him, jerked the basket savagely from his hands. "Mind your own business!" she retorted. "I'll take it up myself. Do you think you're a Russian policeman to boss me in my own house?"

Angry lines appeared on the countenance of the representative of social decorum.

"It is against the rules, madam," he said, stiffly.

"You should sink into the earth with all your rules and brass buttons. Ain't this America? Ain't this a free country? Can't I take up in my own house what I buy with my own money?" cried Hanneh Breineh, reveling in the opportunity to shower forth the volley of invectives that had been suppressed in her for the weeks of deadly dignity of Riverside Drive.

In the midst of this uproar Fanny came in with Mrs. Van Suyden. Hanneh Breineh rushed over to her, crying:

"This bossy policeman won't let me take up my basket in the elevator."

The daughter, unnerved with shame and confusion, took the basket in her white-gloved hand and ordered the hall-boy to take it around to the regular delivery entrance.

Hanneh Breineh was so hurt by her daughter's apparent defense of the hall-man's rules that she utterly ignored Mrs. Van Suyden's greeting and walked up the seven flights of stairs out of sheer spite.

"You see the tragedy of my life?" broke out Fanny, turning to Mrs. Van Suyden.

"You poor child! You go right up to your dear old lady mother, and I'll come some other time."

Instantly Fanny regretted her words. Mrs. Van Suyden's pity only roused her wrath the more against her mother.

Breathless from climbing the stairs, Hanneh Breineh entered the apartment just as Fanny tore the faultless millinery creation from her head and threw it on the floor in a rage.

"Mother, you are the ruination of my life! You have driven away Mrs. Van Suyden, as you have driven away all my best friends. What do you think we got this apartment for but to get rid of your fish smells and your brawls with the servants? And here you come with a basket on your arm as if you just landed from the steerage! And this afternoon, of all times, when Benny is bringing his leading man to tea. When will you ever stop disgracing us?"

"When I'm dead," said Hanneh

Breineh, grimly. "When the earth will cover me up, then you'll be free to go your American way. I'm not going to make myself over for a lady on Riverside Drive. I hate you and all your swell friends. I'll not let myself be choked up here by you or by that hall-boss policeman that is higher in your eyes than your own mother."

"So that's your thanks for all we've done for you?" cried her daughter.

"All you've done for me!" shouted Hanneh Breineh. "What have you done for me? You hold me like a dog on a chain! It stands in the Talmud: some children give their mother dry bread and water and go to heaven for it, and some give their mother roast duck and go to Gehenna because it's not given with love."

"You want me to love you yet?" raged the daughter. "You knocked every bit of love out of me when I was yet a kid. All the memories of childhood I have is your everlasting cursing and yelling that we were gluttons."

The bell rang sharply, and Hanneh Breineh flung open the door.

"Your groceries, ma'am," said the boy.

Hanneh Breineh seized the basket from him, and with a vicious fling sent it rolling across the room, strewing its contents over the Persian rugs and inlaid floor. Then seizing her hat and coat, she stormed out of the apartment and down the stairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelz sat crouched and shivering over their meager supper when the door opened, and Hanneh Breineh in fur coat and plumed hat charged into the room.

"I come to cry out to you my bitter heart," she sobbed. "Woe is me! It is so black for my eyes!"

"What is the matter with you, Hanneh Breineh?" cried Mrs. Pelz in bewildered alarm.

"I am turned out of my own house by the brass-buttoned policeman that bosses the elevator. *Oi-i-i-i! Weh-h-h-h!* What have I from my life? The whole world rings with my son's play. Even the President came to see it, and I, his mother, have not seen it yet. My heart is dying in me like in a prison," she went on wailing. "I am starved out for a piece of real eating. In that swell restaurant is nothing but napkins and forks and lettuce-leaves. There are a dozen plates to every bite of food. And it looks so fancy on the plate, but it's nothing but straw in the mouth. I'm starving, but I can't swallow down their American eating."

"Hanneh Breineh," said Mrs. Pelz, "you are sinning before God. Look on your fur coat; it alone would feed a whole family for a year. I never had yet a piece of fur trimming on a coat, and you are in fur from the neck to the feet. I never had yet a piece of feather on a hat, and your hat is all feathers."

"What are you envying me?" protested Hanneh Breineh. "What have I from all my fine furs and feathers when my children are strangers to me? All the fur coats in the world can't warm up the loneliness inside my heart. All the grandest feathers can't hide the bitter shame in my face that my children shame themselves from me."

Hanneh Breineh suddenly loomed over them like some ancient, heroic figure of the Bible condemning unrighteousness.

"Why should my children shame themselves from me? From where did they get the stuff to work themselves up in the world? Did they get it from the air? How did they get all their smartness to rise over the people around them? Why don't the children of born American mothers write my

16. **Talmud**, the body of Jewish civil and religious laws.

Benny's plays? It is I, who never had a chance to be a person, who gave him the fire in his head. If I would have had a chance to go to school and learn the language, what couldn't I have been? It is I and my mother and my mother's mother and my father and my father's father who had such a black life in Poland; it is our choked thoughts and feelings that are flaming up in my children and making them great in America. And yet they shame themselves from me!"

For a moment Mr. and Mrs. Pelz were hypnotized by the sweep of her words. Then Hanneh Breineh sank into a chair in utter exhaustion. She began to weep bitterly, her body shaking with sobs.

"Woe is me! For what did I suffer and hope on my children? A bitter old age—my end. I'm so lonely!"

All the dramatic fire seemed to have left her. The spell was broken. They saw the Hanneh Breineh of old, ever discontented, ever complaining, even in the midst of riches and plenty.

"Hanneh Breineh," said Mrs. Pelz, "the only trouble with you is that you got it too good. People will tear the eyes out of your head because you're complaining yet. If I only had your fur coat! If I only had your diamonds! I have nothing. You have everything. You are living on the fat of the land. You go right back home and thank God that you don't have my bitter lot."

"You got to let me stay here with you," insisted Hanneh Breineh. "I'll not go back to my children except when they bury me. When they will see my dead face, they will understand how they killed me."

Mrs. Pelz glanced nervously at her husband. They barely had enough covering for their one bed; how could they possibly lodge a visitor?

"I don't want to take up your bed," said Hanneh Breineh. "I don't care if I have to sleep on the floor or on the chairs, but I'll stay here for the night."

Seeing that she was bent on staying, Mr. Pelz prepared to sleep by putting a few chairs next to the trunk, and Hanneh Breineh was invited to share the rickety bed with Mrs. Pelz.

The mattress was full of lumps and hollows. Hanneh Breineh lay cramped and miserable, unable to stretch out her limbs. For years she had been accustomed to hair mattresses and ample woolen blankets, so that though she covered herself with her fur coat, she was too cold to sleep. But worse than the cold were the creeping things on the wall. And as the lights were turned low, the mice came through the broken plaster and raced across the floor. The foul odors of the kitchen-sink added to the night of horrors.

"Are you going back home?" asked Mrs. Pelz, as Hanneh Breineh put on her hat and coat the next morning.

"I don't know where I'm going," she replied, as she put a bill into Mrs. Pelz's hand.

For hours Hanneh Breineh walked through the crowded ghetto streets. She realized that she no longer could endure the sordid ugliness of her past, and yet she could not go home to her children. She only felt that she must go on and on.

In the afternoon a cold, drizzling rain set in. She was worn out from the sleepless night and hours of tramping. With a piercing pain in her heart she at last turned back and boarded the subway for Riverside Drive. She had fled from the marble sepulcher of the Riverside apartment to her old home in the ghetto; but now she knew that she could not live there again. She had outgrown her past by the habits of years of physical comforts, and these material comforts that she could no

longer do without choked and crushed the life within her.

A cold shudder went through Hanneh Breineh as she approached the apartment-house. Peering through the plate glass of the door she saw the face of the uniformed hall-man. For a hesitating moment she remained standing in the drizzling rain, unable to enter, and yet knowing full well that she would have to enter.

Then suddenly Hanneh Breineh began to laugh. She realized that it was the first time she had laughed since her children had become rich. But it was the hard laugh of bitter sorrow. Tears streamed down her furrowed cheeks as she walked slowly up the granite steps.

"The fat of the land!" muttered Hanneh Breineh, with a choking sob as the hall-man with immobile face deferentially swung open the door—"the fat of the land!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. In Part I of this story note: (a) the means by which the author brings out the character of the women; (b) the kind of life they live; its poverty, superstition, difficulties; (c) the language.

2. What changes have taken place in the twenty years supposed to have passed between Part I and Part II? Is Hanneh happy? Why do the two friends go to the kitchen? At Benny's dinner are your sympathies with the children or with Hanneh? What does Benny mean by saying: "But wherever there is growth, there is pain and heartbreak"? What incidents later in the story show that Hanneh still clings to the old life? What does she mean by "your American way"?

3. How does the mother account for Benny's success? Explain her statement that "It is our choked thoughts and feelings that are flaming up in my children and making them great in America." Why, then, does she complain?

4. What do you think is the meaning of Hanneh's last words, which also give the title to the story?

No. 1075 PACKS CHOCOLATES

CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

When the time for me to begin factory work came, there appeared but one advertisement among "Help Wanted —Female" which did not call for "experience." One large candy factory bid for "girls and women, good wages to start, experience not necessary," and in a part of town which could be reached without starting out the night before. At 7:15 of a Monday morning we were off, with a feeling something akin to stage fright. Once we heard a hobo tell of the first time he ever tried to get on a freight train in the dark of night when it was moving. But we chewed our gum very boldly.

One of the phases of finding a job often criticized by those who would add somewhat of dignity to labor is the system of hiring. Like a lot of other things, perhaps, you don't mind the present system if you get by. Here was this enormous, good-looking factory. On one side of the front steps, reaching all the way up into the main entrance hall, stood a line of men waiting for jobs; on the other side, though not near so long a line, the girls. The regular employees file by. At last, about eight o'clock, the first man is beckoned. Just behind the corner of a glassed-in telephone booth, but in full view of all, he is questioned by an employee in a white duck suit. Man after man is sent on out, to the growing discouragement, no doubt, of those remaining in line. At last, around a little corner in the stairs, the first girl is summoned. The line moves up. A queer-looking man with pop eyes asks a few questions. The girl goes on upstairs. I am fourth in line—a steam heater next and the actions of my insides make the temperature seem 120 at least. My turn.

"How much experience you've had?"

"None."

"What you work in last?"

"Didn't work in a factory—been doin' housework—takin' care of kids."

"Well, I start you packing. You get thirteen dollars this week, fourteen dollars next—you understand?"

He writes something on a little card and I go upstairs with it. There I am asked my name, age (just did away with ten years while I was at it). Married or single? Goodness! hadn't thought of that. In the end a lie there would make less conversation. Single. Nationality—Eyetalian? No, American. It all has to be written on a card. At that point my eye lights on a sign which reads: "Hours for girls 8 A.M.–6 P.M. Saturdays 8–12." Whew! My number is 1075. The time clock works so. My key hangs on this hook; then after I ring up, it hangs here. (That was an entrancing detail I had not anticipated—made me wish we had to ring up at noon as well as morning and night.) Locker key 222. A man takes me in the elevator to the third floor and there hands me over to Ida. The locker works thus and so. Didn't I have no apron? No—but tomorrow I'd bring it, and a cap. Sure.

Three piles of boxes and trucks and barrels, and Ida opens a great door like a safe, and there we are in the packing room—from the steam heater downstairs to the North Pole. Cold? Nothing ever was so cold. Ten long zinc-topped tables, a girl or two on each side. At the right, windows which let in no air and little light, nor could you see out at all. On the left, shelves piled high with wooden boxes. Mostly all a body can think of is how cold, cold, cold it is. Something happens to chocolates otherwise.

That first day it is half-pound boxes. My side of the table holds some sixty at a time. First the date gets stamped on the bottom, then partitions are fitted in. "Here's your sample. Under the table you'll find the candies, or else ask Fannie, there. You take the paper cup so, in your left hand, give them a snap so, lick your fingers now and then, slip a cup off, stick the candy in with your right hand." And Ida is off.

The saints curse the next person who delicately picks a chocolate from its curled casing and thinks it grew that way—came born in that paper cup. May he or she choke on it! Can I ever again buy chocolates otherwise than loose in a paper bag? You push and shove—not a cup budges from its friends and relatives. Perhaps your fingers need more licking. Perhaps the cups need more "snapping." In the end you hold a handful of messed-up crumpled erstwhile cup-shaped paper containers, the first one pried off looking more like a puppy-chewed mat by the time it is loose and a chocolate planted on its middle. By then, needless to remark, the bloom is off the chocolate. It has the look of being clutched in a warm hand during an entire circus parade. Whereat you glance about furtively and quickly eat it. It is nice the room is cold; already you fairly perspire. One mussed piece of naked brown paper in a corner of a box.

The table ahead, fingers flying like mad over the boxes, works Annie. It is plain she will have sixty boxes done before I have one. Just then a new girl from the line of that morning is put on the other side of my table. She is very cold. She fares worse with brown paper cups than I. Finally she puts down the patient piece of chocolate candy and takes both hands to the job of separating one cup from the others. She places what is left of the chocolate in the middle of what is left of the paper, looks at me, and better than any ouija board I know what is going

on in her head. I smile at her, she smiles back, and she eats that first chocolate. Tessie and I are friends for life.

Then we tackle the second union of chocolate and paper. Such is life. Allah be praised, the second goes a shade less desperately than the first, the third than the second, and in an hour chocolate and paper get together without untoward damage to either. But the room stays feeling warm. Anon a sensation begins to get mixed up with the hectic efforts of fingers. Yes, yes—now it's clear what it is—feet! Is one never to sit down again as long as one lives? Clumsy fingers—feet. Feet—clumsy fingers. Finally you don't give a cent if you never learn to pry those paper cups loose without wrenching your very soul in the effort. If once before you die—just once—you can sit down! Till 12 and then after, 1 till 6. Help!

A bell rings. "All right, girls!" sings Ida down the line. Everyone drops everything, and out into the warm main third floor we go. All the world is feet. Somehow those same feet have to take their possessor out to forage for food. Into a little dirty, crowded grocery and delicatessen store we wedge ourselves, to stand, stand, stand, until at last we face the wielder of a long knife. When in Rome do as the Romans do. "A bologna and a ham sandwich and five cents' worth of pickles." Slabs of rye bread, no butter, large, generous slices of sausage and ham which hang down curtainlike around the bread—twenty-one cents. Feet take me back to the factory lunch room. At last I flop on a chair. Sing songs to chairs; write poems to chairs; paint chairs!

Dear German Tessie, pal of the morning, she who ate more chocolates than I and thus helped to sustain my moral courage—Tessie and I eat bologna sausage sandwiches together and *sit*. The feet of Tessie are very, very badly off—ach!—but they feel—they feel—jus' fierce—and till six o'clock.

A gong sounds. Up we go to the ice-box packing room. It sends the shivers down our spines. But already there is a feeling of sauntering in like an old hand at the game. What's your business in life? Packing chocolates. The half-pound boxes get finished, wax paper on top, covered, stacked, counted, put on the truck.

"Lena! Start the girl here in on 'assorteds.' "

Pert little Lena sidles up alongside and nudges me in the ribs.

"Say, got a fella?"

I give Lena one look, for which Belasco should pay me a thousand dollars a night. Lena reads it out loud quick as a wink. She snickers, pokes me in the ribs again, and, "What do I think you are, hey?" That's just what I'd meant. "Gee!" says Lena. "Some fool what can't get some kind of a dope!"

"You said it!"

"Say, got more 'n one dope?" asks Lena, hopefully. Meanwhile she sets out, with my aid, row after row of dinky little deep boxes.

"Say now," say I to Lena, "and what would a girl be doin' with jus' *one* dope?"

"You said it!" says Lena.

At which follows a discussion on dopes, ending by Lena's promising never to vamp my dope if I won't vamp hers.

"Where'd ya work last?" asks Lena.

One thing the first day taught me. If you want to act the part and feel the part, earrings and gum help, but if there is one thing you are more conscious of than all else, it is such proper

70. **Belasco**, David, American dramatic manager and author.

English as you possess—which compared to Boston is not much, but compared to Lena and Ida and Mary and Louise and Susie and Annie is painfully flawless. Chew hard as ever you can, if you tell Fannie, "There aren't any more plantations," it echoes and reëchoes and shrieks at you from the four sides of Christendom. But holler, "Fannie, there ain't no more plantations!" and it is like the gentle purring of a home cat by comparison.

So then, back that first day Lena asked, "Where'd ya work last?"

"Didn't work in a factory before."

" 'Ain't ya? "

"No, I 'ain't." (Gulp.) "I took care of kids."

"Gee! bet they was fresh."

"You said it!"

"Lena!" hollers Ida. "Get ta work and don't talk so much!" Whereat Lena gives me another poke in my cold ribs and departs. And Tessie and I pack "assorteds": four different chocolates in the bottom of each box, four still different ones in the top—about three hundred and fifty boxes on our table. We puff and labor on the top layer and Ida breezes along. "Look at that! Where's your cardboards?"

Tessie and I look woebegone at one another. Cardboards? Cardboards?

Ida glues her Eyetalian eye on Lena down the line. "Lena, you fool, didn't you tell these here girls about cardboards?" . . . Whereat she dives into our belabored boxes and grabs those ached-over chocolates and hurls them in a pile. "Get all them top ones out. Put in cardboards. Put 'em all in again." Tessie and I almost could have wept. By that time it is about four. We are all feet, feet, *feet.* First I try standing on one foot to let the other think I might really, after all, be sitting down. Then I stand on it and give the other a delusion. Then I try standing on the sides, the toes, the heels. *Feet!* "Ach!" moans Tessie. "Tomorrow I go look for a job in a biscuit factory."

"Leave me know if you get a sit-down one."

And in that state—*feet*—Ida makes us pack over the whole top layer in three hundred and fifty boxes. Curses on Lena and her "dopes." Or curses on me that I could so suddenly invent such picturesque love affairs that Lena forgot all about cardboards.

About then my locker key falls through a hole in my waist pocket and on to the floor and out of sight. In the end it takes a broom handle poked about diligently under the bottom shelf of our table to make a recovery. Before the key appear chocolates of many shapes and sizes, long reposing in oblivion under the weighty table. The thrifty Spanish woman behind me gathers up all the unsquashed ones and packs them. "Mus' be lots of chocolates under these 'ere tables, eh?" she notes wisely and with knit brows. As if to say that, were she boss, she'd poke with a broom under each and every bottom shelf and fill many a box.

At least my feet get a moment's rest while I am down on my hands and knees among the debris from under the tables.

By five o'clock Tessie thinks she'll throw up her job then and there. "Ach! Ach! My feet!" she moans. I secretly plan to kill the next person who gives me a box of chocolate candy.

Surely it is almost six.

Five minutes after five.

The bell has forgotten to ring. It must be seven.

Quarter after five.

Now for sure and certain it is midnight.

Half-past five.

My earrings begin to hurt. You can take off earrings. But *feet*—

Tessie says she's eaten too many candies; her stomach does her pain. Her feet aren't so hurting now her *magen* is so bad. I couldn't eat another chocolate for five dollars, but my stomach refuses to feel in any way that takes my mind in the least off my feet.

Eternity has passed on. It must be beyond the Judgment Day itself.

Ten minutes to six.

When the bell does ring I am beyond feeling any emotion. There is no part of me with which to feel emotion. I am all feet, and feet either do not feel at all or feel all weary unto death. During the summer I had played one match in a tennis tournament 7-5, 5-7, 13-11. I had thought I was ready to drop dead after that. It was mere knitting in the parlor compared to how I felt after standing at that table in that candy factory from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., with a bit of a half-hour's sitting at noon.

Somehow you could manage to endure it all if it were not for the crowning agony of all—standing up on the Subway going home. I am no agressive feminist, and I am no old-fashioned clinging vine, but I surely do hate, hate, hate every man in that Subway who sits back in comfort (and most of them look as if they had been sitting all day) while I and my feet stand up. When in my utter anguish I find myself swaying with the jerks and twists of the express in front of a person with a Vandyke beard reading *The Gospel According to St. John*, I long with all the energy left in me (I still have some in my arms) to grab that book out of his hands, fling it in his face, and hiss, "Hypocrite!" at him. I do not believe I ever knew what it was really and honestly to hate a person before. If it had been the *Police Gazette* I could have borne up under it. But *The Gospel According to St. John!*

Thus ends my first factory day. It is small comfort to calculate I stepped on more chocolates in those nine hours than I usually eat in a year. To be sure, it was something new on the line of life's experiences. If that man in front of me were only a chocolate with soft insides and I could squash him flat! Yes, there was enough energy in my feet for that. To get my heel square above him and then *stamp*—ugh! the sinner! He continues reading *The Gospel According to St. John*, nor so much as looks up to receive my last departing glare as I drag myself off at One Hundred Sixteenth Street.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, the next morning my feet feel as if they had never been stood on before. What if we do have to stand up in the Subway all the way down? Who minds standing in the Subway? And then stand in the jammed and elbowing cross-town car. Who cares? And how we do walk up those factory steps as if we owned the world! The chestiness of us as we take our key off left-hand hook 1075, ring up under the clock (twenty minutes early we are) and hang up on No. 1075 right; but it seems you are late if you are not ten minutes early. It is the little tricks like that you get wise about.

I saunter over to the elevator with a jam of colored girls—the majority of the girls in that factory were colored. I call out, "Third, please." Oh glory be! Why were we ever born? That elevator man turns around and pierces me with his eye as though I were the man with a Vandyke beard in the Subway, and he, the elevator man, were I. "*Third* floor, did ya say? And since when does the elevator lift ya to the *third* floor? If you want the sixth floor ya can ride. *Third* floor! *Third* floor!" And on and on he mutters and

4. **magen**. stomach.

up and up I go, all the proud feelings of owning the world stripped from me—exposed before the multitudes as an ignoramus who didn't know any better than to ride in the elevator when she was bound only for the third floor. "*Third* floor," continues muttering the elevator man. At last there is no one left in the elevator but the muttering man and me. "Well," I falter, chewing weakly on my Black Jack, "What shall I do, then?"

"I'll leave ya off at the third this time, but don't ya try this trick again."

"Again? Goodness! You don't think I'd make this mistake twice, do you?"

"*Twice?*" he bellows. "*Twice?* Didn't I have this all out with ya yesterday mornin'?"

"Goodness, no!" I try to assure him, but he is putting me off at third and calling after me: "Don't I know I did tell ya all this yesterday mornin'? And don't ya forget it next time, neither." It must be awful to be that man's wife. But I love him compared to the Vandyke beard in the Subway reading *The Gospel According to St. John.*

Everybody is squatting about on scant corners and ledges waiting for the eight o'clock bell. I squat next the thrifty Spanish lady, whereat she immediately begins telling me the story of her life.

"You married?" she asks. No. "Well don' you do it," says the fat and mussy Espaniole, as the girls called her. "I marry man—five years, all right. One morning I say, 'I go to church—you go too?' He say 'No, I stay home.' I go church. I come home. I fin' him got young girl there. I say, 'You clear out my house, you your young girl!' Out he go, she go. 'Bout one year 'go he say he come back. I say no you don'. He beg me, beg me come home. I say no, no, no. He write me letter, letter, letter. I say no, no, no. Bymby I say alright, you come live my house. He live one room, I live one room. Two weeks 'go he die. Take all my money, put him in cemetery. I have buy me black waist, black skirt. I got no money more. I want move from that house—no want live that house no more—give me bad dreams. I got no money move. Got son thirteen. He t'ink me fool have man around like that. I no care. See he sen's letter, letter, letter. Now I got no money. I have work."

The bell rings. We shiver ourselves into the ice box.

No Tessie across the table. Instead a strange, unkempt female who sticks it out half an hour, announces she has the chills in her feet, and departs. Her place is taken by a slightly less disheveled young woman who claims she'd packed candy before where they had seats and she thought she'd go back. They paid two dollars less a week, but it was worth two dollars to sit down. How she packs! The sloppiest work I ever saw. It outrages my soul. The thrill of new pride I have when Ida gets through swearing at her and turns to me.

"Keep your eye on this girl, will ya? Gee! she packs like a fright!" And to the newcomer: "You watch that girl across the table" (me, she means —me!) "and do the way she does."

No first section I ever got in economics gave me such joy.

But, ah! the first feeling of industrial bitterness creeps in. Here is a girl getting fourteen dollars a week. Tessie was promised fourteen dollars a week. I packed faster, better, than either of them for thirteen dollars. I would have fourteen dollars, too, or know the reason why. Ida fussed and scolded over the new girls all day. The sweetness of her entire neglect of me!

By that noon my feet hardly hurt at all. I sit in a quiet corner to eat rye-bread sandwiches brought from home, gambling on whom I will draw for luncheon company. Six colored girls sit down at my table. A good part of the time they spend growling on the subject of overtime. I am too new to know what it is all about.

The lunch room is a bare, white-washed, huge affair, with uplifting advice on the walls here and there. "Any fool can take a chance; it takes brains to be careful," and such like. One got me all upset: "America is courteous to its women. Gentlemen will, therefore, please remove their hats in this room." That Vandyke beard in the Subway!

By 4:30 again I think my feet will be the death of me. That last hour and a half! Louie, the general errand boy of our packing room, brushes by our table with some trays and knocks about six of my carefully packed boxes on the floor. "You Louie!" I holler. "You Louie! Go off and die!" I almost hold my own—468 boxes of "assorteds" do I pack. And again the anguishing stand in the Subway. I hate men—hate them. I just hope every one of them gets greeted by a nagging wife when he arrives home. Hope she nags all evening. . . . If enough of those wives really did do enough nagging, would the men thereupon stay downtown for dinner and make room in the Subway for folk who had been standing, except for one hour, from 7:15 A.M.? At last I see a silver lining to the dark cloud of marital infelicity. . . .

Lillian of the bright-pink boudoir cap engaged me in conversation this morning. Lillian is around the Indian summer of life—as to years, but not atmosphere. Lillian has seen better days. Makes sure you know it. Never did a lick of work in her life. At that she makes a noise with her upper lip the way a body does in southern Oregon when he uses a toothpick after a large meal. "No, sir, never did a lick." Lillian says "did" and not "done." Practically no encouragement is needed for Lillian to continue. "After my husband died I blew in all the money he left me in two years. Since then I have been packing chocolates." How long ago was that?

"Five years."

"What did you do with your feet for five years?" I ask.

"Oh, you get used to it," says Lillian. "For months I cried every night. Don't any more. But I lie down while I'm warmin' up my supper, and then I go to bed soon as its et."

Five years!

"Goin' to vote?" asks Lillian.

"Sure."

"I'm not," allows Lillian. "To my notions all that votin' business is nothing for a lady to get mixed up in. No, sir." Lillian makes that noise with her upper lip again. Lillian's lips are very red, her eyebrows very black. I'll not do anything, though, with my eyebrows. Says Lillian: "No, siree, not for a lady. I got a good bet up on the election. Yes, sir!— fifty dollars on Harding."

And five years of going to bed every night after supper.

Tessie is back. I do love Tessie, and I know Tessie loves me. She had not gone hunting for another job, as I thought. Her husband had had his elbow broken with an electric machine of some sort where he works on milk cans. The morning before she had taken him to the hospital. That made her ten minutes late to the factory. The little pop-eyed man told her, "You go on home!" and off she went. "But he tell me that once more I no come back again," said Tessie, her cheeks very red.

I begin to understand the "class feeling"—to understand a lot of things I wanted to know first hand. In the first place, there is no thought ever, and I don't see in that factory how there can be, for the boss and his interests. Who is he? Where is he? The nearest one that comes to him is the pop-eyed man at the door. Once in a while Ida hollers "Work faster!" Now that doesn't inspire to increased production for long. There stands Tessie across the table from me—peasant Tessie from near München, with her sweet face and white turned-up cap. She packs as fast as she can, but her hands are clumsy and she can't seem to get the difference between chocolates very well. It is enough to drive a seer crazy. They change the positions on the shelves every so often; the dipping-machine tenders cut capers and mark the same kind of chocolates differently today from yesterday. By three in the afternoon you're too sick of chocolates to do any more investigating by sampling. Even Ida herself has sometimes to poke a candy in the bottom—if it feels one way it's "marsh"; another, it's peach; another, it's coconut. But my feeling is not educated, and I poke, and then end by having to bite, and then, just as I discover it is peach, after all, someone has run off with the last box and Ida has to be found and a substitute declared.

Tessie gives up in despair and hurls herself on me. So then Tessie is nearest to me in the whole factory, and Tessie is slow. The faster I pack the more it shows up Tessie's slowness. If Ida scolded Tessie it would break my heart. The thought of the man who owns that factory, and his orders and his profits and his obligations, never enter my or any other packer's head. I will not pack so many boxes that Tessie gets left too far behind.

Then a strange thing happens. All of a sudden I get more interested in packing chocolates than anything else on earth. A little knack or twist comes to me—my fingers fly (for me). I forget Tessie. I forget the time. I forget my feet. How many boxes can I pack today? That is all I can think of. I don't want to hear the noon bell. I can't wait to get back after lunch. I fly out after the big boxes to pack the little boxes in. In my haste and ignorance I bring back covers by mistake and pack dozens of little boxes in covers. It must all be done over again. Six hundred boxes I pack this day. I've not stopped for breath. I'm not a bit tired when six o'clock comes round. I ask Ida when she will put me on piecework—it seems the great ambition of my life is to feel I am on piecework. "When you can pack about two thousand boxes a day," says Ida. Two thousand! I was panting and proud over six hundred! "Never mind," says Ida, "you're makin' out fine." Oh, the thrill of those words! I asked her to show me again about separating the paper cups. I didn't have it just right, I was sure. "What ambition!" sighed Ida. Yes, but the ambition did not last more than a few days at that pitch.

Tessie wanted to tell me something about her *Mann* today so badly, but could not find the English words. Her joy when I said, "Tell me in German"! How came I to speak German? I'd spent three years in Germany with an American family, taking care of the children. Honest for once.

"That was luck for you," says Tessie.

"That was sure luck for me," says I—honest again.

14. München, Munich.

85. Mann, husband.

Wherever Lena works there floats conversation for a radius of three tables. The subject matter is ever the same—"dopes." "Is he big? . . . Gee! I say! . . . More like a sister to him. . . . He never sees the letters." "Lena" (from Ida), "shut up and get to work!" . . . "I picked him up Sunday. . . . Where's them wax papers? . . . Third she vamped in two days. . . . Sure treats a girl swell . . . Them ain't pineapples . . ." "Lee-na! get to work!" And pretty Lena giggles on: "He says. . . . She says to him. . . . Sure my father says if he comes 'round again. . . ."

And Tessie and I; I bend over to hear Tessie's soft, low German as she tells me how good her *Mann* is to her; how he never, never scolds, no matter if she buys a new hat or what; how he brings home all his pay every week and gives it to her. He is such a good *Mann*. They are saving all their money. In two years they will go back near München and buy a little farm.

Tessie and her poor *Mann*, with his broken elbow and his swollen arm all black and blue, couldn't sleep last night. Oh dear! this New York! One man at one corner he talk about Harding, one man other corner he talk about Cox; one man under their window he talk MacSwiney—New York talk, talk, talk!

Looked like rain today, but how can a body buy an umbrella appropriate to chocolate packing at thirteen dollars a week when the stores are all closed before work and closed after? I told Lillian my troubles. I asked Lillian if a cheap umbrella could be purchased in the neighborhood.

"Cheap," sniffs Lillian. "I don't know. I got me a nice one—simple though—at Macy's for twelve-fifty." Lillian may take to her bed after supper, but while she is awake she is going to be every inch to the manner born.

By the time I pack the two thousandth box of "assorteds" my soul turns in revolt. "If you give me another 'assorted' to pack," say I to Ida, "I'll lie down here on the floor and die."

She gets me fancy pound boxes with a top and bottom layer, scarce two candies alike, and Tessie beams on me like a mother with an only child. "That takes the brains!" says Tessie. "Not for me! It gives me the ache in my head to think of it."

Indeed it near gives me the ache in mine. Before the next to the last row is packed the bottom looks completely filled. Where can four fat chocolates in cups find themselves? I push the last row over gently to make room— three chocolates in the middle rear up and stand on end. Press them gently down and two more on the first row get out of hand. At last the last row is in—only to discover four candies here and there have all sprung their moorings. For each one I press down gently, another some place else acts up. How long can my patience hold out? Firmly, desperately I press that last obstreperous chocolate down in its place. My finger goes squash through the crusty brown, and pink goo oozes up and out. A fresh strawberry heart must be found. "Ain't no more," announces Fannie. Might just as well tell an artist there is only enough paint for one eye on his beautiful portrait. Of course another chocolate can be substituted. But a strawberry heart was what belonged there!

At last the long rows of boxes are packed, wax paper laid over each—to blow off every time Louie goes by. Then come covers with lovely ladies in low-neck dresses on the tops—and the room so cold, anyhow. Why are all the pictures on all the boxes smiling

ladies in scanty attire, instead of wrapped to the ears in fur coats so that a body might find comfort in gazing on them in such a temperature?

Ida comes along and peers in one box. "You can consider yourself a fancy packer now—see?" Harding the night of the election felt less joyous than do I at her words.

This night there is a lecture at the New School for Social Research to be attended. If some of those educated foreigners in our room can go to night school, I guess I can keep up my school. They are all foreigners but Lillian and Sadie and me. Sadie is about the same Indian-summer stage as Lillian and uses even better English. Her eyebrows are also unduly black; her face looks a bit as if she had been trying to get the ring out of the flour with her teeth Halloween. Her lips are very red. Sadie has the air of having just missed being a Vanderbilt. Her boudoir cap is lacy. Her smile is conscious kindness to all as inferiors. One wonders, indeed, what brought Sadie to packing chocolates in the autumn of life—a very wrinkly, powdered autumn. So Lillian, Sadie, and I are the representatives of what the nation produces—not what she gets presented with. As for the rest, there are a Hungarian, two Germans, four Italians, two Spaniards, a Swede, an Englishwoman, and numerous colored folk. Louie is an Italian. Fannie (bless her dear heart! I love Fannie) is colored, with freckles. She is Indian summer too—with a heart of gold. Fannie trudges on her feet all day. Years and years she has been there. At noon she sits alone in the lunch room, and after eating puts her head on her arms and, bending over the cold marble-topped table, gets what rest she can. She was operated on not so long ago, and every so often still has to go to the hospital for a day or so. Everything is at sixes and sevens when Fannie is away.

So then, that night I take my sleepy way to a lecture on "The Rôle of the State in Modern Civilization." And it comes over me in the course of the evening, what a satisfactory thing packing chocolates is. The rôle of the State—some say this, some say that. A careful teacher guards against being dogmatic. When it comes to the past, one interpreter gives this viewpoint, due to certain prejudices; another that viewpoint, due to certain other prejudices. When it comes to the future, no sane soul dare prophesy at all. Thus it is with much which one studies nowadays—we have evolved beyond the era of intellectual surety. What an almighty relief to the soul, then, when one can pack six rows of four chocolates each in a bottom layer, seven rows of four chocolates each in the top, cover them, count them, stack them, pile them in the truck, and away they go. One job *done*—done now and forever. A definite piece of work put behind you—and no one coming along in six months with documents or discoveries or new theories or practices to upset all your labors. I say it is blessed to pack chocolates when one has been studying labor problems for some years. Every professor ought to have a fling at packing chocolates.

Folks wonder why a girl slaves in a factory when she could be earning good money and a home thrown in doing housework. I think of that as I watch Annie. Imagine Annie poking about by her lonesome, saying, "No, ma'm," "Yes, ma'm," "No, sir," "Yes sir." "Can I go out for a few moments, Mrs. Jones?" "Oh, all right, ma'm!" Annie, whose talk echoes up and down the room all day. She is Annie to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who pokes his nose in our packing

room, but they are Tom, Dick, and Harry to her. It is not being called by your first name that makes the rub. It is being called it when you must forever tack on the Mr. and the Mrs. and the Miss. Annie is in awe of no human being. Annie is the fastest packer in the room and draws the most pay. Annie sasses the entire factory. Annie never stops talking unless she wants to. Which is only now and then when her mother has had a bad spell and Annie gets a bit blue. Little Pauline, an Italian, only a few months in this country, only a few weeks in the factory, works across the table from Annie. Pauline is the next quickest packer in our room. She cannot speak a word of English. Annie gives a sigh audible from one end of the room to the next. "If this here Eyetalian don't learn English pretty soon I gotta learn Eyetalian. I can't stand here like a dead one all day with nobody to talk to." Pauline might perhaps be reasoning that, after all, why learn English, since she would never get a silent moment in which to practice any of it.

I very much love little Pauline. All day long her fingers fly; all day long not a word does she speak, only every now and then little Pauline turns around to me and we smile at each other. Once on the street, a block or so from the factory, little Pauline ran up to me, put her arm through mine, and caught my hand. So we walked to work. Neither could say a word to the other. Each just smiled and smiled. For the first time in all my life I really felt the melting pot first hand. To Pauline I was no agent of Americanization, no superior proclaiming the need of bath-tubs and clean teeth, no teacher of the "Star-spangled Banner" and the Constitution. To Pauline I was a fellow-worker, and she must know, for such things are always known, that I loved her. To myself, I felt suddenly the hostess—the generation-long inhabitant of this land so new and strange to little Pauline. She was my guest here. I would indeed have her care for my country, have her glad she came to my home. That day Pauline turned around and smiled more often than before.

I finally settled down to eating lunch daily between Tessie and Mrs. Lewis, the Englishwoman. We do so laugh at one another's jokes. I know everything that ever happened to Tessie and Mrs. Lewis from the time they were born; all the heartbreaking stories of the first homesick months in this my land, all the jobs they have labored at. Mrs. Lewis has worked "in the mills" ever since she was born, it would seem, first in England, later in Michigan. Tessie and her husband mostly have hired out together in this country for housework, and she likes that better than packing chocolates standing up, she says. Mrs. Lewis is—well, she's Indian summer, too, along with Lillian and Sadie and Fannie, only she makes no bones about it (nor does black Fannie, for that matter). Mrs. Lewis is thin and wrinkled, with a skimpy little dust cap on her head. Her nose is very long and pointed, her teeth very false. Her eyes are always smiling. She loves to laugh. One day we were talking about unemployment.

"Don't you know, it's awful in Europe," volunteered Mrs. Lewis.

"One hundred thousand unemployed in Paris alone—saw it in headlines this morning," I advance.

"Paris?" said Tessie. "Paris? Where's Paris?"

If one could always be so sure of one's facts.

"France."

Mrs. Lewis wheels about in her

chair, looks at me sternly over the top of her spectacles, and:

"Do you know, they're telling me that's a pretty fast country, that France."

"You don't say!" I look interested.

"No—no I haven't got the details *yet*"—she clasped her chin with her hand—"but 'fast' was the word I heard used."

Irene is a large, florid, bleached blonde. She worked at the table behind me about four days. "Y' know"—Irene has a salon air—"y' know, I jus' can't stand steppen on these soft chocolates. Nobody knows how I suffer. It just goes through me like a knife." She spent a good part of each day scraping off the bottoms of her French-heeled shoes with a piece of cardboard. It evidently was too much for her nerves. She is no more.

The sign reads, "Saturdays 8-12. When Saturday came around Ida hollered down the room, "Everybody's gotta work today till five." The howl that went up! I supposed "gotta" meant "gotta." But Lena came up to me.

"You gonna work till five? Don't you do it. We had to strike to get a Saturday half holiday. Now they're tellin' us we gotta work till five—pay us for it, o' course. If enough girls 'll stay, pretty soon they'll be sayin: 'See? What ud we tell ya? The girls want to work Saturday afternoons'; and they'll have us back regular again." In the end not a girl in our room stayed, and Ida wrung her hands.

Monday next, though, Ida announced, "Everybody's gotta work till seven tonight 'cause ya all went home Saturday afternoon. Three nights a week now you gotta work till seven." To stand from one to seven! One girl in the room belonged to some union or other. She called out, "Will they pay time and a half for overtime?" At which everyone broke into laughter. "Gee! Ida, here's a girl wants time and a half!" Tessie, Mrs. Lewis, Sadie, and I refused to work till seven. Ida used threats and argument. "I gotta put down your numbers!" We stood firm—six o'clock was long enough. "Gee! You don't notice that last hour —goes like a second," argued Ida. We filed out when the six-o'clock bell rang.

The girls all fuss over the hour off at noon. It takes at best twenty minutes to eat lunch. For the rest of the hour there is no place to go, nothing to do, but sit in the hard chairs at the marble-topped tables in the whitewashed room for half an hour till the bell rings at 12:50, and you can sit on the edge of a truck upstairs for ten minutes longer. They all say they wish to goodness we could have half an hour at noon and get off half an hour earlier at night.

A tragedy the first pay day. I was so excited when that Saturday came round, to see what it would all be like—to get my first pay envelope. About 11:30 two men came in, one carrying a wooden box filled with little envelopes. Girls appear suddenly from every place and crowd around the two men. One calls out a number, the girl takes her envelope and goes off. I keep working away, thinking you are not supposed to step up till your number is called. But, lo! everyone seems paid off and the men departing, whereat I leave my work with beating heart and announce: "You didn't call 1075." But it seems I was supposed to step up and give 1075. I get handed my little envelope. Connie Parker in one corner, 1075 in the other, the date, and $6.81. Six dollars and eighty-one cents, and I had expected fourteen dollars. (I had told Ida at last that I thought I ought to get fourteen dollars,

and she thought so, too, and said she'd "speak to the man" about it.) I clutched Ida—only six dollars and eighty-one cents! "Well, what more do ya want."

"But you said fourteen dollars."

It seems the week goes Thursday to Thursday, instead of Monday to Saturday, so my first pay covered only three days and a deduction for my locker key.

At that moment a little cry just behind me from Louisa. Louisa had been packing with Irene—dark little, frail little Yiddish Louisa; big brawny bleached-blond Irene.

"I've lost my pay envelope!"

Wan little Louisa! She had been talking to Topsy, Fannie's helper. Her envelope had slipped out of her waist, and when she went to pick it up, lo! there was nothing there to pick—fourteen dollars gone! There was excitement for you. Fourteen dollars in Wing 13, Room 3, was equal to fourteen million dollars in Wall Street. Everybody pulled out boxes and searched, got down on hands and knees and poked, and the rest mauled Louisa from head to foot.

"Sure it ain't in your stocking? Well, look *again*."

"What's this?"—jabbing Louisa's ribs—"this?"

Eight hands going over Louisa's person as if the anguished slip of a girl could not have felt that stiff envelope with fourteen dollars in it herself had it been there. She stood helpless, woebegone.

Ida rose Napoleon-like to the rescue. "I'll search everybody in the room!"

Whereat she made a grab at Topsy and removed her. "They" say Topsy was stripped to the breezes in Ida's fury, but no envelope.

Topsy, be it known, was already a suspicious character. That very week Fannie's purse had disappeared under circumstances pointing to Topsy. Which caused a strained relationship between the two. One day it broke—such relationship as existed.

Fannie up at her end of the boxes was heard to screech down the line to where Topsy was sorting chocolate rolls:

"How dare you talk to me like that?"

"I ain't talkin' to you!"

"You am. You called me names."

"I never. I called you nothin', you ole white nigger."

"You stand lie to me like that and call me names?"

"Who say lie? I ain't no liar. You shut up; you ain't my boss. I'll call you anythin' I please, sassin' me that way!"

"I didn't sassed you. You called me names."

"I don't care what I called you—I know what you *is*." Here Topsy gathered all her strength and shouted up to Fannie, "You're a *heifer*, you is."

Now there is much I do not know about the world, and maybe heifer is a word like some one or two others you are never supposed to set down in so many letters. If so, it is new to me and I apologize. The way Topsy called it, and the way Fannie acted on hearing herself called it, would lead one to believe it is a word never appearing in print.

"You—call—me a *heifer*?" shrieked Fannie. "I'll tell you landlady on ya, I will!"

"Don' yo' go mixin' up in my private affairs. You shut yo' mouth, yo' hear me? yo' *heifer*!"

"I *ain't* no heifer!"

Fortunately Ida swung into our midst about then and saved folk from bodily injury. A few days later Fanny informed me privately that she don't say nothin' when that nigger starts rowin' with her, but if she jus' has her

tin lunch box with her next time when that nigger starts talkin' fresh—callin' her a heifer—*her!*—she'll slug her right 'cross the face with it.

So Topsy was searched. When she got her garments back on she appeared at the door—a small black goddess of fury. "Yo' fresh Ida, yo'—yessa—yo' jus' searched me 'cause I'm black. That's all, 'cause I'm black. Why don't you search all that white trash standin' there?" And Topsy flung herself out. Monday she appeared with a new maroon embroidered suit. Cost every nickel of thirty-eight dollars, Fannie informed me. In the packing room she had a hat pin in her cap. Some girl heard Topsy tell some other girls she was going to stick that pin in Fannie if Fannie got sassin' her again. Ida made her remove the hat pin. In an hour she disappeared altogether and stayed disappeared forever after. "Went South," Fannie told me. "Always said she was goin' South when cold weather started. . . . Huh! Thought she'd stick me with a hat pin. I was carryin' a board around all mornin'. If she so much as come near me I was goin' to give her a crack aside the head."

But there was little Louisa—and no longer could she keep back the tears. Nor could ever the pay envelope be unearthed. Later I found her sitting on the pile of dirty towels in the washroom, sobbing her heart out. It was not so much that the money was gone—that was awful enough—fourteen dollars!—fourteen dollars!—oh-h-h—but her mother and father—what would they do to her when she came home and told 'em? They mightn't believe it was lost and think she'd spent it on somethin' for herself. The tears streamed down her face. And that was the last we ever saw of Louisa.

Had "local color" been all we were after, perhaps Wing 13, Room 3, would have supplied sufficient of that indefinitely, with the combination of the ever-voluble Lena and the ever-present labor turnover. Even more we desired to learn the industrial feel of the thing—what do some of the million and more factory women think about the world of work? Remaining longer in Wing 13 would give no deeper clue to that. For all that I could find out, the candy workers there thought nothing about it one way or the other. The younger unmarried girls worked because it seemed the only thing to do—they or their families needed the money, and what would they be doing otherwise? Lena claimed, if she could have her way in the world, she would sleep until twelve every day and go to a show every afternoon. But that life would pall even on Lena, and she giggled wisely when I slangily suggested as much.

The older married women worked either because they had to, since the male breadwinner was disabled (an old fat Irishwoman at the chocolate dipper had a husband with softening of the brain. He was a discharged English soldier who "got too much in the sun in India") or because his tenure of job was apt to be uncertain and they preferred to take no chances. Especially with the feel and talk of unemployment in the air, two jobs were better than none. A few, like Mrs. Lewis, worked to lay by toward their old age. Mrs. Lewis's husband had a job, but his wages permitted of little or no savings. Some of her friends told her: "Oh, well, somebody's bound to look out for you somehow when you get old. They don't let you die of hunger and cold!" But Mrs. Lewis was not so sure. She preferred to save herself from hunger and cold.

Such inconveniences of the job as

existed were taken as being all in the day's work—like the rain or a cold in the head. At some time they must have shown enough ability for temporary organization to strike for the Saturday half holiday. I wish I could have been there when that affair was on. Which girls were the ringleaders? How much agitation and exertion did it take to acquire the momentum which would result in enforcing their demands? Had I entered factory work with any idea of encouraging organization among female factory workers, I should have considered that candy group the most hopeless soil imaginable. Those whom I came in contact with had no class feeling, no ideas of grievances, no ambitions over and above the doing of an uninteresting job with as little exertion as possible.

I hated leaving Tessie and Mrs. Lewis and little Pauline. Already I miss the life behind those candy scenes. For the remainder of my days a box of chocolates will mean a very personal—almost too personal for comfort!—thing to me. But for the rest of the world. . . .

Some place, some moonlight night, some youth, looking like a collar advertisement, will present his fair love with a pound box of fancy assorted chocolates—in brown paper cups; and assured of at least a generous disposition, plus his lovely collar-advertisement hair, she will say yes. On the sofa, side by side, one light dimly shining, the nightingale singing in the sycamore tree beside the front window, their two hearts will beat as one—for the time being. They will eat the chocolates I packed and life will seem a very sweet and peaceful thing indeed. Nor will any disturbing notion of how my feet felt ever reach them, no jarring "you heifer!" float across the states to where they sit. Louie to them does not exist—Louie, forever on the run with, "*Louie*, move these trays!" "*Louie*, bottoms!" "*Louie*, tops!" "*Louie*, cardboards!" "*Louie*, the truck!" "*Louie*, sweep the floor! How many times I told you that today!" "*Louie*, get me a box a' ca'mels, that's a good dope!" "*Louie*, turn out them lights!" "*Louie*, turn on them lights!" "*Louie*, ya leave things settin' round like that!" "*Louie*, where them covers?" and then Louie smashes his fingers and retires for ten minutes.

Nor is Ida more than a strange name to those two on the sofa. No echoes reach them of, "Ida, where them wax papers?" "Ida, where's Fannie?" "Ida, where them picture tops?" "Ida, ain't no more 'coffees.' What'll I use instead?" "Ida! Where's Ida? Mike wants ya by the elevator." "Ida, I jus' packed sixty; ten sixty-two is my number." "Ida, Joe says they want 'drops' on the fifth." "Ida, ain't no more trays." "Ida, gimme the locker-door key. 'M cold—want ma sweater. (Gee! it 'u'd freeze the stuffin' outa ya in this ice box!)"

Those chocolates appeared in a store window in Watertown, and that's enough. Not for their moonlit souls the clang of the men building a new dipper and roller in our room—the bang of the blows of metal on metal as they pierce your soul along about five of a weary afternoon. Lena's giggles and Ida's "Lee-na, stop your talk and go to work! . . . Louie, stop your whistlin'! . . . Girls, don' you know no better 'n' to put two kinds in the same box? . . . Hey, Lena, this yere Eyetalian wants somethin'; come here and find out what's ailin' her. . . . Fannie, ain't there no more plantations? . . . Who left that door open? Louie, how long you gonna take with that truck? . . . Lena, stop your talkin' and go to work. . . ."

And round here, there, and every place, "My feet are like ice!" "Say, len' me some of yo'r cardboards—hey?" "You Pearl White [black as night], got the tops down there?" "Hey, Ida, the Hungarian girl wants somethin'. I can't understand her. . ."

Those two sit on the sofa. The moon shines on the nightingale singing in the sycamore tree. Nor do they ever glimpse a vision of little Italian Pauline's swift fingers dancing over the boxes, nor do they ever guess of wan Louisa's sobs.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Mrs. Parker, as well as her husband, was intensely interested in the problems of labor, and began "working with the workingwoman" in order to learn what could be done to help the untrained worker.

2. Which of the girls seems most attractive to you? What races and nationalities are represented? What does the writer mean by "the melting pot" (page 573, line 42)?

3. Compare this story with "The Fat of the Land" in as many ways as you can.

A CLEAN-UP'S JOB IN THE "PIT"*

CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, JR.

I

Outside the car window, ore-piles were visible, black stacks and sooty sheet-iron mills, coal dumps, and jagged cuts in the hills, against greenness and the meadows and mountains beyond. There were farms here and there, let in by sufference amid the primary apparatus of the steel-makers.

What an amazingly primary thing steel had become in the civilization we called modern! Steel was the basic industry of America; but, more than that, it was, in a sense, the buttress—the essential frame, rather—of present-day life. It made rails, surgical instruments, the girders of skyscrapers, the tools that cut, bored, and filed all the other tools. It was interesting to think that it contained America's biggest "trust," the greatest example of integration, of financial, of managerial combination anywhere to be found. Steel was critical in America's future, wasn't it—critical for business, critical for labor?

I gazed out of the window at the black mills. I was about to learn the steel business. I knew perfectly well that the men who built this basic structure were as hardy and intelligent as this new generation of mine. But the job—difficult, technical job though it was—appeared too simple in their eyes. "Build up business, and society will take care of itself," they had said. A partial breakdown, a partial revolution, had resulted. Perhaps a thorough-going revolution threatened. I didn't know.

I knew there was no "solution." There was nothing so neat as that for this multiform condition. But an *adjustment, a working arrangement,* must be found out somehow by my generation. I expected to discover no specific after working at the bottom of the mill; but I did expect to learn something of the practical technique of making steel; and, alongside that—despite, or perhaps because of, an outsider's fresh vision—some sense of the forces getting ready at the bottom of things, to make or break society. Both kinds of education are certainly up to my generation.

The train jarred under its brakes, and in another minute I had stepped out on the platform. I found the Bouton station, built of gray stone, with deeply overhanging roof and Gothicized windows. It seemed unrelated to the rest of the steel community. On the right loomed a dark gathering of stacks

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rising from irregular acres of sheet-iron roofs. Smoke-columns of various texture, some colored gold from an interior light, streaked the sky immediately above the mill-stacks.

The town spread itself along a valley, and on the sides of encircling hills on my left. In the foreground was Main Street, with stores and restaurants and a fruit-seller. I went across the street to explore for breakfast.

"Can I look at the job?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, "you can look at the job."

I walked from the square, brick office of the open-hearth foreman, and lost my way amid a maze of railroad tracks, trestles, and small brick shanties, at last pushing inside a blackened sheet-iron shell—the mill. I entered by the side, following fierce white lights shining from the half-twilight interior. They seemed immensely brighter than the warm sun in the heavens.

I was conscious first of the blaring mouths of furnaces. There were five of them, and men with shovels in line, marching within a yard, hurling white gravel down red throats. Two of the men were stripped, and their backs were shiny in the red flare. I tried to feel perfectly at home, but discovered a deep consciousness of being overdressed. My straw hat I could have hurled into a ladle of steel.

Someone yelled, "Watch yourself!" and I looked up, with some horror, to note half the mill moving slowly but resolutely onward, bent on my annihilation.

I was mistaken. It was the charging machine, rattling and grinding past furnace No. 7. The machine is a monster, some forty feet from head to rear, stretching nearly the width of the central open space in the mill. The tracks on which it proceeds go the whole length, in front of all the furnaces. I dodged it, or rather ran from it, toward what appeared open water, but found there more tracks for stumbling.

An annoyed whistle lifted itself against the general background of noise. I looked over my shoulder. It relieved me to find a mere locomotive. I knew how to cope with locomotives. It was coming at me leisurely, so I gave it an interested inspection before leaving the track. It dragged a caldron of exaggerated proportions, on a car fitted to hold it easily. A dull glow showed from inside, and a swirl of sparks and smoke shot up and lost themselves among girders.

The annoyed whistle recurred. By now the charging affair had lumbered past, was still threatening noisily, but was two furnaces below. I stepped back into the central spaces of the mill.

The foreman had told me to see the melter, Peter Grayson. I asked a short Italian, with a blazing face and weeping eyes, where the melter was. He stared hostilely at me.

"Pete Grayson," I said.

"Oh, Pete," he returned; "there!"

I followed his eyes past a pile of coal, along a pipe, up to Pete. He was a Russian, of Atlas build, bent, vast-shouldered, with a square head like a box. He was lounging slowly toward me, with short steps. As he came into the furnace-light, I could see that he was an old man, with white hair under his cap, and a wooden face which, I was certain, kept a uniform expression in all weathers.

"What does a third helper do?" I asked when he came alongside.

Pete spat and turned away, as if the question disgusted him profoundly. But I noticed in a moment that he was giving the matter thought.

81. **Atlas**, in Greek mythology the giant who upheld the heavens.

He looked at the floor, considered, and spat. "He works round the furnace," he said.

I saw that I would have to accept this as a prospectus. So I began negotiations.

"I want a job," I said. "I come from Mr. Towers. Have you got anything?"

He looked away again and said, "They want a man on the night shift. Can you come at five?"

My heart leaped a bit at "the night shift." I thought over the schedule the employment manager had rehearsed: "Five to seven, fourteen hours on the night-week."

"Yes," I said.

We had just about concluded this verbal contract, when a chorus of "Heows" hit our eardrums. Men make such a sound in a queer, startling, warning way, difficult to describe. I looked around for the charging machine or locomotive, but neither was in range.

"What are they 'Heowing' about?" I thought violently to myself. But Pete grabbed my arm, with a hand like a crane-hook. "Want to watch y'self," he said; "get hurt"; and I saw the overhead crane, about to carry over our heads a couple of tons of coal, in a huge swaying box.

I looked around a little more before I left, trying to organize some meaning into the operations I observed, trying to wonder how it would be to take a shovel and hurl that white gravel into those red throats.

I said to myself, "I guess I can handle it." And I thought strongly on the worst things I had known in the army.

As I stood, a locomotive entered the mill from the other end, and went down the track before the furnaces. It was dragging flat cars, with iron boxes as big as coffins laid crosswise on them. I went over, and looked carefully at the trainload, and at one or two of the boxes. They were filled with irregular shapes of iron—wire coils, bars, weights, sheets, fragments of machines; in short, scrap.

"This is what they eat," I thought, glancing at the glowing doors. "I wonder how many tons a day."

I waited till the locomotive came to a shaken stop in front of the middle furnace, then left the mill by the tracks along which it had entered.

I followed them out and along a short bridge. A little way to my right was solid ground—the yards, where I had been. Back of Mr. Towers's little office were more mills. I picked out the power house—half a city block. Behind them all were five cone-shaped towers against the sky, and a little smoke curling over the top—the blast furnaces. Behind me the Bessemer furnace threw off a cloud of fire, which had changed while I was in the mill from brown to brownish gold. In front, and to my left, the tracks ran on the edge of a sloping embankment, which fell away quickly to a lower level. Fifty yards from the base was the blooming-mill, where the metal, I knew, was being rolled into great slabs called "blooms." A vague red glow came out of its interior twilights.

Down through the railroad ties on which I walked was open space, twenty feet below. Two workmen were coming out with dinner-buckets. I had a curiosity to know the arrangement and workings of the dark mill-cellar from which they came.

Turning back on the open-hearth mill, when I had crossed the bridge, I could see that it extended itself in a sort of gigantic lean-to shelter over what the melter had called the "pit." There was a crane moving about there, and more centers of light. I wondered about that area, too, and what sort of work the men did.

When I reached the end of the track,

I thought to myself, "I go to work at five o'clock. How about clothes?"

No one in the mill wore overalls, except the carpenters and millwrights, and so on. The helpers on the furnaces were clad in shapeless, baggy, gray affairs for trousers, and their shirts were blue or gray, with a rare khaki. Hats were either degraded felts or those black-visor effects—like those worn by locomotive engineers.

The twelve-o'clock whistle blew. A few men had been moving toward the gate slowly for minutes. The whistle sent them on at top walking-speed. I stared at them, to assure myself as to the correct dress for steel-makers.

II

I walked the four hundred yards to the open hearths, at a quarter to five, and noticed clearly for the first time the yard of the blooming-mill. Here sheets and bars of steel, looking as if they weighed several thousand pounds each, were issuing from the mill on continuous treads, and moving about the yard in an orderly, but most complex manner. Electric cranes were sweeping over the quarter-acre of yard-space, and lifting and piling the bars swiftly and precisely upon flat cars.

I entered the open-hearth mill by the tracks that ran close to the furnaces. The mill noises broke on me: a moan and rattle of cranes overhead—fifty-ton ones—the jarring of the train-loads of charge-boxes stopping suddenly in front of Number 4, and minor sounds, like chains jangling on being dropped, or gravel swishing out of a box. I was conscious of muscles growing tense in the face of this violent environment—a somewhat artificial and eager calm. I walked with excessive firmness, and felt my personality contracting itself into the mere sense of sight and sound. I looked for Pete.

"He's in his shanty," said an American furnace-helper who was getting into his mill clothes.

I went after Pete's shanty. It was a sheet-iron box, 12 by 12, midway down the floor, near a steel beam. Pete was coming out, buttoning the lower buttons of a blue shirt. He looked through my head and passed me, much as he had passed the steel beam. With two or three steps, I moved out and blocked his way. He looked at me, loosened his face, and said very cheerfully, "Hello."

"I've come to work," I said.

"Here," he said, "you'll work th' pit t'night. Few days, y'know—get used ter things."

He led the way to some iron stairs, and we went down together into that darkened region under the furnaces, about whose function I had speculated.

To the left, I could make out tracks. (Railroads seemed to run through a steel mill from cellar to attic.) And at intervals, from above the tracks, torrents of sparks swept into the dark, with now and then a small stream of yellow fire.

We stumbled over bricks, mud, clay, a shovel, and the railroad track. In front of a narrow curtain of molten slag we waited for some moments. We were under the middle furnaces, I calculated. Gradually the curtain ceased, and Pete leaped under the hole from which it had come.

"Watch yourself," he said.

I followed him, with a broad jump, and a prayer about the falling slag.

We came out into the pit, which had so many bright centers of molten steel that it was lighter than outdoors. I watched Pete's back chiefly, and my own feet. We kept stepping between little chunks of dark slag, that made your feet hot, and close to a bucket ten feet high, that gave forth smoke. Wheelbarrows we met, with and with-

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A STEEL MILL ON THE GREAT LAKES

out men, and metal boxes, as large as wagons, dropped about a dirt floor. We avoided a hole with a fire at its center.

At last, at the edge of the pit, near more tracks, we ran into the pit gang: eight or ten men, leaning on shovels and forks, and blinking at the molten metal falling into a huge ladle.

"Y'work *here*," said Pete, and moved on. I remember feeling a half-pleasurable glow as I looked about the strenuous environment of which I was to become a part—a glow mixed with a touch of anxiety as to what I was up against for the next fourteen hours.

Two of the eight men looked at me and grinned. I grinned back and put on my gloves.

"Number 6 furnace?" I asked, nodding toward the stream.

"Ye-ah," said the man next me.

He was a cleanly built person in loose corduroy pants, blue shirt open at his neck. Italian.

He grinned with extraordinary friendliness, and said—

"First night, this place?"

"Yes," I returned.

We both turned to look at the stream again. For ten minutes we stared.

I was eager to organize into reasonableness a little of this strenuous process that was going forward with a hiss and a roar about me.

"That's the ladle?" I asked, to start things.

"Ye-ah, where yer see metal come, dat's spout; crane tak' him over pour-platform, see; pour-man mak li'l hole in ladle, fill up mol'—see de mol' on de flat cars?"

The Italian was a professor to me. I got the place named and charted in good shape before the night was out. The pit was an area of perhaps half an acre, with open sides and a roof. Two cranes traversed its entire extent; and a railway passed through its outer edge, bearing mammoth molds, seven feet high above their flat cars. Every furnace protruded a spout; and when the molten steel inside was "cooked," tilted backward slightly and poured into a ladle. A bunch of things hap-

pened before that pouring. Men appeared on a narrow platform with a very twisted railing, near the spout, and worked for a time with rods. They prodded up inside, till a tiny stream of fire broke through. Then you could see them start back to escape the deluge of molten steel. The stream in the spout would swell to the circumference of a man's body, and fall into the ladle—that over-sized bucket thing hung conveniently for it by the electric crane. A dizzy tide of sparks accompanied the stream, and shot out quite far into the pit, at times causing men to slap themselves, to keep their clothing from breaking out into a blaze. There were always staccato human voices against the mechanical noise, and you distinguished by inflection whether you heard command, or assent, or warning, or simply the lubrications of profanity.

As the molten stuff filled toward the top of the ladle, curdling like a gigantic pot of oatmeal, somebody gave a yell, and slowly, by an entirely concealed power, the 250-ton furnace lifted itself erect, and the steel stopped flowing.

But it splashed and slobbered enormously in the ladle at this juncture; a few hundred pounds ran over the edge to the floor of the pit. This, when it had cooled a little, would be our job to clean up, separating steel scrap from the slag.

When a ladle was full, the crane took it gingerly in a sweep of a hundred feet through mid-air, and, as Fritz said, the men on the pouring platform released a stopper from a hole in the bottom, to let out the steel. It flowed out in a spurting stream three or four inches thick, into molds that stood some seven feet high, on flat cars.

III

"Clean off the track on Number 7, an' make it fast," from the pit boss, accompanied by a neat stream of tobacco juice, which began to steam vigorously when it struck the hot slag at his feet.

We passed through to the other side of the furnaces by going under Number 6, a bright fall of sparks from the slag-hole just missing the heels of the last man.

"Isn't that dangerous?" I said to myself angrily. "Why do we have to dodge under that slag-hole?"

We moved in the dark, along a track that turned in under Number 7, into a region of great heat. Before us was a small hill of partially cooled slag, blocking the track. It was like a tiny volcano actively fluid in the center, with the edges blackened and hard.

I found out very quickly the "why" of this mess. The furnace is made to rock forward, and spill out a few hundred pounds of the slag that floats on top. A short "buggy" car runs under, to catch the flow. But someone had blundered—no buggy was there when the slag came.

"Get him up queek, and let buggy come back for nex' time," explained an Italian with moustachios, who carried the pick. "Huh, whatze matter first helper, letta furnace go," he added angrily. "Lotza work."

This job took us three hours. The Italian went in at once with the pick, and loosened a mass of cinder near one of the rails. Fritz and I followed up with shovels, hurling the stuff away from the tracks.

The slag is light, and you can swing a fat shovelful with ease; but mixed with it are clumps of steel that follow the slag over the furnace doors. It grew hotter as we worked in—three inches of red heat to a slag-cake six inches thick.

"Hose," said someone.

The Italian found it in behind the next furnace, and screwed it to a spigot

between the two. We became drowned in steam.

We had been at it about an hour and a half, and I was shoveling back loose cinder, with a little speed to get it over with. "Rest yourself," commanded Moustachios. "Lotza time, lotza time."

I leaned on my shovel, and found rather mixed feelings rising inside me. I was a little resentful at being told what to do; a little pleased that I was at least up to the gang standard; a little in doubt as to whether we ought not to be working harder; but, on the whole, tired enough to dismiss the question and lean on my shovel.

The heat was bad at times: 120 and 130 degrees, when you're right in it, I should guess. It was like constantly sticking your head into the fireplace. When you had a cake or two of newly turned slag, glowing on both sides, you worked like mad to get your pick work done, and come out. I found that a given amount of work in heat fatigued me at three times the rate of the same work in a cooler atmosphere. But it was exciting, at all events.

We used the crowbar and sledge on the harder ledges of the stuff, putting a loose piece under the bar, and prying.

When it was well cleared, a puffy switch engine came out of the dark from the direction of Number 4, and pushed a buggy under the furnace. The engineer was short and jolly-looking, and asked the Italians a few very personal questions in a loud ringing voice. Everyone laughed, and all but Fritz and me undertook a new cheekful of "Honest Scrap."

Then Al, the pit boss, came through. He was an American, medium husky, cap on one ear, and spat through his teeth. I guessed that Al somehow wasn't as hard-boiled as he looked, and found later that he was new as a boss. I concluded that he adopted this exterior in imitation of bosses of greater natural gifts in those lines, and to give substance to his authority. He used to be a workman in a tin mill.

"All done? If that —— —— —— first helper on the furnace had any brains . . ." and so forth. "Now get through and clean out the mess in front."

We went through, and Fritz used the pick against some very dusty cinder that was entirely cool, and was massed in great piles on the front side of the slag-hole.

"Getta wheelbarrow, *you*."

I started for the wheelbarrow, just the ghost of resentment rising at being ordered about by a "Wop," and then fading out into the difficulties I had in finding the wheelbarrow. I found one at last, near the masons under Number 4, and started off.

So much for that wheelbarrow.

I found another, behind a box near Number 8, and pushed it back over mud, slag, scrap, and pipes, and things. I never knew before what a bother a wheelbarrow is on an open-hearth pit-floor. Only four of us stayed for work under Number 7, a German laborer and I coöperating with shovel and wheelbarrow on the right-hand cinder-pile.

We had been digging and hauling an hour, and it was necessary to reach underneath the slag-hole to get at what was left. I always glanced upward for sparks and slag when shoveling, and allowed only my right hand and shovel to pass under.

Just as arm and shovel went in for a new lot, Fritz yelled, "Watch out!"

I pulled back with a frog's leap, and dodged a shaft of fat sparks, spattering on the pit-floor. A second later the sparks became a tiny stream, the size of a finger, and then a torrent of molten slag, the size of an arm. The stuff

bounded and splashed vigorously when it struck the ground.

It didn't get us, and in a second we both laughed from a safe distance.

"Slag come queek," said Fritz, grinning.

"How you like job?" he added.

Before I had any chance to discuss the *nuances* of a clean-up's walk in life, Fritz was pointing out a new source of molten danger.

We were standing now in the main pit, beyond the overhanging edge of the furnace.

"Look out now, zee!" said Fritz, pointing upward.

Almost over our heads was Number 7's spout, and, dribbling off the end, another small rope of sparks.

We fell over each other to the pit's edge, stopping when we reached tracks. Looking back at once, we saw that the stream had thickened, like the other in the slag-hole. But here it was molten steel, and with a long drop of thirty feet. The rebound of the thudding molten metal sent it off twenty-five or thirty feet in all directions.

The stream swelled steadily, till it reached the circumference of a man's body, and fell in a thudding shaft of metallic flame to the pit's floor. Spatterings went out in a moderately symmetrical circle forty feet across. The smaller gobs of molten stuff made minor centers of spatter of their own. It was a spectacle that burned easily into memory.

The gang of men at the edge of the pit watched the thing with apparent enjoyment, and I wondered, slowly, two things: one, whether anyone ever got caught under such a molten Niagara; and two, whether the pit was going to have a steel floor before it stopped. How could it be stopped anyway?

9. **nuances**, varied feelings.

The crane man had been busy for some minutes picking up a ladle from Number 4, and at that instant he swung it under, and the process of steel-flooring ceased. About ten tons had escaped, out of a furnaceful of 250.

What the devil had happened? I talked with everybody I could. It was a rare thing, I learned: the mud and dolomite (a limestone substance) in the tap hole had not been properly packed, and broke through. My companions told me about another occasion, some years before, when molten steel got loose. It caught twenty-four men in the flow—killed and buried them. The company, with a sense of the proprieties, waited until the families of the men moved, before putting the scrap, which contained them, back into the furnace for remelting.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The preceding story dealt with women as factory workers; this story tells of a man who made an experiment similar to that of Mrs. Parker, but in one of the greatest industries in America. As you read this story, compare it in as many ways as you can with that told by Mrs. Parker. Why did Mr. Walker seek this experience? Explain the meaning of the fourth paragraph (page 578).

2. Again note the different nationalities represented by the workers. Which portrait is clearest?

3. How does the author give you an idea of the danger in this work? What seem to you to be the most vivid bits of description?

4. If a young man desires to win a high place in such an industry as steel, do you think he should use Mr. Walker's method or seek a job in the office? Why?

5. Interesting supplementary reading may be found in the autobiography of Andrew Carnegie. Report to the class on some part of this book that supplements this story told by Mr. Walker. Other members of the class may report on the process of steel-making as described in an encyclopedia.

SKYSCRAPER

CARL SANDBURG

By day the skyscraper looms in the smoke and sun and has a soul.

Prairie and valley, streets of the city, pour people into it and they mingle among its twenty floors and are poured out again back to the streets, prairies, and valleys.

It is the men and women, boys and girls so poured in and out all day that give the building a soul of dreams and thoughts and memories.

(Dumped in the sea or fixed in a desert, who would care for the building or speak its name or ask a policeman the way to it?)

Elevators slide on their cables, and tubes catch letters and parcels, and iron pipes carry gas and water in and sewage out.

Wires climb with secrets, carry light and carry words, and tell terrors and profits and loves—curses of men grappling plans of business and questions of women in plots of love.

Hour by hour the caissons reach down to the rock of the earth and hold the building to a turning planet.

Hour by hour the girders play as ribs and reach out and hold together the stone walls and floors.

Hour by hour the hand of the mason and the stuff of the mortar clinch the pieces and parts to the shape an architect voted.

Hour by hour the sun and the rain, the air and the rust, and the press of time running into centuries, play on the building inside and out and use it.

Men who sunk the pilings and mixed the mortar are laid in graves where the wind whistles a wild song without words.

And so are men who strung the wires and fixed the pipes and tubes and those who saw it rise floor by floor.

Souls of them all are here, even the hod carrier begging at back doors hundreds of miles away and the bricklayer who went to state's prison for shooting another man while drunk.

(One man fell from a girder and broke his neck at the end of a straight plunge—he is here—his soul has gone into the stones of the building.)

On the office doors from tier to tier—hundreds of names and each name standing for a face written across with a dead child, a passionate lover, a driving ambition for a million dollar business, or a lobster's ease of life.

Behind the signs on the doors they work and the walls tell nothing from room to room.

Ten-dollar-a-week stenographers take letters from corporation officers, lawyers, efficiency engineers, and tons of letters go bundled from the building to all ends of the earth.

Smiles and tears of each office girl go into the soul of the building just the same as the master-men who rule the building.

Hands of clocks turn to noon hours and each floor empties its men and women who go away and eat and come back to work.

Toward the end of the afternoon all work slackens and all jobs go slower as the people feel day closing on them.

One by one the floors are emptied . . . The uniformed elevator men are gone. Pails clang . . . Scrubbers work, talking in foreign tongues. Broom and water and mop clean from the floors human dust and spit, and machine grime of the day.

Spelled in electric fire on the roof are words telling miles of houses and people where to buy a thing for money. The sign speaks till midnight.

Darkness on the hallways. Voices echo. Silence holds . . . Watchmen walk slow from floor to floor and try the doors. Revolvers bulge from their hip pockets . . . Steel safes stand in corners. Money is stacked in them.

A young watchman leans at a window and
sees the lights of barges butting their
way across a harbor, nets of red and
white lanterns in a railroad yard, and
a span of glooms splashed with lines of
white and blurs of crosses and clusters
over the sleeping city.
By night the skyscraper looms in the smoke
and the stars and has a soul.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. In what ways does the story by Mr. Walker help you to appreciate this poem?

2. What does the poet mean by saying that the skyscraper has a soul? What elements combined to make this soul?

3. Study the form of this poem. How does it differ in form from the *Idylls of the King*? Is it poetry? Why?

4. What is the difference in feeling and mood between this picture of American industry and those given by Mrs. Parker and Mr. Walker? What differences between this *life* represented by these selections and the life represented by the *Idylls of the King* or *Henry V*? Do you think that this life can be represented in literary form as well as the life of past times, such as the age of chivalry?

THE ROMANCE OF DISCOVERY IN THE LIFE OF TODAY

JOSEPH HUSBAND

No one knows the age of the world; no one has ever more than estimated the age of the human race. Far back in the beginning of things, so the scientists tell us, the earth came into being. Then followed years of formation and finally man appeared, uncouth and primitive, a race of cave dwellers, almost animal in his instincts and habits.

As a people we are millions of years old; no one, not even the scientific men, knows how many. And for millions of years, probably, we lived before we began to write down the history of our life as a people, our desires, our accomplishments, and the reasons why we did the things that made up our daily life.

For many centuries during the childhood of mankind life was governed by the simplest things. In those days fear was probably the most important element: fear of wild animals, fear of hunger and of cold and rain, fear of other men. Then as man became more and more civilized he began to conquer fear, and in its place came other desires and emotions that grew and grew until they have become today the guiding impulses in our daily lives.

The romance of discovery is probably one of the earliest emotions that man experienced; it is an emotion that has made the growth of civilization possible, and it is an emotion that is today responsible not only for our knowledge of the whole world in which we live, but also for the knowledge of the scientist, for the knowledge of how to make wonderful things, to travel in fast trains and on great ships, to talk by radio, to cure diseases of the body, and to make for our daily life countless things, any one of which would have seemed magical a few hundred years ago.

But in the romance of discovery the desire for exploration probably came first. We can imagine some cave boy who was born and lived all his young life in a quiet wooded valley. Each morning the sun rose above the eastern hills and melted the night mist from the valley. During the day he hunted, or fished and swam in the stream that came tumbling down from the mountains through cascades of white water and successions of dark, deep pools. Then at evening he squatted in the mouth of the cave where he lived, while his mother cooked their meal over the embers of a wood fire, and watched the sun set in red and yellow flame behind the black wall of the valley in the west.

Then one day when his hunting carried him far beyond the valley and up into those western hills, he found himself in a place where he had never been before. Only a little above him was the crest of the hills. Curiously he climbed until he reached the top. Then suddenly came a new and strange experience. There, far below him on the right was his home valley with the smoke from the fire before his father's cave rising like a tiny and almost invisible thread of gray against the green. But here on the right was another valley, a new world that he had never before seen, a world of which he had never even imagined the existence. For twelve long years he had lived in his little valley, shut in by the surrounding hills, ignorant of the existence of anything beyond. And now, here was another valley, and in the boy's breast came suddenly the desire to climb down into this strange new country; for the first time he felt the urge of the romance of exploration burning within him.

Probably the cave boy did climb down into his newly discovered valley, and in later years he and his children and grandchildren explored still farther and discovered new valleys and strange places and new caves, which they took for their own. And so they settled the country, following always the few of their number who dared to climb the highest mountain and look down into the new and fearsome valleys.

That was thousands of years ago. Centuries of time and generations of men have passed, but still there were always young men who yearned to look down into the strange new valleys, who burned with the romance to explore. A time came when people had become civilized in many ways much as we are today. There was the culture of Greece and Italy. There was Europe with its great English and French and Spanish cities and its schools and universities and its commerce by ships between its seaport towns.

When the men who lived at that time knew all there was to know about the land in which they lived, they turned toward the sea. All the mountains had been crossed, all the new valleys were explored. But here was the sea, a vast unknown barrier that extended—no one knew how far—to new lands that were certain to be filled with the romance of strange peoples and wondrous riches.

Christopher Columbus set out—in the minds of most of his friends, a madman—across this great ocean to find a new and shorter way to the Indies, that the spices which were in those days dearly loved might be had more quickly and cheaply. He failed to find this new passage, but he did discover a new land of which no one had dreamed the existence, and he brought back tales of gold and brown-skinned people and islands green with palm trees that fired the imagination of other men.

It is difficult today to think of the world as a place so little known, but it was not until very recent years that men have really visited all the remote and distant places, and as a matter of fact there are some high mountains and arctic regions and savage islands that are still unexplored.

After Christopher Columbus, came other daring men who sailed their tiny and unseaworthy vessels around the globe and brought home a better knowledge of wonderful new places in distant seas. By their discoveries maps were made and soon it became possible for English merchants to send ships with comparative safety to trade with China, and Spanish and English sailors grew familiar with the strange

cities of South America and the coral islands of the Pacific Ocean and the strange ports of the Orient.

Only a few years ago were the North Pole and the South Pole discovered. Few are the places left where man might go where man has never been. And yet the spirit of discovery still burns as hot in the breast of every boy today as in the boyish breast of Francis Drake or Henry Stanley or Robert Peary.

Not all of us can sail the sea in ships, and as far as the earth's surface goes, there is little left for us to discover. And yet this romance of discovery still holds as strong as ever, for today we know of more things that exist to be discovered than at any other time in the history of mankind.

The cave boy saw the jagged flash of the lightning drop from the blackened sky. In terror he huddled far back in the dark cave while the thunder rolled among the hills. With a kite, a key, and a bottle Benjamin Franklin drew the lightning down from the thunder clouds and gave to man the discovery that this terrifying flashing in the sky was electricity; as mysterious and unknown as America to Columbus was this undiscovered realm of electricity. In laboratories and experiment stations men toiled in its discovery and to control and direct it into courses useful to mankind.

In a century, and all from the mysterious electrical force, were developed the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless. In a fraction of a second it has become possible for men to talk to each other although separated by mountain ranges or miles of ocean; in our homes we can listen to distant music; we can receive messages that tell of love and happiness, of peace and war, and of world business, flashed as swiftly and as silently as thoughts, by the force of electricity.

In this unknown electric land the scientist explorers have discovered light and heat and the power to turn great machines and operate giant locomotives over mountain ranges and to send the street cars through crowded cities. In their laboratories Edison and Steinmetz, great students of electricity, each year produce new wonders, and hundreds of other electrical discoverers are exploring this marvelous source of energy in order to bring to mankind new and useful inventions. Yet, today, electricity is still as little known as was much of this great world to our forefathers. And although there is no new world which may be first seen by our eyes, there is in electricity a fairyland of magic which as yet we hardly know, a fairyland filled with romance, waiting for you and for me to see and know its wonders.

When the men of other days put out to sea they trusted their lives to small wooden vessels propelled by oars or guided by single sails. Wonderful was the viking ship to the Norse boy of those ancient days; wonderful was the mighty trireme to the youthful Roman; and how high leaped the hearts of the youth of England when Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, put to sea, a towering mountain of white sails lifting high above the oak hull, which bristled with the muzzles of protruding cannon.

Today, when the fleet comes home, and the great gray dreadnaughts swing at their anchors, a thrill goes through us as we think of the size and speed and might of those steel monsters. In our War of Independence smooth-bore cannons fired round iron shot a few hundred yards, but today the rifled barrels of sixteen-inch guns hurl steel shells at targets invisible beyond the horizon.

Thirty days was once a quick passage across the Atlantic Ocean. And

now in steamers containing every comfort and convenience of a city we can speed from New York to Liverpool in a week's time or less. Jules Verne wrote of ships that swam beneath the sea, and then came men who made actual the dream of the writer. Now the submarine has become a reality.

How much of this romance passes by us without a thought! Every day into Chicago comes a great orange-colored train from the Pacific Coast. Over the trail where the explorers Lewis and Clark found the overland way to our great northwest are now tracks of shining steel. With surveying instruments the men who planned the course of these level tracks discovered a pathway across towering heights. The men who followed bored long tunnels through mountains of rock. From the giant steel mills came the steel rails. Streams were dammed and electric generating plants were built that there might be electric power to haul the trains of heavy cars over the mountain. Chemists in the laboratories of the steel mills, inventors in the electrical factories, scientists, and workmen all contributed that you and I might take the train from Seattle and arrive, on time to the minute, at our destination in Chicago.

From the back platform of a transcontinental train the passengers watch a black speck in the blue sky. It grows larger and larger; some great bird is following the train. No, now they can see it clearly. It is an airplane. The train is traveling fifty miles an hour, but in the sky the mail carrier is moving at twice the pace. The roar of his motors sounds above the rumble of the cars. He soars past and is lost to view. Already flyers have crossed the Atlantic, have crossed the continent in a single flight, and have climbed through the thin air up to those far heights where they cannot breathe without artificial help and where the intense cold will freeze the unprotected eyes.

Yet man has flown for only a few years. It was not long ago that a Frenchman first climbed the air in a balloon. Within the memory of most of us man first flew in a heavier-than-air machine. The science of flying is in its infancy. Some day huge passenger airships will bring still closer together the distant places in the world.

The cave man needed no mechanical power. His strong muscles were all that were necessary to do his daily work. As centuries went by, man tamed animals to draw his plow and break the soil that he might plant his grain. But that also was animal power. The ancient kings of Egypt built the pyramids by the power of the muscles of tens of thousands of men and beasts.

In another selection in this book you have read how a lofty building of today is built. There is little manpower used in its construction. By steam or electricity the slim steel cables are operated to lift huge weights of steel or stone. Up and up the bundle of steel beams rises swiftly above the crowded sidewalk. Few of the passers-by will lift their heads to look. And yet a wonder is taking place.

In the hot, damp jungles of Panama the French workers toiled to cut a canal from sea to sea. But in the reeking air was death, and so many thousands died that the work was given up and the machinery was left to rust in the crowding jungle. Man cannot work where he cannot live. What was the cause of death? On whirring wings mosquitoes hovered, and men who explored the wonderland of science found in the sting of these tiny creatures the death that stopped their work.

With this new knowledge the United States took up the task. The swamps were cleaned, and screens and sanitation freed the workers from the winged death. Safe from disease the men now labored, and in a few years the work was done. Through the deep channels of the canal and up through the giant locks the steel steamships now pass daily from Atlantic to Pacific. Thousands of miles of stormy seas around Cape Horn are no longer necessary. Steam shovels cut the path; concrete made walls of living stone to line the way and keep back the treacherous sliding earth; but science played an equal or perhaps a greater part in making safe the lives of men that they might use their steam and steel and concrete.

On the smooth wall of the cave in which he found shelter the early man drew pictures that give us today a little glimpse into the way he lived. On the banks of the Nile the Egyptians made crude paper from the papyrus rushes, and wrote with ink the story of their times. In Babylon on bricks of clay the people kept histories of their deeds. On vellum skins the medieval monks wrote down the holy words they wished to keep. Then man invented type.

Up in the deep north woods the lumberjacks are felling trees. In pulp mills the sawed-up logs are ground to pulp. From the smooth steel rollers of the machines the pulp reappears in paper form, smooth, wide, and white. Along the crowded streets the trucks haul the paper from the freight cars to the office of the newspaper.

Have you seen the linotypers at work? With deft fingers they press the keys before them and at each touch the intricate machine casts from metal a perfect type. Ben Franklin set his type by hand. That was not long ago, but now a machine sets type eight times as fast as the swiftest man could do it by hand.

By radio and telephone and telegraph, world news is gathered. Beneath the light of electric lamps reporters prepare the news; linotypers set their written words in type; then, from the press begins to flow the long white roll of paper black with print. And in a few short hours the folded newspaper is delivered throughout the town, that waking men may read of yesterday's happenings.

Men knew but very little about their bodies until recent years. Sickness would come, and people died in swarms, like flies. Cities were deserted, swept by plagues. Death made life far more hazardous than it is today. In all the wonderland of science there is no place where still so much remains that man may discover as in the field of medicine. Smallpox was conquered by a man's discovery; yellow fever and typhoid are no longer feared, and little children are today protected through their lives by the discoveries of men with test tubes in white-walled laboratories. Pasteur and Lister are the names of two who are immortal.

Less than a hundred years ago a man in the Patent Office at Washington resigned because he thought that everything had been invented and soon there would be no more work for him to do. Perhaps today there are simple minds that feel in the same way and cannot imagine the possibility of the future. It would have been hard for the Roman boy to have imagined a civilization more complete than that which surrounded him in the days of Cæsar Augustus. Our fathers even, in their youth, would hardly have dared to dream that men might some day fly or go in ships beneath the sea or talk by wireless.

78. **Pasteur**, Louis (1822-1895), a French chemist. **Lister**, Joseph (1827-1912), an English surgeon.

So when you look about you and realize the progress that man has made, think also of the work that will be done by other men who are alive today and who will be born in future years. This is a wonderful world in which we live, but so many are its wonders that only those of us who truly see and think can realize what man has done and what remains for him to do.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

This story, written especially for *Literature and Life, Book Three,* shows how the elements of romance and discovery, the subjects of Parts I and II of this book, live on into the life of today, though in different forms. In reading it observe the following points:

(*a*) The author has traced the way in which men have gradually found out means by which life has become safer, happier, and more convenient. (*b*) Inventions and discoveries in modern times yield stories of adventure as romantic and thrilling as the stories about knights and their battles in days of old. (*c*) Although most places on the earth have been explored, there are realms in the kingdom of nature yet to be conquered. Some of these are suggested in Mr. Husband's story; others are constantly coming to light as scientists continue their explorations. (*d*) It is not necessary to go on a pilgrimage or a quest or a long journey to find adventure. Everyday life and things near at hand supply material to the seeing eye. (*e*) Great as have been the advances of the past, yet more remains to be accomplished.

Questions and Topics

1. Review the Introductions to Parts I and II in the light of your reading of this story.

2. Think of other examples of the way in which modern science and industry contribute to the romance of discovery. Material may be found in *Popular Science, Scientific American,* and other similar journals. For examples of the romance of commerce as extended to little-known parts of the earth, see *Asia* or *The National Geographic Magazine.* In the *Nature Magazine* you will find many illustrations of what adventures are open to the explorer in the life of animals and plants. Joseph Pennell's drawings of phases of American industry are also very interesting.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Arthur Hugh Clough

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The selections you have been reading show something of the work that comprises the everyday existence of thousands of people. As you think back over these selections, what characteristics of this life seem to you encouraging? What seem disheartening? Does the sort of progress from one generation to another shown in "The Fat of the Land" seem satisfactory to you?

2. The poem given here speaks of the struggle for happiness and freedom that has always been a part of life. What mood does the poet represent? What gives him hope?

From THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND ITS ARTS

John Ruskin

Though I am no poet, I have dreams sometimes. I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the

rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school, where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet, grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while; but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower-beds till there was hardly a flower left standing: then they trampled down each other's bits of garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last, breathless, in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.*

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them there had been provided every kind of indoor pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells and animals and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes, and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers, in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared that nothing was of any real consequence that afternoon except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon, even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no—it was, "Who has most nails? I have a hundred, and you have fifty"; or, "I have a thousand, and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to

*I have sometimes been asked what this means. I intended it to set forth the wisdom of men in war contending for kingdoms, and what follows to set forth their wisdom in peace, contending for wealth. (Note by Ruskin.)

myself, "What a false dream that is, of *children!*" The child is the father of the man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.

But there is yet one last class of persons to be interrogated . . . the persons who have determined, or have had it by a beneficent Providence determined for them, that they will do something useful; that whatever may be prepared for them hereafter, or happen to them here, they will, at least, deserve the food that God gives them by winning it honorably; and that, however fallen from the purity, or far from the peace, of Eden, they will carry out the duty of human dominion, though they have lost its felicity; and dress and keep the wilderness, though they no more can dress or keep the garden.

These—hewers of wood and drawers of water; these—bent under burdens, or torn of scourges; these—that dig and weave, that plant and build; workers in wood, and in marble, and in iron—by whom all food, clothing, habitation, furniture, and means of delight are produced, for themselves and for all men beside; men, whose deeds are good, though their words may be few; men, whose lives are serviceable, be they never so short, and worthy of honor, be they never so humble—from these surely, at least, we may receive some clear message of teaching; and pierce, for an instant, into the mystery of life, and of its arts.

Yes; from these, at last, we do receive a lesson. But I grieve to say—or rather, for that is the deeper truth of the matter, I rejoice to say—this message of theirs can only be received by joining them, not by thinking about them.

You sent for me to talk to you of art; and I have obeyed you in coming. But the main thing I have to tell you is that art must not be talked about. The fact that there is talk about it at all signifies that it is ill done, or cannot be done. No true painter ever speaks, or ever has spoken, much of his art. The greatest speak nothing. Even Reynolds is no exception, for he wrote of all that he could not himself do, and was utterly silent respecting all that he himself did.

The moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories. Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest, or boast of it when built? All good work is essentially done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting; and in the doers of the best, there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instinct of an animal—nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists, reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals as the human body is more beautiful than theirs; that a great singer sings not with less instinct than the nightingale, but with more—only more various, applicable, and governable; that a great architect does not build with less instinct than the beaver or the bee, but with more—with an innate cunning of proportion that embraces all beauty, and a divine ingenuity of skill that improvises all construction.

* * *

And now, returning to the broader question, what these arts and labors of life have to teach us of its mystery, this is the first of their lessons—that the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of the people who *feel themselves wrong;* who are striving for the fulfillment of a law and

56. **Reynolds**, Sir Joshua (1723-1792), English portrait painter.

the grasp of a loveliness, which they have not yet attained, which they feel even further and further from attaining, the more they strive for it. And yet, in still deeper sense, it is the work of people who know also that they are right. The very sense of inevitable error from their purpose marks the perfectness of that purpose, and the continued sense of failure arises from the continued opening of the eyes more clearly to all the sacredest laws of truth.

This is one lesson. The second is a very plain and greatly precious one; namely—that, whenever the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man. In all other paths by which that happiness is pursued there is disappointment, or destruction; for ambition and for passion there is no rest—no fruition; the fairest pleasures of youth perish in a darkness greater than their past light; and the loftiest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of life with endless fire of pain. But, ascending from lowest to highest, through every scale of human industry, that industry, worthily followed, gives peace. Ask the laborer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colors of light; and none of these, who are true workmen, will ever tell you that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

These are the two great and constant lessons which our laborers teach us of the mystery of life. But there is another, and a sadder one, which they cannot teach us, which we must read on their tombstones.

"Do it with thy might." There have been myriads upon myriads of human creatures who have obeyed this law—who have put every breath and nerve of their being into its toil—who have devoted every hour, and exhausted every faculty—who have bequeathed their unaccomplished thoughts at death—who, being dead, have yet spoken, by majesty of memory, and strength of example. And, at last, what has all this "might" of humanity accomplished, in six thousand years of labor and sorrow? What has it *done?* Take the three chief occupations and arts of men, one by one, and count their achievements. Begin with the first—the lord of them all—Agriculture. Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground, from which we were taken. How much of it is tilled? How much of that which is, wisely or well? In the very center and chief garden of Europe—where the two forms of parent Christianity have had their fortresses—where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantons, and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys, have maintained, for dateless ages, their faiths and liberties—there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation, and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labor, still blast their helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so, in the center of Europe! While, on the near coast of Africa, once

42. **in the sweat,** etc. See *Genesis* iii, 19. 47. **Whatsoever,** etc. See *Ecclesiastes* ix, 10.

83. **Forest Cantons,** western Switzerland. 84. **Vaudois valleys,** comprising the old provinces of Dauphiné and Provence in southwestern France and Piedmont in northwestern Italy.

the Garden of the Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunsets since, ate her child, for famine. And, with all the treasures of the East at our feet, we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice for a people that asked of us no more; but stood by, and saw five hundred thousand of them perish of hunger.

Then after agriculture, the art of kings, take the next head of human arts—Weaving; the art of queens, honored of all heathen women, in the person of their virgin goddess—honored of all Hebrew women, by the word of their wisest king—"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself covering of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant." What have we done in all these thousands of years with this bright art of Greek maid and Christian matron? Six thousand years of weaving, and have we learned to weave? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors from the cold? What have we done? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels—and—*are we yet clothed?* Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with sale of cast clouts and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while, with better honor, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ—"I was naked, and ye clothed me not"?

Lastly, take the Art of Building—the strongest—proudest—most orderly—most enduring of the arts of man; that of which the produce is in the surest manner accumulative, and need not perish, or be replaced; but if once well done, will stand more strongly than the unbalanced rocks—more prevalently than the crumbling hills. The art which is associated with all civic pride and sacred principle; with which men record their power—satisfy their enthusiasm—make sure their defense—define and make dear their habitation. And in six thousand years of building, what have we done? Of the greater part of all that skill and strength, *no* vestige is left, but fallen stones, that encumber the fields and impede the streams. But, from this waste of disorder, and of time, and of rage, what *is* left to us? Constructive and progressive creatures that we are, with ruling brains, and forming hands, capable of fellowship, and thirsting for fame, can we not contend, in comfort, with the insects of the forests, or, in achievement, with the worm of the sea? The white surf rages in vain against the ramparts built by poor atoms of scarcely nascent life; but only ridges of formless ruin mark the places where once dwelt our noblest multitudes. The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night, from the corners of

1. **Garden of the Hesperides,** in classic mythology, a rich region in Africa in which grew trees that bore golden apples. 16. **She layeth her hands,** etc. See *Proverbs* xxxi, 19-24.

53. **I was naked,** etc. See *Matthew* xxvi, 36. 84. **poor atoms,** etc., the tiny coral animals, by whose skeletons islands are gradually built up.

our streets, rises up the cry of the homeless: "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

Must it be always thus? Is our life forever to be without profit—without possession? Shall the strength of its generations be as barren as death; or cast away their labor, as the wild fig tree casts her untimely figs? Is it all a dream then—the desire of the eyes and the pride of life—or, if it be, might we not live in nobler dream than this? The poets and the prophets, the wise men and the scribes, though they have told us nothing about a life to come, have told us much about the life that is now. They have had—they also—their dreams, and we have laughed at them. They have dreamed of mercy, and of justice; they have dreamed of peace and good-will; they have dreamed of labor undisappointed, and of rest undisturbed; they have dreamed of fullness in harvest, and overflowing in store; they have dreamed of wisdom in council, and of providence in law; of gladness of parents, and strength of children, and glory of gray hairs. And at these visions of theirs we have mocked, and held them for idle and vain, unreal and unaccomplishable. What have we accomplished with our realities? Is this what has come of our wordly wisdom, tried against their folly? this, our mightiest possible, against their impotent ideal? or, have we only wandered among the spectra of a baser felicity, and chased phantoms of the tombs, instead of visions of the Almighty; and walked after the imaginations of our evil hearts, instead of after the counsels of Eternity, until our lives—not in the likeness of the cloud of heaven, but of the smoke of hell—have become "as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away"?

2. **I was a stranger,** etc. See *Matthew* xxvi, 35. 7. **barren . . . figs.** See *Mark* xi, 12-14 and 20-21, and *Revelation* vi, 13.

Does it vanish, then? Are you sure of that?—sure that the nothingness of the grave will be a rest from this troubled nothingness; and that the coiling shadow, which disquiets itself in vain, cannot change into the smoke of the torment that ascends forever? Will any answer that they *are* sure of it, and that there is no fear, nor hope, nor desire, nor labor, whither they go? Be it so; will you not, then, make as sure of the Life that now is, as you are of the Death that is to come? Your hearts are wholly in this world—will you not give them to it wisely, as well as perfectly? And see, first of all, that you *have* hearts, and sound hearts, too, to give. Because you have no heaven to look for, is that any reason that you should remain ignorant of this wonderful and infinite earth, which is firmly and instantly given you in possession? Although your days are numbered, and the following darkness sure, is it necessary that you should share the degradation of the brute, because you are condemned to its mortality; or live the life of the moth, and of the worm, because you are to companion them in the dust? Not so; we may have but a few thousand of days to spend, perhaps hundreds only—perhaps tens; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but as a moment, as the twinkling of an eye; still we are men, not insects; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. "He maketh the winds His messengers; the momentary fire, His minister"; and shall we do less than *these?* Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them; and, as we snatch our narrow portion of time out of Eternity, snatch also our narrow inheritance of passion out of Immortality—even though our lives *be* as a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

But there are some of you who

believe not this—who think this cloud of life has no such close—that it is to float, revealed and illumined, upon the floor of heaven, in the day when He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him. Some day, you believe, within these five, or ten, or twenty years, for every one of us the judgment will be set, and the books opened. If that be true, far more than that must be true. Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment—every day is a *Dies Iræ*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flame of its west. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corners of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the insects that we crush are our judges—the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive us, judge, as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of Men while we bear the form of them, if indeed those lives are *not* as a vapor and do *not* vanish away.

"The work of men"—and what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get; and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one—we want to keep back part of the price; and we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it—as if it was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be—crucified upon. "They that are His have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity—none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footman's coats, to save the world? Or does it rather mean that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds—yes, and life, if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station* in life"—how many of us are ready to quit *that?* Is it not always the great objection, where there is question of finding something useful to do—"We cannot leave our stations in life"?

Those of us who really cannot—that is to say, who can only maintain themselves by continuing in some business or salaried office, have already something to do; and all that they have to see to is that they do it honestly and with all their might. But with most people who use that apology, "remaining in the station of life to which Providence has called them" means keeping all the carriages, and all the footmen and large houses they can possibly pay for; and, once for all, I say that if ever Providence *did* put them into stations of that sort—which is not at all a matter of certainty—Providence is just now very distinctly calling them out again. Levi's station in life was the receipt of custom; and Peter's, the shore of Galilee; and Paul's, the antechambers of the High Priest—which "station in life" each had to leave, with brief notice.

And whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfill our duty ought first, to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we

4. He cometh, etc. Cf. *Revelation* i, 7. **13. Dies Iræ,** day of wrath. **37. Ananias.** See *Acts* v, 1-10. **44. They that are His,** etc. Cf. *Galations* v, 24.

72. remaining in, etc. See *The Book of Common Prayer*. **83. Peter.** See *Matthew*, iv, 18-20. **84. Paul.** See *Acts* ix, 1-20.

can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.

And sure good is, first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought.

I say first in feeding; and, once for all, do not let yourselves be deceived by any of the common talk of "indiscriminate charity." The order to us is not to feed the deserving hungry, nor the industrious hungry, nor the amiable and well-intentioned hungry, but simply to feed the hungry. It is quite true, infallibly true, that if any man will not work, neither should he eat—think of that, and every time you sit down to your dinner, ladies and gentlemen, say solemnly, before you ask a blessing, "How much work have I done today for my dinner?" But the proper way to enforce that order on those below you, as well as on yourselves, is not to leave vagabonds and honest people to starve together, but very distinctly to discern and seize your vagabond; and shut your vagabond up out of honest people's way, and very sternly then see that until he has worked, he does *not* eat. But the first thing is to be sure you have the food to give; and, therefore, to enforce the organization of vast activities in agriculture and in commerce, for the production of the wholesomest food, and proper storing and distribution of it, so that no famine shall any more be possible among civilized beings. There is plenty of work in this business alone, and at once, for any number of people who like to engage in it.

Secondly, dressing people—that is to say, urging everyone within reach of your influence to be always neat and clean, and giving them means of being so. In so far as they absolutely refuse, you must give up the effort with respect to them, only taking care that no children within your sphere of influence shall any more be brought up with such habits; and that every person who is willing to dress with propriety shall have encouragement to do so. And the first absolutely necessary step toward this is the gradual adoption of a consistent dress for different ranks of persons, so that their rank shall be known by their dress; and the restriction of the changes of fashion within certain limits. All which appears for the present quite impossible; but it is only so far even difficult as it is difficult to conquer our vanity, frivolity, and desire to appear what we are not. And it is not, nor ever shall be, creed of mine, that these mean and shallow vices are unconquerable by Christian women.

And then, thirdly, lodging people, which you may think should have been put first, but I put it third, because we must feed and clothe people where we find them, and lodge them afterwards. And providing lodgment for them means a great deal of vigorous legislation, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way; and after that, or before that, so far as we can get it, through sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams, and walled round, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy streets within, and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass, and sight of far horizon, might be reachable in a few minutes' walk. This the final aim; but in immediate action every minor and possible good to be instantly done, when, and as, we can; roofs mended that have holes in them—fences

patched that have gaps in them—walls buttressed that totter—and floors propped that shake; cleanliness and order enforced with our own hands and eyes, till we are breathless, every day. And all the fine arts will healthily follow. I myself have washed a flight of stone stairs all down with bucket and broom, in a Savoy inn, where they hadn't washed their stairs since they first went up them; and I never made a better sketch than that afternoon.

These, then, are the three first needs of civilized life; and the law for every Christian man and woman is that they shall be in direct service toward one of these three needs, as far as is consistent with their own special occupation, and if they have no special business, then wholly in one of these services. And out of such exertion in plain duty all other good will come; for in this direct contention with material evil you will find out the real nature of all evil; you will discern by the various kinds of resistance what is really the fault and main antagonism to good; also you will find the most unexpected helps and profound lessons given, and truths will come thus down to us which the speculation of all our lives would never have raised us up to. You will find nearly every educational problem solved, as soon as you truly want to do something; everybody will become of use in their own fittest way, and will learn what is best for them to know in that use. Competitive examination will then, and not till then, be wholesome, because it will be daily, and calm, and in practice; and on these familiar arts, and minute, but certain and serviceable, knowledges, will be surely edified and sustained the greater arts and splendid theoretical sciences.

But much more than this. On such holy and simple practice will be founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which, obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving—"Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over. I will not speak of the crimes which in past times have been committed in the name of Christ, nor of the follies which are at this hour held to be consistent with obedience to Him; but I *will* speak of the morbid corruption and waste of vital power in religious sentiment, by which the pure strength of that which should be the guiding soul of every nation, the splendor of its youthful manhood, and spotless light of its maidenhood, is averted or cast away. You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a medicine, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride; and you will find girls like these,

64. **Lord, I thank Thee**, etc. See *Luke* xviii, 11.

when they are earnest-hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit, which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would either have solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn, and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.

So with our youths. We once taught them to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and to row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated. Can they plow, can they sow, can they plant at the right time, or build with a steady hand? Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed it is, with some, nay, with many, and the strength of England is in them, and the hope; but we have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; and their intellect from dispute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power. And then, indeed, shall abide, for them and for us, an incorruptible felicity, and an infallible religion; shall abide for us Faith, no more to be assailed by temptation, no more to be defended by wrath and by fear—shall abide with us Hope, no more to be quenched by the years that overwhelm, or made ashamed by the shadows that betray—shall abide for us, and with us, the greatest of these; the abiding will, the abiding name of our Father. For the greatest of these is Charity.

44. shall abide. See *I Corinthians*, xiii, 13.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What is the meaning of the story about the dream? In his note, Ruskin speaks of the "wisdom" of men in war and business. Does he use this word seriously or ironically?

2. What is Ruskin's idea of "Hewers of wood and drawers of water"? How does it compare with Markham's? With the impressions you got from reading about the steel workers and the candy packers?

3. Ruskin was a great historian and critic of art. He was asked to make an address on art. Why, then, does he speak of labor and industry instead of talking about paintings and sculpture?

4. What does he regard to be the teachings of art and labor on the subject of the mystery (the meaning) of life? How only is happiness to be won? What is his idea of happiness? Would "the fat of the land" answer his test?

5. What three occupations of men does he discuss? Why should he call these "arts"? Does his criticism about agriculture still hold? Does his criticism about allowing people to perish from famine still hold? What contributions to famine sufferers have been made by Americans in the last few years?

6. What do you think of Ruskin's comments on weaving?

7. What are his objections to modern buildings? Do any details in "The Fat of the Land" bear out his opinions?

8. In what sense do "practical" men laugh at the dreams of "the poets and the prophets"? What is Ruskin's answer (page 597)?

9. On pages 597, 598, Ruskin addresses two classes of people. What are these, and what arguments does he direct to each?

10. In what way did Mrs. Parker and Mr. Walker carry out what Ruskin speaks about in the two paragraphs on page 598, beginning " 'The work of men' "? What are the three basic needs of humanity, according to Ruskin? What is the relation of literature to these three needs? Of the theater? Of pictures?

11. Do you agree with what is said about Charity? What is the basis of religion, in Rus-

kin's view? Of education? Would Ruskin have been interested in the hired man's view of education (in the poem by Robert Frost)?

12. This essay is filled with quotations from the Bible. Ruskin said that it was the study of the Bible when he was a child that taught him to write. Make a list of the passages from the Bible that are found in the essay.

13. Make an outline of the essay, and then try to summarize in a paragraph what you think is the main theme of the whole discussion.

CIVILIZATION

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A certain degree of progress from the rudest state in which man is found —a dweller in caves, or on trees, like an ape—a cannibal, and eater of pounded snails, worms, and offal—a certain degree of progress from this extreme, is called Civilization. It is a vague, complex name, of many degrees. Nobody has attempted a definition. M. Guizot, writing a book on the subject, does not. It implies the evolution of a highly-organized man, brought to supreme delicacy of sentiment, as in practical power, religion, liberty, sense of honor, and taste. In the hesitation to define what it is, we usually suggest it by negations. A nation that has no clothing, no iron, no alphabet, no marriage, no arts of peace, no abstract thought, we call barbarous. And after many arts are invented or imported, as among the Turks and Moorish nations, it is often a little complaisant to call them civilized.

Each nation grows after its own genius, and has a civilization of its own. The Chinese and Japanese, though each complete in his way, is different from the man of Madrid or the man of New York. The term imports a mysterious progress. In the brutes is none; and in mankind today the savage tribes are gradually extinguished rather than civilized. The Indians of this country have not learned the white man's work; and in Africa, the negro of today is the negro of Herodotus. In other races the growth is not arrested; but the like progress that is made by a boy "when he cuts his eye-teeth" as we say—childish illusions passing daily away, and he seeing things really and comprehensively—is made by tribes. It is the learning the secret of cumulative power, of advancing on oneself. It implies a facility of association, power to compare, the ceasing from fixed ideas. The Indian is gloomy and distressed when urged to depart from his habits and traditions. He is overpowered by the gaze of the white, and his eye sinks. The occasion of one of these starts of growth is always some novelty that astounds the mind, and provokes it to dare to change. Thus there is a Cadmus, a Pytheas, a Manco Capac at the beginning of each improvement—some superior foreigner importing new and wonderful arts, and teaching them. Of course, he must not know too much, but must have the sympathy, language, and gods of those he would inform. But chiefly the seashore has been the point of departure to knowledge, as to commerce. The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most. The power which the sea requires in a sailor makes a man of him very fast, and the change of shores and population clears his head of much nonsense of his wigwam.

Where shall we begin or end the list

10. **Guizot**, Maurice (1833-1892), a French historian and statesman.

39. **Herodotus** (died about 425 B.C.), Greek historian. 58. **Cadmus**, in legend, a Phœnician who became the founder of Thebes. To him is attributed the introduction of the Phœnician alphabet into Greece. **Pytheas**, a Greek navigator and astronomer of the fourth century B.C. **Manco Capac**. According to tradition Capac was sent by his father, the sun, to civilize the Indians and to found the Inca Empire, about the twelfth century.

of those feats of liberty and wit, each of which feats made an epoch of history? Thus, the effect of a framed or stone house is immense on the tranquillity, power, and refinement of the builder. A man in a cave or in a camp, a nomad, will die with no more estate than the wolf or the horse leaves. But so simple a labor as a house being achieved, his chief enemies are kept at bay. He is safe from the teeth of wild animals, from frost, sunstroke, and weather; and fine faculties begin to yield their fine harvest. Invention and art are born, manners and social beauty and delight. 'Tis wonderful how soon a piano gets into a log-hut on the frontier. You would think they found it under a pine-stump. With it comes a Latin Grammar—and one of those tow-head boys has written a hymn on Sunday. Now let colleges, now let senates, take heed! for here is one who, opening these fine tastes on the basis of the pioneer's iron constitution, will gather all their laurels in his strong hands.

When the Indian trail gets widened, graded, and bridged to a good road, there is a benefactor, there is a missionary, a pacificator, a wealth-bringer, a maker of markets, a vent for industry. Another step in civility is the change from war, hunting, and pasturage to agriculture. Our Scandinavian forefathers have left us a significant legend to convey their sense of the importance of this step. "There was once a giantess who had a daughter, and the child saw a husbandman plowing in the field. Then she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plow and his oxen into her apron, and carried them to her mother, and said, 'Mother, what sort of beetle is this that I found wriggling in the sand?' But the mother said, 'Put it away, my child; we must begone out of this land, for these people will dwell in it.'" Another success is the post office, with its educating energy augmented by cheapness and guarded by a certain religious sentiment in mankind; so that the power of a wafer or a drop of wax or gluten to guard a letter, as it flies over sea, over land, and comes to its address as if a battalion of artillery brought it, I look upon as a fine meter of civilization.

The division of labor, the multiplication of the arts of peace, which is nothing but a large allowance to each man to choose his work according to his faculty—to live by his better hand—fills the State with useful and happy laborers; and they, creating demand by the very temptation of their productions, are rapidly and surely rewarded by good sale; and what a police and ten commandments their work thus becomes! So true is Dr. Johnson's remark that "men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are making money."

The skillful combinations of civil government, though they usually follow natural leadings, as the lines of race, language, religion, and territory, yet require wisdom and conduct in the rulers, and in their result delight the imagination. "We see insurmountable multitudes obeying, in opposition to their strongest passions, the restraints of a power which they scarcely perceive, and the crimes of a single individual marked and punished at the distance of half the earth."

Right position of woman in the State is another index. Poverty and industry with a healthy mind read very easily the laws of humanity, and love them; place the sexes in right relations of mutual respect, and a severe morality gives that essential

72. **Dr. Johnson.** Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), a celebrated English miscellaneous writer, and author of the first complete dictionary in the English language.

charm to woman which educates all that is delicate, poetic, and self-sacrificing, breeds courtesy and learning, conversation and wit, in her rough mate; so that I have thought a sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women.

Another measure of culture is the diffusion of knowledge, overrunning all the old barriers of caste, and by the cheap press, bringing the university to every poor man's door, in the newsboy's basket. Scraps of science, of thought, of poetry, are in the coarsest sheet, so that in every house we hesitate to burn a newspaper until we have looked it through.

The ship, in its latest complete equipment, is an abridgment and compend of a nation's arts; the ship steered by compass and chart—longitude reckoned by lunar observation and by chronometer—driven by steam; and in wildest sea-mountains, at vast distances from home—

> The pulses of her iron heart
> Go beating through the storm.

No use can lessen the wonder of this control, by so weak a creature, of forces so prodigious. I remember I watched, in crossing the sea, the beautiful skill whereby the engine in its constant working was made to produce two hundred gallons of fresh water out of salt water every hour—thereby supplying all the ship's wants.

The skill that pervades complex details; the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and, better still, made a reform school, and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues, as the steamer made fresh water out of salt—all these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms, and utilize evil, which is the index of high civilization.

Civilization is the result of highly complex organization. In the snake, all the organs are sheathed: no hands, no feet, no fins, no wings. In bird and beast, the organs are released, and begin to play. In man, they are all unbound, and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call Reason, and thereby true liberty.

Climate has much to do with this melioration. The highest civility has never loved the hot zones. Wherever snow falls, there is usually civil freedom. Where the banana grows, the animal system is indolent and pampered at the cost of higher qualities; the man is sensual and cruel. But this scale is not invariable. High degrees of moral sentiment control the unfavorable influences of climate; and some of our grandest examples of men and of races come from the equatorial regions—as the genius of Egypt, of India, and of Arabia.

These feats are measures or traits of civility; and temperate climate is an important influence, though not quite indispensable; for there have been learning, philosophy, and art in Iceland, and in the tropics. But one condition is essential to the social education of man, namely, morality. There can be no high civility without a deep morality, though it may not always call itself by that name, but sometimes the point of honor, as in the institution of chivalry; or patriotism, as in the Spartan and Roman republics; or the enthusiasm of some religious act which imputes its virtue to its dogma; or the cabalism, or *esprit de corps*, of a Masonic or other association of friends.

The evolution of a highly-destined society must be moral; it must run in

92. **esprit de corps**, common sympathetic spirit pervading any organization.

the grooves of the celestial wheels. It must be catholic in aims. What is *moral?* It is the respecting in action catholic, or universal, ends. Hear the definition which Kant gives of moral conduct: "Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings."

Civilization depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as in great. Thus, all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad ax chopping upward chips from a beam. How awkward! at what a disadvantage he works! But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the ax; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a waterfall; and the river never tires of turning his wheel; the river is good-natured, and never hints an objection.

We had letters to send: couriers could not go fast enough, nor far enough; broke their wagons, foundered their horses; bad roads in spring, snowdrifts in winter, heats in summer; could not get the horses out of a walk. But we found out that the air and earth were full of electricity, and always going our way—just the way we wanted to send. *Would he take a message?* Just as lief as not; had nothing else to do; would carry it in no time. Only one doubt occurred, one staggering objection—he had no carpet-bag, no visible pockets, no hands, not so much as a mouth, to carry a letter. But, after much thought, and many experiments, we managed to meet the conditions, and to fold up the letter in such invisible compact form as he could carry in those invisible pockets of his, never wrought by needle and thread—and it went like a charm.

* * *

These are traits, and measures, and modes; and the true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out. I see the vast advantages of this country, spanning the breadth of the temperate zone. I see the immense material prosperity—towns on towns, states on states, and wealth piled in the massive architecture of cities; California quartz mountains dumped down in New York to be repiled architecturally alongshore from Canada to Cuba, and thence westward to California again. But it is not New York streets, built by the confluence of workmen and wealth of all nations, though stretching out toward Philadelphia until they touch it, and northward until they touch New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and Boston—not these that make the real estimation. But, when I look over this constellation of cities which animate and illustrate the land, and see how little the government has to do with their daily life, how self-helped and self-directed all families are—knots of men in purely natural societies—societies of trade, of kindred blood, of habitual hospitality, house and house, man acting on man by weight of opinion of longer or better-directed industry, the refining influence of women, the invitation which experience and permanent causes open to youth and labor—when I see how much each virtuous and gifted person,

5. **Kant**, Immanuel (1724-1804), German philosopher.

whom all men consider, lives affectionately with scores of excellent people who are not known far from home, and perhaps with great reason reckons these people his superiors in virtue, and in the symmetry and force of their qualities, I see what cubic values America has, and in these a better certificate of civilization than great cities or enormous wealth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. While he avoids giving any formal definition, the author tells us in the first paragraph what are some of the characteristics of civilization. Point out these characteristics.

2. What is meant by the saying, "Each nation grows after its own genius"? What are some of the elements of the American character; that is, how does America seem different to you from other countries?

3. In the second paragraph are some difficult sentences. Emerson says that progress is made by tribes, or communities of men, who have learned the secret of improving conditions of living. Inventions, development of transportation, driving out disease, are examples. Give other examples. Next, he says that progress depends on "facility of association" (coöperation in government and business), and on "ceasing from fixed ideas." For example, so long as men thought that white men could not live in Central America without great loss of life from tropical diseases, no progress was made. But in the Canal Zone improved sanitation and the application of modern medical research made life as safe as in a northern climate. Find other illustrations of the way in which giving up fixed ideas and looking for improvement has led to progress. Would the case of the American colonies in 1775 be an example? Next, Emerson speaks of "some novelty that astounds the mind" as an occasion of growth. Show how the experience of Columbus illustrates this idea. Find other examples in scientific progress and in invention. Finally observe what Emerson says about the relation of the sea to progress and explain his statement about "nonsense of his wigwam."

4. In the third paragraph Emerson supplies illustrations of his idea of progress. This concreteness is characteristic of his style. Bring his illustrations about improvement in rural life down to date by telling more modern instances. Get more modern instances than the post office for the idea in the last part of the paragraph.

5. Compare what is said about agriculture in the fourth paragraph with Ruskin's view.

6. What indexes or measures of culture are named in the succeeding paragraphs?

7. What is "the true test of civilization"? Does population, or wealth, or form of government satisfy Emerson? Why, or why not? Why, do you think, does he have so little to say about our form of government? What relationships other than political does he have in mind? Do you agree with the idea that government has little to do with daily life? Has the good citizen any responsibility beyond that of voting for those who appear to him to be the best candidates for office?

AMERICAN TRADITION

FRANKLIN K. LANE

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1912.

It has not been an easy task for me to decide upon a theme for discussion today. I know that I can tell you little of Washington that would be new, and the thought has come to me that perhaps you would be interested in what might be called a western view of American tradition, for I come from the other side of this continent, where all of our traditions are as yet articles of trans-continental traffic, and you are here in the very heart of tradition, the sacred seat of our noblest memories.

No doubt you sometimes think that we are reckless of the wisdom of our forebears; while we at times have been heard to say that you live too securely in that passion for the past which makes men mellow but unmodern.

When you see the West adopting or urging such measures as presidential primaries, the election of United States Senators by popular vote, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall as means supplementary to representative government, you shudder in your dignified way, no doubt, at the audacity and irreverence of your

crude countrymen. They must be in your eyes as far from grace as that American who visited one of the ancient temples of India. After a long journey through winding corridors of marble, he was brought to a single flickering light set in a jeweled recess in the wall. "And what is this?" said the tourist. "That, sir," replied the guide, "is the sacred fire which was lighted 2000 years ago and never has been out." "Never been out? What nonsense! Poof! Well, the blamed thing's out now." This wild Westerner doubtless typifies those who without heed and in their hot-headed and fanatical worship of change would destroy the very light of our civilization. But let me remind you that all fanaticism is not radical. There is a fanaticism that is conservative, a reverence for things as they are that is no less destructive. Some years ago I visited a fishing village in Canada peopled by Scotchmen who had emigrated in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was a place named Ingonish in Cape Breton, a rugged spot that looks directly upon the Atlantic at its cruelest point. One day I fell into talk with a fisherman—a very model of a tawny-haired viking. He told me that from his fishing and his farming he made some $300 a year. "Why not come over into my country," I said, "where you may make that in a month?" There came over his face a look of humiliation as he replied, "No, I could not." "Why not?" I asked. "Because," said he, brushing his hand across his sea-burnt beard, "because I can neither read nor write." "And why," said I, "haven't you learned? There are schools here." "Yes, there are schools, but my father could not read or write, and I would have felt that I was putting a shame upon the old man if I had learned to do something he could not do." Splendid, wasn't it! He would not do what his father could not do. Fine! Fine as the spirit of any man with a sentiment which holds him back from leading a full, rich life. Yet can you conceive a nation of such men—idolizing what has been, blind to the great vision of the future, fettered by the chains of the past, gripped and held fast in the hand of the dead, a nation of traditionalists, unable to meet the needs of a new day, serene, no doubt self-sufficient, but coming how far short of realizing that ideal of those who praise their God for that they serve His world!

I have given the two extremes; now let us return to our point of departure, and the first question to be asked is, "What are the traditions of our people?" This nation is not as it was one hundred and thirty-odd years ago when we asserted the traditional right of Anglo-Saxons to rebel against injustice. We have traveled centuries and centuries since then—measured in events, in achievements, in depth of insight into the secrets of nature, in breadth of view, in sweep of sympathy, and in the rise of ennobling hope. Physically we are today nearer to China than we were then to Ohio. Socially, industrially, commercially the wide world is almost a unit. And these thirteen states have spread across a continent to which have been gathered the peoples of the earth. We are the "heirs of all the ages." Our inheritance of tradition is greater than that of any other people, for we trace back not alone to King John signing the Magna Charta in that little stone hut by the river side, but to Brutus standing beside the slain Caesar, to Charles Martel with his battle ax raised against the advancing horde of an old-world

91. **Magna Charta**, the Great Charter of English liberty, granted at Runnymede by King John in 1215. 94. **Martel** (c. 690-741) defeated the Saracens when they attempted to overrun France.

civilization, to Martin Luther declaring his square-jawed policy of religious liberty, to Columbus in the prow of his boat crying to his disheartened crew, "Sail on, sail on, and on!" Irishman, Greek, Slav, and Sicilian—all the nations of the world have poured their hopes and their history into this great melting pot, and the product will be—in fact, is—a civilization that is new in the sense that it is the blend of many, and yet is as old as the Egyptians.

Surely the real tradition of such a people is not any one way of doing a certain thing; certainly not any set and unalterable plan of procedure in affairs, nor even any fixed phrase expressive of a general philosophy unless it comes from the universal heart of this strange new people. Why are we here? What is our purpose? These questions will give you the tradition of the American people, our supreme tradition—the one into which all others fall, and a part of which they are—the right of man to oppose injustice. There follow from this the right of man to govern himself, the right of property and to personal liberty, the right to freedom of speech, the right to make of himself all that nature will permit, the right to be one of many in creating a national life that will realize those hopes which singly could not be achieved.

Is there any other tradition so sacred as this—so much a part of ourselves—this hatred of injustice? It carries in its bosom all the past that inspires our people. Their spirit of unrest under wrong has lighted the way for the nations of the world. It is not seen alone in Kansas and in California, but in England, where a Liberal Ministry has made a beginning at the restoration of the land to the people; in Germany, where the citizen is fighting his way up to power; in Portugal, where a university professor sits in the chair a king so lately occupied; in Russia, emerging from the Middle Ages, with her groping Duma; in Persia, from which young Shuster was so recently driven for trying to give to a people a sense of national self-respect; in India, where an Emperor moves a national capital to pacify submerged discontent; and even in far Cathay, the mystery land of Marco Polo, immobile, phlegmatic, individualistic China, men have been waging war for the philosophy incorporated in the first ten lines of our Declaration of Independence.

Here is the effect of a tradition that is real, not a mere group of words or a well-fashioned bit of governmental machinery—real because it is ours; it has come out of our life; for the only real traditions a people have are those beliefs that have become a part of them, like the good manners of a gentleman. They are really our sympathies—sympathies born of experience. Subjectively they give standpoint; objectively they furnish background—a rich, deep background like that of some master of light and shade, some Rembrandt, whose picture is one great glowing mystery of darkness save in a central spot of radiant light where stands a single figure or group which holds the eye and enchants the imagination. History may give to us the one bright face to look upon, but in the deep mystery of the background the real story is told; for therein, to those who can see, are the groping multitudes feeling their way blindly toward the light of self-expression.

Now, this is a western view of tradition; it is yours, too; it was yours first; it was your gift to us. And is it imper-

1. **Luther** (1483-1546) began the Reformation.

54. **Shuster**, W. Morgan (1877-), an American, was commissioned in 1911 by the Persian government to act as financial adviser. 60. **Marco Polo** (1254-1323), a Venetian traveler in China. 79. **Rembrandt** (1606-1669), a famous Dutch painter.

tinent to ask, when your sensibilities are shocked at some departure from the conventional in our western law, that you search the tradition of your own history to know in what spirit and by what method the gods of the elder days met the wrongs they wished to right? It may be that we ask too many questions; that we are unwilling to accept anything as settled; that we are curious, distrustful, and as relentlessly logical as a child.

For what are we but creatures of the night
Led forth by day,
Who needs must falter, and with stammering steps
Spell out our paths in syllables of pain?

There are no grown-ups in this new world of democracy. We are trying an experiment such as the world has never seen. Here we are, so many million people at work making a living as best we can; 90,000,000 people covering half a continent—rich, respected, feared. Is that all we are? Is that why we are? To be rich, respected, feared? Or have we some part to play in working out the problems of this world? Why should one man have so much and many so little? How may the many secure a larger share in the wealth which they create without destroying individual initiative or blasting individual capacity and imagination? It was inevitable that these questions should be asked when this republic was established. Man has been struggling to have the right to ask these questions for 4000 years; and now that he has the right to ask *any* questions, surely we may not with reason expect him to be silent. It is no answer to make that men were not asking these questions a hundred years ago. So great has been our physical endowment that until the most recent years we have been indifferent as to the share which each received of the wealth produced. We could then accept cheerfully the coldest and most logical of economic theories. But now men are wondering as to the future. There may be much of envy and more of malice in current thought; but underneath it all there is the feeling that if a nation is to have a full life it must devise methods by which its citizens shall be insured against monopoly of opportunity. This is the meaning of many policies the full philosophy of which is not generally grasped—the regulation of railroads and other public service corporations, the conservation of natural resources, the leasing of public lands and water-powers, the control of great combinations of wealth. How these movements will eventually express themselves none can foretell, but in the process there will be some who will dogmatically contend that "Whatever is, is right," and others who will march under the red flag of revenge and exspoliation. And in that day we must look for men to meet the false cry of both sides—"gentlemen unafraid" who will neither be the money-hired butlers of the rich nor power-loving panderers to the poor.

Assume the right of self-government, and society becomes the scene of an heroic struggle for the realization of justice. Take from the one strong man the right to rule and make others serve, the right to take all and hold all, the power to grant or to withhold, and you have set all men to asking, "What should I have, and what should my children have?" and with this come all the perils of innovation and the hazards of revolution.

To meet such a situation the traditionalist who believes that the last word in politics or in economics was

70. **Whatever is, is right,** from Pope's *Essay on Man* line 289.

uttered a century ago is as far from the truth as he who holds that the temporary emotion of the public is the stone-carved word from Sinai.

A railroad people are not to be controlled by ox-team theories, declaims the young enthusiast for change. An age that dares to tell of what the stars are made; that weighs the very suns in its balances; that mocks the birds in their flight through the air, and the fish in their dart through the sea; that transforms the falling stream into fire, light, and music; that embalms upon a piece of plate the tenderest tones of the human voice; that treats disease with disease; that supplies a new ear with the same facility that it replaces a blown-out tire; that reaches into the very grave itself and starts again the silent heart—surely such an age may be allowed to think for itself somewhat upon questions of politics.

Yet with all our searchings and our probings, who knows more of the human heart today than the old Psalmist? And what is the problem of government but one of human nature? What Burbank has as yet made grapes to grow on thorns or figs on thistles? The riddle of the universe is no nearer solution than it was when the sphinx first looked upon the Nile. The one constant and inconstant quantity with which man must deal is man. Human nature responds so far as we can see to the same magnetic pull and push that moved it in the days of Abraham and of Socrates. The foundation of government is man—changing, inert, impulsive, limited, sympathetic, selfish man. His institutions, whether social or political, must come out of his wants and out of his capacities. The problem of government, therefore, is not always what should be done, but what can be done. We may not follow the supreme tradition of the race to create a newer, sweeter world unless we give heed to its complementary tradition that man's experience cautions him to make a new trail with care. He must curb courage with common-sense. He may lay his first bricks upon the twentieth story, but not until he has made sure of the solidity of the frame below. The real tradition of our people permits the mason to place brick upon brick wherever he finds it most convenient, safest, and most economical; but he must not mistake thin air for structural steel.

Let me illustrate the thought that I would leave with you by the description of one of our western railroads. Your train sweeps across the desert like some bold knight in a just, and when about to drive recklessly into a sheer cliff, it turns a graceful curve and follows up the wild meanderings of a stream until it reaches a ridge along which it finds its flinty way for many miles. At length you come face to face with a great gulf, a cañon—yawning, resounding, and purple in its depths. Before you lies a path, zigzagging down the cañon's side to the very bottom, and away beyond another slighter trail climbs up upon the opposite side. Which is our way? Shall we follow the old trail? The answer comes as the train shoots out across a bridge and into a tunnel on the opposite side, coming out again upon the highlands and looking upon the Valley of Heart's Desire where the wistful Rasselas might have lived.

When you or I look upon that stretch of steel we wonder at the daring of its builders. Great men they

4. **stone-carved word**, Ten Commandments. 30. **Burbank**, Luther (1849-), American naturalist. 33. **sphinx**. See note on line 17, page 372. 40. **Socrates** (B.C. 469-399), Athenian philosopher.

87. **Valley of Heart's Desire**, the Happy Valley in which lived Rasselas, the hero of Samuel Johnson's romance *Rasselas*.

were who boldly built that road—great in imagination, greater in their deeds—for they were men so great that they did not build upon a line that was without tradition. The route they followed was made by the buffalo and the elk ten thousand years ago. The bear and the deer followed it generation after generation, and after them came the trapper, and then the pioneer. It was already a trail when the railroad engineer came with transit and chain seeking a path for the great black stallion of steel.

Up beside the stream and along the ridge the track was laid. But there was no thought of following the old trail downward into the cañon. Then the spirit of the new age broke through tradition, the cañon was leaped and the mountain's heart pierced, that man might have a swifter and safer way to the Valley of Heart's Desire.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What two extreme views of tradition does Mr. Lane mention in the opening paragraph? What seems to be his own view?

2. In what sense have we "traveled centuries and centuries" since the Declaration of Independence? How are we "heirs of all the ages"? In what way have other civilizations contributed to our present civilization? Other races? On this last point, recall what Hanneh said in "The Fat of the Land" as to the reason why Benny could write.

3. What fundamental characteristic of our people does Mr. Lane point out? Why is it important? Why does he prefer it to "a well-fashioned bit of governmental machinery"? Does he, then, think our form of government (president, senate, house of representatives, universal suffrage, etc.) the most important characteristic of America?

4. Explain, "there are no grown-ups in this new world of democracy." What new problems does he see? How should these problems be solved? What caution does he urge?

5. Point out the way in which the story about the railroad sums up Mr. Lane's idea of the relation of tradition and change in life.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LIBRARY WORK

I. Some Poems

In reporting on these poems you should try to show in what ways they reveal the new era.

Braley, Berton: *Songs of the Workaday World.* How do these poems differ from Frost's in subject matter and feeling? Which poet seems to you the more rhythmical and picturesque? In which poet is the diction more beautiful?

Bynner, Witter: *Grenstone Poems.* This volume contains almost every kind of poetry. Pick out poems to show the class the great variety. Do you find one you like better than the one on Lincoln?

Frost, Robert: *North of Boston, Mountain Interval.* Glance through these volumes to find poems you like (such as "Birches," "Runaway"). Try to show your classmates why the people in them are real and the surroundings vivid.

Markham, Edwin: *The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems.* Read other poems here and there, as "Brotherhood," "Little Brothers of the Ground," "The Man Under the Stone." Compare them, both in thought and feeling, with the more famous poem here reprinted.

Lincoln, and Other Poems. Compare the opening poem both with Bynner's and with "The Man with the Hoe." Make a report also on other poems, as "The Sower" and "The Muse of Brotherhood."

Sandburg, Carl: *Smoke and Steel.* You will find a good deal here about smoke-belching chimneys. Pick out some poems you can make interesting to the class and explain how the poet's treatment of industry differs from the prose selections in this volume.

Whitman, Walt. Using any complete edition of Whitman, make one report on poems dealing with America, such as "I Hear America Singing," "Pioneers! O Pioneers," "Song of the Broad-Axe," "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun," "Faces," "O Magnet South," "Our Old Feuillage," "A Broadway Pageant." What features of America do these poems bring out?

Make a second report on poems dealing with Democracy, such as "For You O Democracy," "Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood," "As I Walk these Broad,

Majestic Days," "O Star of France!" "Thoughts," "By Blue Ontario's Shore." What ideas about democracy do you find in these poems that do not appear in Part V of this volume? Which poem expresses best the ideal of democracy? Read it aloud to the class, or part of it.

II. Biographies

There might be an interesting report on all of these books. Try to show how they reveal the opportunity that lies before almost any young person with ambition in America.

Antin, Mary: *The Promised Land.*

Bok, Edward: *The Americanization of Edward Bok.*

Davis, James J.: *The Iron Puddler.*

Franklin, Benjamin: *Autobiography.*

Garland, Hamlin: *A Son of the Middle Border, A Daughter of the Middle Border.*

Greeley, Horace: *Recollections of a Busy Life.*

Keller, Helen: *Story of My Life.*

McClure, S. S.: *My Autobiography.*

Riis, Jacob: *The Making of an American.*

Roosevelt, Theodore: *Autobiography.*

Washington, Booker T.: *Up from Slavery.*

III. Industrial America

A great deal of life in America is spent in industry and business. Various reports on a few aspects can be made to the class from these groups of books.

A. some of the foundations:

Allen, James Lane: *The Reign of Law* (hemp-raising in Kentucky).

Harrison, Henry S.: *V. V.'s Eyes* (the tobacco industry).

Merwin, Samuel, and Webster, Henry K.: *Calumet "K"* (wheat).

Parker, Cornelia Stratton: *Working with the Working Woman* (experiences in many different vocations open to women without training).

Waller, Mary E.: *Flamstead Quarries* (growth of a New England community).

Walker, Charles Rumford, Jr.: *Steel; the Diary of a Furnace Worker.* (This volume continues the experiences begun in the selection on page 578).

B. factory life: (Compare these with "No. 1075 Packs Chocolates.")

Brown, Frederick K.: *Through the Mill* (life of a mill-boy).

Deland, Margaret: *The Iron Woman* (a steel rolling-mill).

Freeman, Mary E. W.: *The Portion of Labor* (cotton-mill life).

Tarkington, Booth: *The Turmoil* (modern industrial life).

Widdemer, Margaret: *Factories, with Other Lyrics.* The title poem is famous. How does its treatment of factory life differ from those in prose that you have read? Read to the class other poems that you like as well. Do they express the same feeling about industry?

C. railroads:

Beach, Rex: *The Iron Trail* (railroad building).

Bond, A. Russell: *Pick, Shovel, and Pluck—On the Battle Front of Engineering.*

Spearman, Frank: *Stories of Railroad Life.*

Warman, Cy: *Story of the Railroad.*

D. selling:

Ferber, Edna: *Emma McChesney & Co.* (Emma is a traveling saleswoman).

Porter, William Sidney: *The Trimmed Lamp* (department-store life).

Taylor, Arthur R.: *Mr. Squem and Some Male Triangles* (salesmanship again).

E. some contributors to industrial development:

Carnegie, Andrew: *Autobiography.*

Casson, Herbert N.: *Cyrus Hall McCormick.*

Jones, Francis A.: *Thomas A. Edison.*

Leupp, Francis E.: *George Westinghouse.*

Paine, Albert B.: *In One Man's Life.*

IV. American Ideals

Bynner, Witter: *The New World.* Read as much as you like in this volume. How does the poet's expression of the ideals of democracy differ from Emerson's and Lane's? Does he hold to the same ideals?

Foerster and Pierson: *American Ideals.* A great many different views of our ideals are expressed in this volume. Several reports can be made from it.

Lane, Franklin K.: *The American Spirit.* The first address is in some ways the best, but all are interesting, for they were delivered by one of the most public spirited of our public men.

Lowell, James R.: *Poems.* Report on such poems as "The Present Crisis," "Fourth of July Ode," "The Fatherland," "Stanzas on Freedom," "Commemoration Ode."

DAYS

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719). Some account of Addison's writings and his relation to English literature has been given in the Introduction to the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* (pages 339-341). His life was divided between politics and literature. The son of a clergyman of some distinction, he received a thorough classical education and was sent abroad to prepare for a diplomatic career. After nearly four years of foreign travel, he returned to England, and became identified with the Whig party, then in power. Marlborough, a Whig general, had won a great victory at Blenheim, and Addison celebrated it in a poem called "The Campaign." Through this he won fame and position. His rise to power was rapid: he became Under Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State. He acquired a great estate, a large income, and commanding influence. Amidst all this activity, he wrote poems, political pamphlets, essays, and one of the most popular dramas of the eighteenth century. His pamphlets have only historical interest now; his essays were on a great variety of subjects, such as criticism of literature, of fashions, of city and country life. Many of these essays first appeared in periodicals (*The Tatler*, 1709-1711; and *The Spectator*, 1711-1712), and had a great influence on the development of journalism and, through their character-sketches, on the novel. His drama, a Roman play named *Cato*, is not much read today, but in Addison's time it was influential because of its allusions to the politics of the day. Addison was famous as a wit; at his favorite coffee-house he was surrounded by friends and admirers, who found his conversation as interesting as his writings.

ASQUITH, HERBERT (1881-), the second son of the former Premier, Herbert Henry Asquith of Great Britain, served as a lieutenant in the British army in France during the World War. His war verse has been collected in *The Volunteer and Other Poems* (1915).

BEERBOHM, MAX (1872-), was born in London. He is a half-brother of the eminent actor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. He was educated at the famous Charterhouse School and at Oxford. In 1910 he married an American girl, Florence Kahn of Memphis, Tennessee. Besides being a brilliant but not voluminous writer, he draws extremely apt caricatures. He began, with characteristic irony, with *Works of Max Beerbohm* (1896). His essays are in *More* (1899), *Yet Again* (1909), *And Even Now* (1920). He has written a satirical novel called *Zuleika Dobson; or an Oxford Love Story* (1911), and a volume of short stories, *Seven Men* (1919).

BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE (1886-), was born at Fort Hamilton in New York Harbor. He was trained at Albany Academy and in 1907 was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale. After various literary experiences, he became Associate Editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*. In his first volume, *Merchants from Cathay* (1913), he showed how musical and imaginative his poetry was to be. His later volumes, *The Falconer of God* (1914), *The Great White Wall* (1916), *The Burglar of the Zodiac* (1918), and *Moons of Grandeur* (1920), contain many whimsical and lilting poems, such as "The Asylum," "The Heretic," "Bast," "Night," and "How to Catch Unicorns."

BROOKS, PHILLIPS (1835-1893), was a famous American clergyman, born in Boston and educated at Harvard and at the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. He was rector of churches in Philadelphia and Boston, and was elected Bishop of Massachusetts in 1891. He published five volumes of sermons, several orations, and some hymns, carols, and other poems. He was distinguished in appearance, and possessed great talents as an orator. His sermons were famous for beauty of language and thought.

BYNNER, WITTER (1881-), was born in Brooklyn, New York. After his graduation from Harvard in 1902, he became assistant editor of *McClure's Magazine*. Since 1906 he has been literary adviser to various publishing companies. He has written two plays: *Tiger* (1913) and *The Little King* (1914). His poems appear in *The New World* (1915), *Grenstone Poems* (1917), from which the Lincoln poem is taken, *A Canticle of Praise* (1919), *The Beloved Stranger* (1919), *A Canticle of Pan and Other Poems* (1920). You may enjoy *Spectra* (1916), which is a burlesque of modern tendencies in poetry, although even critics have taken it seriously.

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861). This English poet was born in Liverpool and educated at Oxford. He spent five years in Charleston, South Carolina, and lived for a time in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a man of deep sincerity of mind and lovable character, who wrote a few poems that have won permanent place in literature.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800), was an English poet. On account of lifelong ill health he

was forced to live quietly in the country, where his great capacity for friendship endeared him to a small group of people of like tastes, and called forth some of the most charming letters ever written. Besides his letters he is remembered for his hymns and for many poems, usually reflective in nature. He also made one of the best of the translations of Homer. His letters and poems are marked by simplicity, kindliness, and humor.

Davies, Mary Carolyn, was born at Sprague, Washington, and educated at Portland, Oregon. While still a freshman at the University of California she won two prizes for poetry. She has published *The Drums in Our Street* (1918), *Youth Riding* (1919), *A Little Freckled Person* (1919), which is verse for children, *The Husband Test* (1921), and a play entitled *The Slave with Two Faces* (1918). In 1909 she was adopted as a member of the Blackfoot Indian Tribe and given the name of Pawtuskie (Pine-woman).

De la Mare, Walter (1873-), was born in Kent, but was educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School in London. He has written a great deal of beautiful verse. *The Listeners and Other Poems* (1912) deals with the supernatural. The title poem, "The Listeners," may be read as a ghost story without the story or as a piece of symbolism. *Peacock Pie* (1913) makes you think of Mother Goose, yet the poems are much more lovely. *The Sunken Garden and Other Poems* (1918) and *Motley and Other Poems* (1918) were followed by his collected *Poems 1901-1918* (1920). Of his novels, *Henry Brocken* (1904), *The Three Mulla Mulgars* (1910), *The Return* (1910), and *Memoirs of a Midget* (1921), the last is really great. The heroine, only a few inches tall, who calls herself "one of the smaller works of God," is one of the most lovable heroines of recent fiction.

Dickens, Charles (1812-1870). Some details about the life and times of this great English novelist you will find in the Introduction to *A Tale of Two Cities* (pages 305-306). He was born near Portsmouth, February 7, 1812. His father was at that time a clerk in the navy department, but afterwards became a reporter for one of the London daily papers. Charles entered an attorney's office to study law, but soon gave it up and became a newspaper reporter. For his paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, he wrote some "Sketches of Life and Character," somewhat like the special columns featured by many great newspapers today. His pen-name was "Boz," and the sketches afterwards appeared in book form as *Sketches by Boz*. Because of their popularity, Dickens was encouraged to write other character sketches, which appeared, first in monthly parts and later in book form, as *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. With their publication Dickens became one of the most popular writers of his time. In 1838 he married, and in the same year published his first novel, *Oliver Twist*. *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and *Barnaby Rudge* appeared in 1839-1841, their success being so immediate that the author was able to enjoy foreign travel. His first journey to the United States, in 1841, was followed by *American Notes*, and, in 1844, by *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in both of which he criticized rather unfairly many aspects of American life. In 1844 he went to Italy for a year, and on his return became for a short time the editor of the London *Daily News*. *Dombey and Son* appeared in 1847-1848, and *David Copperfield*, probably his best novel, in 1850. Other novels are *Bleak House* (1852), *Hard Times* (1854), *Little Dorrit* (1857), *A Tale of Two Cities* (1860), *Great Expectations* (1862), and *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-1865). He left an unfinished novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, at his death. His enormous literary activity was not confined to writing these novels, but also included weekly journals, annuals, lectures, and dramatic readings. His second tour of the United States (1867-1868) was a triumphal progress in which he read selections from his writings in all the chief American cities. He died June 9, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. You will find suggestions as to reading the principal novels on pages 323-324.

Drayton, Michael (1563-1631), was an English poet who wrote many poems and ballads in praise of England. His subjects were English history, descriptions of English scenery, and fairy poems.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882). For biographical material, see *Literature and Life, Book Two*, pages 480-482. Selections from his poetry and prose may be found in the same book, pages 483-488. Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, in a family prominent for generations because of their scholarship, and their services to churches in New England. After completing his college course at Harvard in 1821 he taught school for three years and then prepared to enter the ministry. For a time he was pastor of a church in Boston, where he was much loved because of the simplicity and sincerity of his sermons and his life. He cared little for the outward forms of religion, and disliked any sort of routine, so he soon retired from the ministry to devote his time to reading and writing. In 1832 he went abroad, visiting Italy, France, and Great Britain. He met the poets Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the essayist Carlyle, all of whom exerted a profound influence on his intellectual life. On his return

to America he began to write on various thoughtful subjects, using his material as lectures delivered first in Boston and afterwards in many other cities. His life had few annals; most of it was spent in his fine old house at Concord, from which he set forth now and then on a lecturing expedition, and, in 1847 and 1872, for journeys abroad. His *Essays* appeared in 1841 and 1844, and his lectures were published under various titles, such as *Representative Men, Conduct of Life, Society and Solitude*, etc. He also published two volumes of poetry (1846 and 1867).

Franklin, Benjamin (1706-1790). The story of Franklin's life has been told before in this series of books, and a number of selections from his writings have been given (see *Book Two*, pages 423-424). He won fame in many fields, as statesman, inventor, philanthropist, and author. Born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and given very little formal schooling, at an early age he was apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer, and his earliest writings were printed in his brother's newspaper. The boy was not happy, and in 1723 he ran away, first to New York and later to Philadelphia, where he supported himself by working at his trade. In 1725 he was sent to England by the Governor of Pennsylvania, who had become interested in him and had promised to set him up in business. In 1730 he established the Philadelphia *Gazette*, and through it attained great influence. The mere list of his activities indicates his extraordinary initiative and capacity for work. He established a literary society, a public library, a philosophical and scientific society, and a college, which later became the University of Pennsylvania. He also won fame for his researches into the nature of lightning and made many inventions. As a public man, he served as postmaster general of the colonies, went on government missions to England, proposed in 1754 a plan for a colonial federation, tried to avert the Revolution by procuring the repeal of the Stamp Act. In 1775 he was elected a delegate to Congress and the next year served on the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence. During the Revolution he went to France, where he became a national favorite and did much to secure the aid of the French government in the struggle against England. After independence had been won, he continued his public services during the trying time of the organization of the new government, and had a prominent part in the drafting of the Constitution. His literary fame rests on his *Autobiography* and on *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

Frost, Robert Lee (1875-), was born in San Francisco, but at the age of ten was taken to New England, the home of his forefathers. In 1892 he went to Dartmouth College, but lost interest and went to work. In 1897 he entered Harvard and studied for two years. He engaged in shoe-making, farming, and teaching until 1912. In that year he went to England. When his *North of Boston* was published, his reputation as a poet was established. In 1915 he returned to America to engage once more in farming and teaching. In 1921 the University of Michigan offered him a salary without the obligation of teaching. For suggestions for reading, see page 611.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774), essayist, poet, dramatist, and novelist, was born in Ireland, November 10, 1728, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His father was a poor clergyman, described by the son in his "Deserted Village." The village schoolmaster was also portrayed in the same poem, which contains other recollections of the poet's boyhood. An incident that happened in his youth became the source of the plot of *She Stoops to Conquer*. He was not distinguished as a student, and tried various professions: the church, law, and medicine, without much success. His uncle Contarine supplied money for his various attempts to learn a profession, and was kind to him even in the face of the boy's extravagance and inability to concentrate his mind. In response to the plea that he needed to study medicine on the continent, his uncle gave him money, and Oliver went first to Leyden and later to Paris. Most of the money he spent on some rare tulip roots for his uncle, and as a result he had to tramp about, living by his wits. Some incidents in this vagabond life he afterwards used in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a romance which has a high place in the history of English fiction. His poem "The Traveler" was also based on his experience in this foreign journey, but it is philosophical and didactic, not intimate or amusing in character. After his return to England he became a schoolmaster for a time, but was unhappy, and soon turned to writing for various magazines. His poverty was great, but he was more contented thus than when trying to do things for which he was obviously not fitted. In 1764 the great Doctor Johnson, the most influential literary man in London, found him in a garret, the prisoner of his landlady, who was threatening him because of his unpaid rent. Johnson advanced him some money and sold for him the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1768 his first comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, brought him a large sum of money. *The Deserted Village* appeared in 1770, and *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773. Besides his poems and plays and the prose romance, Goldsmith wrote

many essays on literature, politics, and history. He was a member of the famous "Literary Club," where he was associated intimately with Johnson, with Boswell, who wrote the famous *Life* of Johnson, with the actor Garrick, the painter Reynolds, and the statesman Edmund Burke. The writings of Goldsmith reflect the personal character of the man: his humor, his keen delight in a practical joke, his simplicity and sincerity, and his lovable personality. Washington Irving wrote a very interesting biography of Goldsmith, which you will enjoy reading.

Green, John Richard (1837-1883), an English historian, was educated at Oxford. After a period of service as a clergyman he devoted himself entirely to historical studies. His chief writings are the *History of the English People*, which appeared in two forms, one more detailed than the other, *The Making of England*, and *The Conquest of England*. His writing is characterized by his supreme ability as a narrator of historical events. He makes history live, like drama or like a fascinating historical romance.

Guiney, Louise Imogen (1861-1920), was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She did not go to school very much, but was well trained by tutors. Among her best volumes of verse are *The White Sail* (1887), *A Roadside Harp* (1893), and *Patrins* (1897). She went to England in 1901 and remained there until her death.

Harte, Francis Bret (1839-1902), was born at Albany, New York, and his childhood was spent in eastern cities. He went West at the age of fifteen, and after many changes of occupation, from teaching school to venturing into politics, he founded *The Overland Monthly* in San Francisco in 1868. His humorous verses "Plain Language from Truthful James," published in the *Monthly*, made him famous all over the country. His short story *The Luck of Roaring Camp* (1868) carried his name to England. In 1872 he returned to the East, where he was offered a large salary by a magazine, but he became United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany. In 1880 he took the same office at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1885 he went to London to live and remained in England the rest of his life. He is most famous as a short-story writer, some of the best of his stories being "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and "M'liss." His poetry will be found in *Poems* (1871).

Hay, John (1838-1905), was born in Salem, Indiana. He was graduated from Brown University in 1858 and returned West to practice law in Illinois. In the Civil War he became assistant private secretary to Lincoln. In 1865 he was sent as first secretary of the American legation at Paris, and to a succession of government posts. He was ambassador to Great Britain (1897-1898), and Secretary of State (1898-1905), one of the best we have ever had. His most famous poetry is *Pike County Ballads* (1871), which he wrote to provide in verse an equivalent to Bret Harte's short stories of the far West. He and J. G. Nicolay wrote the standard comprehensive *Life of Lincoln*.

Hazlitt, William (1778-1830), was an English essayist and critic. His first impulse to literature was awakened by an address given by the poet Coleridge. Hazlitt tells the story in a very interesting essay, "On My First Acquaintance with Poets." One reason why we like to read this essay and others of his literary essays is that he tells his own personal experiences in reading old plays, the writings of early English poets, the great novelists, and the conversations he had with living writers. We seem to be brought into personal contact with the critic and with the literature that he discusses. The most popular of his essays, however, are those that deal with various phases of life, such as "On Going a Journey."

Helburn, Theresa, is a dramatist. Besides *Enter the Hero* (1918) she has produced *Allison Makes Hay* (1919) and *Other Lives* (1921). She is on the staff of the Theater Guild of New York City.

Hovey, Richard (1864-1900), was born at Normal, Illinois, but went to Dartmouth for his college training. During his short life he was very exuberant and engaged in several different pursuits, from that of actor to professor. His famous "Stein Song" occurs in "Spring," part of which is printed on pages 157-158. *Along the Trail* (1898) contains also the famous "Comrades." Better known are the *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894, 1896, 1900) written in collaboration with Bliss Carman.

Husband, Joseph (1885-), was born in Rochester, New York, and graduated from Harvard in 1908. He has written many articles for periodicals, and several books, of which *A Year in a Coal Mine*, based on his personal experience, is the best known.

Irving, Washington (1783-1859). Biographies will be found in *Literature and Life, Book One*, page 575, and *Book Two*, pages 449-451. Besides his stories, essays, and biographies, the letters of Irving are delightful reading. He had many friends, traveled widely, and put into his letters the humor, keen observation, and abounding good spirits that characterize his other writings. In his disinclination to enter upon any settled business or profession Irving resembled Goldsmith. He loved the picturesque scenery of the Hudson Highlands, and explored

the region in search of natural beauty and old legends. The results appeared in his burlesque history of New York (1809), and in *The Sketch Book* (1819-1820). The last named book also contained travel sketches and stories gathered during his first sojourn in England (1815-1820). From 1820 to 1826 he was in France and Germany; in the latter year he went to Spain, where he spent three years. The life, legends, and history of Spain made a great impression upon his romantic nature, and three of his most important books were the result: *Life of Columbus* (1820); *Conquest of Granada* (1829); and *The Alhambra* (1832). From 1829 to 1832 he was in London as secretary of the American Legation, and after ten years at Tarrytown, New York, he returned to Europe as minister to Spain (1842-1846). His chief literary works during the last years of his life were biographies of Goldsmith (1849) and of Washington (1859). The *Life of Irving* by Charles Dudley Warner is a very interesting biography of one of America's greatest authors.

Kilmer, Alfred Joyce (1886-1918), was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He was graduated from Rutgers College in 1904 and from Columbia University in 1906. In the brief thirty-two years of his life he engaged in many pursuits, from school teaching to reviewing books on the *New York Times*. In 1916 he joined the faculty of the School of Journalism of New York University. Three weeks after the United States entered the World War, he enlisted. In the battle on the River Ourcq he was killed in action. He was better known as a poet than as a prose writer. His works, including his letters, have been collected by his friend Robert Cortes Holliday. See page 491 for suggestions for further reading.

Kipling, Rudyard (1865-), was born in Bombay, India, but he was educated in England. In 1880 he returned to India to serve on the staff of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*. He shortly became famous for his stories of Indian life. *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1887) was followed by *Soldiers Three*, *Under the Deodars*, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, and *Wee Willie Winkie*. After traveling through China and the United States, he arrived in England at the age of twenty-four to find that his fame was world-wide. In 1892 he married an American girl and for some years one of their homes was in Brattleboro, Vermont. *Life's Handicap* (1891) is his most brilliant volume of short stories. He has written several volumes for young readers, the two *Jungle Books* (1894-1895), *Just So Stories* (1902), *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906). Three of his novels are memorable: *The Light That Failed* (1891), *Captains Courageous* (1897), and *Kim* (1901). He is also famous as a poet. His verse has been collected in the *Inclusive Edition* (1885-1918). Particularly famous are "Recessional," "The Ballad of East and West," "McAndrew's Hymn," "An Astrologer's Song," "The Return," "Mandalay," "Gunga Din," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "The Conundrum of the Workshops." Among his most brilliant short stories are: "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Beyond the Pale," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The Man Who Was," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Mark of the Beast," "At the End of the Passage," "The Disturbers of Traffic," and "The Brushwood Boy," but almost any of his stories will interest you.

Knibbs, Henry Herbert (1874-), was born at Clifton, Ontario, Canada. His schooling was irregular, but at thirty-four he was a student in Harvard. In 1911 he went to Los Angeles and has remained there. His volumes of verse are numerous and popular. The most significant are: *Overland Red* (1914), *Tang of Life* (1917), *Songs of the Trail* (1920).

Lamb, Charles (1775-1834). A biographical sketch will be found in *Literature and Life, Book One*, pages 375-376. The best introduction to the life of Lamb is the reading of his letters and the *Essays of Elia*. He is one of the most self-revealing of writers. His letters are like personal essays; his essays are as intimate as letters to a friend. So great was his capacity for friendship that his writings have a personal appeal felt by every reader. The outward events of his life were few. He had limited school training; at fifteen he became a clerk in one of the great London companies engaged in foreign trade; he was a clerk until his retirement in 1825. He traveled little, except in imagination and through his books. He cared tenderly for his sister Mary, an invalid subject to periodical attacks of insanity, and he wrote with her one of his best loved books, *Tales from Shakespeare*. He loved old china, old books, old friends. While he wrote poems, literary criticism, and two dramas, his fame rests on the *Essays of Elia*. Some of these essays first appeared in a London magazine, where they attracted so much attention that they were collected into a volume. In the early years of his clerkship Lamb had heard much about a former clerk in the office named Elia, "a light-hearted foreigner." This name struck his fancy, and he made it famous.

Lane, Franklin Knight (1864-1921), was born on Prince Edward Island, Canada. He early removed to California, where he attended the University of California. After various experiences in newspaper work he began to

practice law in San Francisco in 1889. As city counsel from 1897-1902 he made a reputation for ability and honesty. President Roosevelt appointed him member of the Interstate Commerce Commission (1905-1913). In 1913 he entered President Wilson's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. His *Letters* (1922) is a very interesting record of public service. For suggested reading, see page 612.

Leacock, Stephen Butler (1869-), was born at Swanmoor, Hampshire, England, but received his college training at Toronto University. After teaching for eight years in Upper Canada College, he studied for the doctor's degree at the University of Chicago. In 1907-1908 he made a tour of the British Empire, lecturing for the Cecil Rhodes trust. He is now head of the department of economics at McGill University, Montreal. For suggestions for reading, see page 497.

Lee, Robert Edward (1807-1870), was born in Virginia, and educated at West Point. For a time he served as an engineer in the Mexican War; later he became superintendent at West Point. He was offered the command of the Federal army by President Lincoln, but devoted himself to the cause of the Southern Confederacy, winning fame by his mastery of all the problems of warfare. After the war he became president of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, and the name of the institution has since become Washington and Lee University. General Lee was a man of action, not a literary man, but his nobility of character is revealed through his letters.

Lincoln, Abraham (1809-1865). For biography see *Literature and Life, Book Two,* pages 547-548. He was born in a cabin near Hodgensville, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. In his own account of his childhood he says: "My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now remain in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockbridge County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians—not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest . . . My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up." The later life of Lincoln has become a familiar story. His writings consist mainly of his political speeches and state papers, but he was also a master of the art of writing letters.

Lowell, James Russell (1819-1891). For a detailed biography of Lowell see *Literature and Life, Book One,* pages 576-577, and *Book Two,* pages 524-526. Both volumes contain extracts from his writings. He was born February 22, 1819, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was educated at Harvard College and Law School, and began practice in Boston. In a short time he abandoned law for literature, publishing his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life,* in 1841. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* appeared in 1845, *A Fable for Critics* and *Biglow Papers* in 1848. After a period of foreign travel he became a professor at Harvard. From 1857 to 1862 he edited the *Atlantic Monthly,* and wrote several volumes of essays. Later he entered the diplomatic service, holding appointments as minister to Spain and later to England. Lowell's letters, like those of Lamb and Macaulay, reveal the humor and friendly personality of the man. He wrote essays on political, literary, and general topics. To the first class belong some of the best analyses of the American character and government. His literary essays are the result of wide reading, great enthusiasm for good books, and fine taste. It has been said that to read them with understanding is in itself a liberal education. His personal essays are on a great variety of subjects, and are much admired for their wit and their charming style. You will find "A Good Word for Winter," "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" good essays with which to begin.

Lucas, Edward Verrall, is a reader for one of the London publishers and also a voluminous writer. For suggestions for reading, see page 472.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800-1859), British essayist, poet, and historian, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he attained distinction for his work in the classics. After graduation he continued his studies in history and literature and became one of the most widely read men of his century. Most of his essays are on literary and historical subjects, and first appeared in the quarterly magazines. He entered Parliament, where he made a great reputation as a speaker. In 1834 he went to India in the service of the government. His *History of England* appeared in 1848, with a continuation in 1855. His letters have been collected and published in two volumes, and are among the most interesting in the English language.

MACKAY, CONSTANCE D'ARCY, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. She spent a year (1903-1904) in Boston University. She has been prominent in devising and directing pageants in many parts of the country. She has also written many plays for children.

MALORY, SIR THOMAS. Of the author of the great romance of *Morte Darthur* almost nothing is known. His book was finished about 1470, and it is supposed that he died in that year, and that he was about seventy years old at his death.

MARKHAM, EDWIN (1852-), was born in Oregon City, Oregon. After his father's death, his mother took him to central California. He went to the country schools, but he got much of his education from reading. After graduation from the State Normal School at San José, he taught for some years. In 1899 he became famous with "The Man with the Hoe," published in the San Francisco *Examiner*, for it was reprinted all over the world. His first volume was *The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems* (1899). It was followed by an almost equally famous poem, "Lincoln, the Man of the People," which was included in *Lincoln, and Other Poems* (1901). Since 1901 the poet has lived in the East. His later volumes are *The Shoes of Happiness* (1914) and *The Gates of Paradise* (1920).

MASEFIELD, JOHN (1875-), is one of the greatest living British poets. His early poems deal with the sea, and appeared in such collections as *Salt-Water Ballads* (1902) and *Ballads* (1903). He also wrote sketches of pirate life and two novels. He has won his fame chiefly through his long narrative poems, such as *The Everlasting Mercy* and *The Widow in the Bye-Street* (1911, 1912), and many others, especially *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal* (1919, 1920). Besides his poetry, he has written several dramas and some sketches of experiences in the World War.

MELVILLE, HERMAN (1819-1891). Some account of the life of this sailor and novelist has been given in the Introduction to *Typee* (page 137). He was born in New York, and became a sailor at eighteen, spending most of his time in the South Seas. After he returned to the United States in 1844 he published a long series of stories and romances, chiefly based on his experiences. His home was in New York and later in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, but in 1860 he made a voyage around the world.

MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY (1689-1762), was famous for her wit and beauty, and for the letters she wrote to numerous correspondents. She spent some years in Constantinople, where her husband was the English ambassador. In 1717 she introduced smallpox vaccination into England.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER DARLINGTON (1890-), was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania. After graduation from Haverford College in 1910, he went to New College, Oxford, for three years as a Rhodes Scholar from the United States. He has been a journalist since his return, and has conducted a "column" in the New York *Evening Post* since 1920. For his poetry read *The Rocking Chair* (1919) or *Hide and Seek* (1920). For his essays and fiction, see page 503.

NEWBOLT, HENRY JOHN (1862-), is a British writer. After his graduation from Oxford he studied law and practiced until 1899. His ballads, *Admirals All*, published in 1897, attracted wide attention, and since that time he has published several other collections of poetry. He is also well known as a novelist.

NICHOLS, ROBERT (1893-), was born on the Isle of Wight. He joined the Royal Field Artillery while he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford. He suffered shell-shock after a year of service as second lieutenant. During 1918-1919 he lectured in the United States. He has published three volumes of verse: *Invocations* (1915), *Ardours and Endurances* (1917), from which "Comrades" is taken, and *The Flower of Fame* (1920).

NOYES, ALFRED (1880-), was born in Staffordshire, England, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He was only twenty-two years old when he published *The Loom of Years* (1902) and only twenty-four when *Poems* appeared. In 1907 he married an American girl, the daughter of a colonel in the United States Army. In 1914 he acted as Professor of Modern English Literature at Princeton University. Among his volumes a favorite is *Forty Singing Seamen* (1907). *Drake* (1908) is a sustained epic in twelve books in blank verse. *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* (1913) brings to life many Elizabethan worthies. His poems have been gathered into three volumes of *Collected Poems* (1910-1920). His latest collection is *The Torch-bearers* (1922).

PAGE, WALTER HINES (1865-1918), was born in Cary, North Carolina, and was graduated from Randolph-Macon College in 1876. After studying at Johns Hopkins University and teaching school for a time, he entered journalism. From being editor of a small paper in Raleigh, N. C., he rose to be editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1889 he became a member of Doubleday, Page and Company and edited the *World's Work* until 1913. For the next five years he was ambassador to England, discharging his many difficult duties with eminent ability. Ill

health forced him to retire in 1918. He died only two months after his return to this country.

PARKER, MRS. CORNELIA STRATTON, whose father was a professor in the University of California, was graduated from that institution. She married Carleton H. Parker, a college professor, who made a name by his success in settling labor disputes. After his death she wrote a short life of him entitled *An American Idyll* (1919), an interesting love story. She has since published *Working with the Working Woman* (1922).

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER (1552-1618), was born in Devon, England. When a mere boy he fought in France, and later in the Netherlands. His half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, took Walter on the first of his voyages in search of the northwest passage in 1579. In 1582 Raleigh won the favor of the Queen and was assigned to various diplomatic services. Two years later he obtained letters patent under which he sent the Amidas-Barlow expedition to explore what is now the coast of North Carolina, and as a result of the voyage Elizabeth gave the name Virginia to the region and conferred knighthood on Raleigh. He obtained other privileges, and in 1585 sent an expedition of seven vessels and one hundred eight colonists to Roanoke Island. The colony failed, although two attempts were made to relieve its distress. In 1588 Raleigh took an active part in the defense against the Great Armada sent by Spain to war on England, and rendered brilliant services in the battle. In 1590 he cruised with Frobisher in the West Indies. His secret marriage to Elizabeth Throgmorton incurred for him the wrath of the Queen, who shut him up in the Tower. As soon as he was released, he organized an expedition to explore the coasts of Guiana and sailed in February, 1595. His account of his explorations, from which our selection is taken, appeared in 1596. On the death of the Queen and the accession of James I in 1603, Raleigh lost royal favor and was again imprisoned and sentenced to death. For thirteen years he was a prisoner, but used his time in study; his cell became a college filled with books. Many of his writings, including a *History of the World*, belong to this time of confinement. In 1618 he was released to make a second voyage in Guiana. He returned without success, was again imprisoned, and was executed in October, 1618.

REPPLIER, AGNES (1858-), was born in Philadelphia. She is of French descent. Her education was gained at the Sacred Heart Convent, Torresdale, Pennsylvania. The chief events in her life are travel in Europe and publishing books. For suggestions for reading, see page 485.

ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON (1869-), was born at Head Tide, near Gardiner, Maine. He went to Harvard College in 1891, but left college in 1893 on account of the ill health of his father. His first published volume was *The Children of the Night* (1897), a gloomy collection of poems. It was nevertheless a remarkable publication because the language was as simple as everyday talk, yet genuinely poetical in its beauty. Among the most famous poems in this book are "Richard Cory" and "Cliff Klingenhagen." *Captain Craig* (1902) was brought to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt, who was then President of the United States. A few years later he offered the poet a position in the New York Custom House, which Robinson held from 1905-1910. *The Town down the River* (1910) contains "Miniver Cheevy" as well as several other famous poems. Among them is "The Master," which should be compared with Witter Bynner's poem in this volume. *The Man Against the Sky* (1916) made Robinson famous. Possibly the finest poem in it is about Shakespeare, "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford," but other portraits painted with words are much admired, as "Flammonde," "The Gift of God," "The Poor Relation." Haunting scenes are depicted in "Stafford's Cabin" and "Fragment." *Merlin* (1917) and *Launcelot* (1920) are commented on in connection with Tennyson. *The Three Taverns* (1920) has not attracted as much attention as *Avon's Harvest* (1921), which has been called a "dime novel in verse." It is really a tragedy. The best piace to consult his work is in *Collected Poems* (1921), which contains all that the poet wishes to preserve.

ROBINSON, EDWIN MEADE (1879-), was born at Lima, Indiana. In 1901 he began his newspaper career, joining the staff of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*. For many years now he has conducted a "column" in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. As the purpose of "columns" is to be entertaining and humorous, most of his verse is sentimental or lightly satirical. *Mere Melodies* (1918) has several very interesting specimens, but *Piping and Panning* (1920) from which "Halcyon Days" is taken, is full of delightful verse. He has also published a very engaging novel, *Enter Jerry* (1920), the hero of which is a boy.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (1858-1919), was born in New York City. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1880 and almost immediately entered politics in the New York State legislature. As his health proved frail, he spent three years (1883-1886) on a ranch in North Dakota. At the end of that time he returned in robust health to politics. When the Spanish-

American War broke out he formed a cavalry company called the "Rough Riders," which made his name a household word. In the fall of 1898 he was elected governor of New York State and two years later vice-president of the United States. When McKinley was assassinated in 1901 he succeeded to the presidency, and was elected in 1904. On the expiration of the second term he sailed for Africa on a hunting trip of over a year. In 1912 he was defeated for the presidency by Woodrow Wilson. The next year he spent several months in exploration in South America. During his busy public life he wrote many different kinds of books. Of his histories, you will like best his *Winning of the West* (1889-1896).

Of his accounts of travel and adventure, the most interesting are *African Game Trails* (1910) and *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* (1914). For other books in this field, see page 135. If you look for further statements of his ideals, read in *American Ideals* (1897), *The Strenuous Life* (1900), or *History As Literature* (1913). For more about the man read *Theodore Roosevelt, an Autobiography* (1913), possibly his most important book, and *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children* (1919).

Ruskin, John (1819-1900), was an English prose writer famous for his style, for his art criticism, and for his teachings. His style owes much to his great knowledge of the English Bible, which he read over and over, as a boy, with his mother. This knowledge is manifested in his writings not only in the form of allusion to men and events in the Bible story, but also in phrases and turns of expression. During the first half of his life he was primarily a student of art and a writer of criticism of painters and their work, of architecture, and other similar subjects. The results of his studies appeared in *Modern Painters, The Seven Lamps of Architecture,* and *Stones of Venice.* His special service was to point out the spiritual significance of art, and it was his conviction that great art springs from the character of the artist and the moral temper of the age and nation in which it is produced. In later books he attacked the idea that material wealth is the chief good of life. True wealth, he thought, is not money and material possessions, but is spiritual, deposited in books and art. Some of these ideas are brought out in his most famous book, originally lectures delivered to students, *Sesame and Lilies* (1865). In this book the lecture on "King's Treasuries" treats of books as sources of spiritual wealth and gives eloquent praise of reading. In "Queen's Gardens" he discusses the place of woman in modern life. In 1875 he founded a society called the Guild of Saint George, in which he sought to revive the ideals of chivalry and to apply them to modern life. He devoted a great part of his fortune and much of his time to the effort to improve living conditions for the poor and to bring more beauty into the sordid and ugly industrial life of England. Ruskin wrote some stories for children, among them "The King of the Golden River," which you have probably read. For further reading you should use the first two lectures in *Sesame and Lilies.*

Sandburg, Carl (1878-), was born at Galesburg, Illinois, of Swedish descent. At thirteen he was driving a milk wagon. For six years he engaged in many kinds of rough work, such as that of a truck-handler in a brickyard, a dishwasher in a hotel, a harvest hand in a wheat field. During the Spanish-American War he was a private in Porto Rico. He studied during 1898-1902 at Lombard College at Galesburg. After leaving college he again led a varied life, but in less exhausting activities, such as secretary to the Mayor of Milwaukee (1910-1912). He appeared before the public as a poet in *Poetry* in 1914. In the same year he won a poetry prize with "Chicago." In 1919 he shared the prize of the Poetry Society of America with Margaret Widdemer, and in 1921 with Stephen Vincent Benét. His volumes are: *Chicago Poems* (1915), *Cornhuskers* (1918), *Smoke and Steel* (1920), and *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* (1922).

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616). For biographical material see *Literature and Life, Book One,* pages 381-383; *Book Two,* pages 351-358; and the Introduction to *King Henry the Fifth* in this volume, pages 227-235. Shakespeare's dramatic work falls into four periods, as follows: 1. The comedies, 1589-1600. To this period belong such early comedies as *The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labor's Lost,* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* all written 1589-1591; *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice,* and *The Taming of the Shrew,* written about 1595-1598; and *Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night,* 1599-1600. 2. The historical plays, 1592-1599. An account of these plays is given in this book, pages 230-232. The chief plays are *Richard III* (1593), *King John* (1594) *Richard II* (1594), *Henry IV* in two parts, and *Henry V* (1597-1599). 3. The tragedies. Shakespeare wrote two great tragedies in the years when he was doing distinctive work in comedy and history. These are *Romeo and Juliet,* which was written before 1597, and *Julius Cæsar,* written about 1599. His greatest tragedies are *Hamlet* (1602), *Othello* (1604), *Lear* (1604-1606), and *Macbeth* (1606). 4. The later plays, written between 1608 and 1611, include tragedies like *Antony and Cleopatra;* several comedies with a

strong element of seriousness, verging on tragedy; and some delightful dramatic romances, such as *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest.* The study of Shakespearean tragedy and of the plays written near the end of his life is reserved for *Book Four* of this series. At this time you should extend your knowledge of the comedies and the historical plays as far as you can.

STEELE, RICHARD (1672-1729). Most of the work of this English essayist and dramatist is closely connected with that of Addison, with whom he was associated in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator.* The necessary information about these periodicals is given in the Introduction to the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers,* pages 340-341. The two men were very different in character. Steele's life was not as orderly and restrained as that of Addison. He did not complete his college course; he tried various occupations, including military service; he became a writer of political pamphlets. Several of his plays were popular in his time, but are now forgotten. His life was erratic; he was constantly in debt; but he was lovable and generous. He is remembered best by his delightful letters to his wife, and for the humorous essays that he wrote for the periodicals. His style is not so careful as that of Addison, but it is fluent and simple, like good conversation.

STEPHENS, JAMES (1882-), was born in Dublin. He led a very obscure life until he was "discovered" by an Irish leader, George Russell ("A.E.") while he was working as a typist in a lawyer's office in Dublin. *Insurrections* (1909), *The Hill of Vision* (1912), *Songs from the Clay* (1914), *Green Branches* (1916), and *Reincarnations* (1917) contain his poetry. He is best represented by his imaginative novel, *The Crock of Gold* (1912), though *The Charwoman's Daughter* (1912), a novel, and *Here Are Ladies* are favorably known.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894). A biography of Stevenson will be found in *Literature and Life, Book One,* pages 79-84. In this book you will find abundant material for further reading in Stevenson on pages 223-224. By following out some of these suggestions you will greatly increase your acquaintance not only with some of the best writing of the last century but also with the character and personality of one of the best loved of authors.

TENNYSON, ALFRED (1809-1892). Tennyson was one of the greatest of English poets and he wrote a very large body of poetry. For this reason he should be the subject of your study through several years. You are already familiar with a number of his shorter poems; in this book you become acquainted with the *Idylls of the King.* But besides lyrics and short narratives and his great series of stories about King Arthur, he wrote on many other subjects. This biographical sketch will give the main facts concerning his life and will suggest some of his principal works, so that you may continue your reading intelligently. Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, England. His father was a vicar of the Church of England, and the boy grew up in a talented family, surrounded by books and enjoying the best educational advantages. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he was a member of a group of students many of whom later attained fame. He was a handsome youth, athletic, studious, and of broad interests. As a student he published, with his brother Charles, a small volume of poems, and he won a prize for a poem written in a contest. The full promise of what he was to achieve did not appear, however, until 1832, when he published a volume containing, among others, such poems as "The Lady of Shalott," "The Lotos Eaters," and the "Palace of Art," with a group of idyllic poems about English life.

Tennyson's second period began with a most careful study of the art of poetic composition. For nine years he published nothing. He was ridding his work of some of the early faults of over-ornamentation, thinness of thought, and mere sweetness of style. In 1842 he published two volumes which met with instant and extraordinary success. In 1845 he was pensioned, and in 1850 succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate. *The Princess,* a long poem dealing with the position of woman in modern life and society, appeared in 1847.

One of the brilliant young men with whom Tennyson was associated at Cambridge and in after years was Arthur Hallam, son of a great historian and a youth of much promise. Hallam died in 1833, and Tennyson brooded much on his loss and the problems of faith, death, and immortality. The result was a long poem, *In Memoriam,* published in 1850. In this poem, which is really a collection of more than a hundred lyrics of varying lengths, Tennyson treated some of the profoundest problems of life. The *Idylls of the King* have been discussed in the Introduction on pages 31-32 and need not detain us here. They occupied much of his time and thought for many years, but he wrote constantly on a great variety of other themes during the same period. Among the other poems may be named "Enoch Arden" (1864) and a volume called *Ballads and Other Poems.* He also wrote a number of poetic dramas, somewhat like the plays of the time of Shakepeare, some of them achieving great success on the stage.

From this summary it may be seen how varied was the work of Tennyson. He drew on classical, medieval, and modern life and literature for his themes. He is a master of the art of narrative in verse, with infinitely greater variety of appeal than Scott. He is also a master of lyric verse, his works containing many short poems that have become universal favorites.

TOMPKINS, FRANK GEROW (1879-), published *Sham* in 1920.

TURNER, W. J. (1889-), came before the public prominently in the collection called *Georgian Poetry* (1916-17). The most famous poem of those published in his thin volumes *The Hunter* (1916), *The Dark Fire* (1918) and *The Dark Wind* (1918) is "Death," but many others will appeal to you by their weird or otherwise unusual themes.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS (1885-), was born in New York City, and was educated there at the DeWitt Clinton High School. He did not enter college because he would not or thought he could not learn algebra and geometry. At seventeen he entered his father's business as a manufacturer of jewelry. He is now factory manager. His early volume *First Love* (1911) did not attract much attention, but *Challenge* (1914) has been very popular. Begin with "Caliban in the Coal Mines," "Landscapes," "Summons," and then go on to poems that show his sympathy with modern conditions of life. *These Times* (1917) contains "The Laughers," "Swimmers," and a series of colloquial sonnets that you should read. *The New Adam* (1920) was followed by *Roast Leviathan* (1923), from which is taken "Return of the Soldier." Read also "On the Field of Honor" and "Daybreak," dealing with the war. You may enjoy also his two volumes of parodies: ——— *and Other Poets* (1917) and *Including Horace* (1919). His volume of prose criticism, *The New Era in American Poetry* (1919), explains the new school of poetry.

WALKER, CHARLES RUMFORD, JR., after completing active service in the American army overseas, decided to gain first-hand knowledge of conditions in his own country. The result is recorded in *Steel; the Diary of a Furnace Worker* (1922). He is now on the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY (1829-1900), was born at Plainfield, Massachusetts, but was graduated from Hamilton College, New York. He studied law at the University of Pennsylvania and practiced in Chicago until 1860. Then he became assistant editor and in time editor-in-chief of the Hartford *Press*. In 1867 he was made co-editor of the Hartford *Courant*. In 1884 he took charge of a department of *Harper's Magazine*. He traveled in many lands, writing for *Harper's* and also publishing many books descriptive of his experiences and observation. He wrote several novels, but the best of his writings to begin with are his essays. See page 479 for suggestions.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE (1732-1799). Washington's life story belongs to our history rather than to our literature. He was a man of action, who wrote only when writing was necessary as a part of the business of his life. Therefore, his letters and his state-papers are the only works which concern us here. Of the state-papers the most important are his Farewell to the Army, his Inaugurals, and his Farewell Address to the People of the United States.

WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892). For biographical material see *Literature and Life, Book Two*, pages 575-576. He was born at West Hills, Long Island, about thirty miles from New York City. He went to school very irregularly, for he spent a good deal of time roaming over Long Island, lounging with fishermen or talking to herdsmen. When his father moved to Brooklyn, the youth became a typesetter and mingled with the crowds on the streets of Brooklyn and New York. At thirty he set off on a long expedition in the Middle West, which took him to New Orleans and back up to the Great Lakes and Canada before he returned to New York. He had traveled eight thousand miles, a good part on foot. His *Leaves of Grass* (1855) expressed "the glory of the commonplace," but its unconventional form as well as its democratic ideas aroused a good deal of hostile criticism. In 1862 he became an army nurse and served to the end of the war. He was a government clerk until a stroke of paralysis in 1872 forced him to retire. He lived thereafter in Camden, New Jersey, partly on the generosity of his friends. He designed and built his own tomb there. For further details, read Bliss Perry's *Walt Whitman*.

YEZIERSKA, ANZIA (1885-), was born in Poland. She came to the United States in 1901 and worked in factories, sweat shops, and as a cook in private families. Her collections of short stories are *The Fat of the Land* (1919) and *Hungry Hearts* (1920). *Salome of the Tenements* (1923) is a novel of New York life.

INDEX OF TOPICS AND SPECIAL TERMS

Allegory, 32, 42 (note 4), 69 (note 2), 93. An extended simile with the words indicating comparison ("like," "as," etc.) omitted. Usually it is a story which may be read as if literally true, but which also contains a hidden meaning. Thus Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal" may be read merely as a story of Launfal's dream, but it also represents the search for a vision of the Christ. This secondary meaning is what constitutes the allegory. Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* is both a story of the imaginary adventures of its hero and, allegorically, a representation of the progress of a Christian through this life. Vanity Fair, the Giant Despair, and other places and characters, bring out this allegorical significance. Commonly an allegory introduces personified abstractions (for example, Giant Despair) as well as, or instead of, real persons. In Tennyson's "Gareth and Lynette" you will find pure allegory in the story of Gareth's contests with the three champions of the ford and with the monster representing death. In the *Idylls of the King* as a whole, the allegorical significance is that of a warfare between Sense (Guinevere) and Soul (Arthur).

Alliteration, 103 (III), 110 (note 3). The repetition of initial consonants, as in

> *Cl*ang *b*attle-ax, and *cl*ash *b*rand! Let the king reign!
>
> or
>
> The *b*are *b*lack *cl*iff *cl*anged round him, as he *b*ased.

The device is common in poetry, and adds the music of sound to the verse.

Amphibrach, 43. A foot, or measure, of three syllables, in which the middle syllable receives the stress, as in con-vey′ing, re-ced′ing.

Anapæst, 158, 159. A foot, or measure, of three syllables, in which the third syllable receives the stress, as in un-der-stand′, com-pre-hend′.

Ballad, 31, 42, 296. "A tale telling itself in song." A form of popular poetry, originally composed to be recited or sung, not printed or even written, but transmitted by word of mouth from one generation to another. The ballad stanza usually consists of four lines, riming alternately; the first and third lines usually contain four stresses each, while the second and fourth contain three stresses each. A simple narrative poem written in this form is often called a ballad, even if written and printed in recent times, and therefore not traditional in character. For a full discussion, with examples, see *Literature and Life, Book One,* pages 211-214, 236-239.

Cæsura, also spelled *cesura.* 43 (IV). A break or pause near the middle of a verse, usually in the middle of the foot or measure:

> The old order changeth/yielding place to new.

Chivalry, Tales of, 9-10, 31, 227. Literature, usually narrative prose or poetry, produced in the age of chivalry or recounting stories of that age. Such tales deal with life in the period from the ninth to the fifteenth century, and introduce knights, tournaments, and the political and social characteristics of feudalism.

Chorus, defined, 244.

Chronicle, dramatized, 10, 232. Historical material taken originally from the chronicles (early forms of history in which events were "chronicled" by the years of their occurrence) and put into dramatic form.

Comedy, sentimental, 413. A type of comedy prevalent in England and other countries in the eighteenth century, in which the happy ending characteristic of comedy was retained but most of the humorous situation and dialogue was omitted. **Comedy of Manners** (338) is that form of comedy in which the chief purpose of the author is to amuse his audience by humorous or satirical representations of social customs. For **Shakespearean Comedy** see page 231, and compare *Literature and Life, Book Two,* pages 355-358.

Cycle, 10. A body of legends or stories relating to some person or period.

Drama, satirical, 338.

Drama, Shakespeare's historical, 231-234.

Epic, 31-32, 231, 232, 294.
hero, 231, 232.

Euphuism, defined, 231.

Folklore, 10, 42. The traditions, beliefs, and customs of the common people. Folklore plays a large part in literature, for example in the ballad and the romances.

History, chronicle, 231.
purpose of, 227.

Humors, 354 (note 1).
defined, 391 (note 1).

Iambic, iambic pentameter, iambs, 43, 158, 159. An *iambus* is composed of an unstressed syllable followed by one that is stressed, as in com-pel′. Iambic verse is that in which each verse, or line, is made up of several iambic measures. Iambic trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, etc., verses containing three, four, or five iambic measures.

Idyll, 31, 32, 102. (The spelling "idyl" is also found.) A narrative or descriptive poem presenting a "little picture" of life or a scene in nature. Strictly, the term applies to stories or descriptions of pastoral or rural life.

Imagery, 44. The work of the imagination or fancy in decorating or making vivid oral or written composition; the use of images or figures of speech in composition.

Irony, 106. The use of words to express the opposite of what they apparently express. It is a form of satire in figurative language.

Legend, 31, 42. A fable, myth, or story of doubtful authenticity; a tale based mainly on tradition.

Letter, as personal essay, 338, 455.

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Metaphor, defined, 44.

Meter, 159 (note 7).

Mysticism, 69 (note 2). The belief that man through contemplation and love may attain to an immediate consciousness or sight of God; a belief in occult or hidden truth not attained through the senses or logical proof, but through contemplation or trance.

Ode, 159. A form of lyric poetry, elevated in subject-matter, originally designed to be sung or chanted. An ode usually consists of a group of stanzas differing in the number of lines, the lines varying in length and measure.

Onomatopœia, 103 (III). The adaptation of the sounds of words to the sense or meaning expressed, as in the italicized words below:

Dry *clashed* his harness in the icy caves
And barren *chasms*, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff *clanged* round him.

Here the effect is heightened by alliteration.

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ode, 159.
sonnet, 230.

Pyrrhic, 43. A measure or foot in verse composed of two short or unstressed syllables.

Rhythm, 43, 132. In the wide sense, the effect produced by regularity of accent or stress in prose or poetry. In prose the stresses are separated by a varying number of unstressed syllables, but the total effect is musical and harmonious. For poetry see **Meter, Iambic**, etc.

Rime, defined, 43.
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Rime-scheme, 305 (note 2). The scheme, or system of rimes used in a stanza or a poem. The first rime may be called *a*, the second *b*, the third *c*, etc. Thus a familiar ballad stanza of four lines riming alternately may be described as having a rime-scheme *abab*.

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Short story, characteristics of, 520. See also *Book One*, pages 52-53, 76, 211, 236-237.

Simile, defined, 44.

Sonnet, 230. A lyric poem of fourteen lines, usually iambic pentameter, expressing a single thought or mood.

Spondee, 43. A foot or measure consisting of two stressed syllables. It is common in classical poetry, but infrequent in English.

Stress, 159. The accent in verse.

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Trochaic octameter, 159 (note 7).

Trochee, 159 (note 7). A foot or measure consisting of two syllables, the first stressed.

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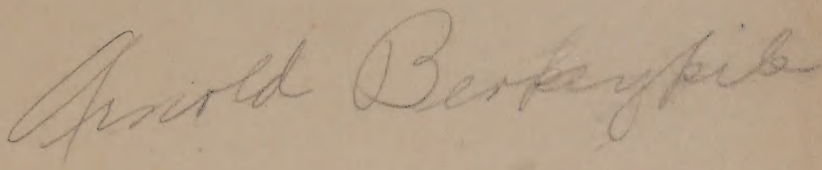
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